



*Ireland from the Flight of the Earls to Grattan's Parliament (1607-1782)*, begins with the mysterious and tragic flight of the Earls, and goes on to the sequel to that episode—the Ulster Plantation; then to “The War of the Three Kingdoms” (Ireland, England and Scotland); the Confederation of Kilkenny; the Cromwellian Settlement; the Wars of William and James; the Penal Times; the progress of the Irish Parliament from complete subservience to legislative independence. A chapter has been added on the Irish exiles overseas. The eighty-six illustrations include early maps and plans of provinces and towns; of the new settlements in Ulster; contemporary prints of the Battles of the Boyne and Limerick; early pictures of the Irish Parliament; portraits and proclamations.

*Ireland from Grattan's Parliament to the Great Famine*, the second of Mr. James Carty's three Documentary Records which show Irish history as seen and described by contemporary witnesses and participants, traces the development of the United Irishmen from a constitutional into a revolutionary force; the story of 'Ninety-Eight; the enactment of the Union; the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and the agitation for Repeal of the Union (both dominated by the great figure of Daniel O'Connell); the brief but brilliant Young Ireland movement; and the crowning catastrophe of the Famine. The illustrations include Wheatley's impressive picture of the Irish House of Commons in session—the only painting done at the time and in the place depicted; drawings of people and scenes in country and town by contemporary artists; means of transport—cars, coaches, and the first railways; poignant famine scenes; proclamations, cartoons and portraits.

JAMES  
CARTY

IRELAND  
1851-1921

FALLON

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THE IRISH LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, DUBLIN

DOCUMENTARY RECORD

Compiled and Edited

Chapters are devoted to the changing social and economic scene ; to the Fenians, who forced England to realise " the vast import of the Irish controversy " (Gladstone) ; to the long, bitter struggle for the land, which ended in victory for the tenant farmers ; to the rise of the Irish Parliamentary party and the fall of its indomitable leader, Charles Stewart Parnell ; to the movement away from Westminster, crystallised by Arthur Griffith in the words " Sinn Féin ; " to the Ulster Problem and its unhappy " solution "—the British Partition Act, which created in the words of its chief author, David Lloyd George, " a frontier based neither upon natural features nor broad geographical considerations."

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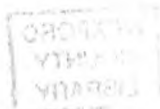
*The Great Famine*

*to*

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ARAN ISLANDERS. EARLY 20TH CENTURY. *Malachy Hynes.* →



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# IRELAND

FROM

*The Great Famine*

TO

*The Treaty*

(1851—1921)

A DOCUMENTARY RECORD

*Compiled and Edited by*

JAMES CARTY

C. J. FALLON LIMITED DUBLIN



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TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT (1607-1782).

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TO THE GREAT FAMINE (1783-1850).

A CLASS BOOK OF IRISH HISTORY. FROM EARLY TIMES TO 1921. Four  
vols.

A JUNIOR HISTORY OF IRELAND. FROM EARLY TIMES TO 1921. TWO VOLS

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF IRISH HISTORY, 1870-1921. (The National Library  
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EUROPEAN HISTORY (TO A.D. 1500). Two vols.

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## Publisher's Note

**T**HIS series of Histories displays Ireland in the making, through the medium of contemporary material, archaeological, written and pictorial. The volumes now submitted to the public provide an attempt to survey the history of Ireland at various periods as it has been described by eye-witnesses. The passages chosen are not confined to political and military events. They include religious, artistic, social and economic developments, and tell what the Irish people looked like, what they ate and wore, what they did when they were not fighting or cheering for the leaders to whom they were devoted, and how their fortunes were affected by events overseas. Each of the volumes contains a Chronicle of Events and a General Index to the narratives, descriptions and illustrations.

The publishers consider themselves fortunate in being able to entrust the preparation of this volume to an Irish historian of repute, who has infused a generous humanity into the dry bones of history. Is the average reader at home and abroad interested in Irish history? We believe that he is, when the story is presented to him in a scholarly and impartial spirit, never forgetting that the men and women of the past, near or remote, were as human as ourselves.

C. J. FALLON LTD

## Preface

THIS volume is one of a series of three Documentary Records illustrating Irish history as seen and described by contemporary witnesses and participants. I have endeavoured from an immense mass of undigested material to arrange a consecutive narrative. The aim has been to provide a book, not only useful to the student of history, but interesting to the general reader—and also, it is to be hoped, reasonably fair to the conflicting parties which have contributed to the troubled but fascinating story of Ireland.

Together with eye-witnesses' accounts of parliaments, speeches, conferences and military campaigns, there are numerous surveys of Ireland as it was seen by "old" and "new" Irishmen, by Catholics and Protestants, by foreign travellers—neutral, friendly or hostile—by planters, surveyors, or special correspondents. Some of the observers quoted wrote with detached curiosity, some with angry prejudice, heightened by envy and greed, others, like the exile who saw Ireland only in his dreams, through eyes dazzled with love. Selections have been given from the statements of prominent political figures, from Government proclamations and rebel proclamations, from the reports of official Commissioners, from the fabrications of rogues and forgers, and from the dying speeches of heroes and martyrs.

Many important phases of Irish history are very briefly illustrated in these volumes. The economic and technical difficulties attending the publication of a work so ambitious as this in recent years may reasonably be invoked to excuse some of its imperfections. I have had to reject or to abbreviate many passages rich in human and historical interest. It is hoped, however, that the series does give a varied, lively and continuous picture of Irish history. J. J. O'Leary, Chairman of C. J. Fallon, has met all my suggestions generously, and indeed, munificently. With his encouragement I have sought out and included a great number and variety of illustrations, many of which have not appeared in book form before now.

I have endeavoured to arrange these records of a tangled story in such a way that they may be readily followed by readers who have not access to specialised studies of Irish history. The notes are intended to be purely explanatory, but I have occasionally attempted to summarise events during periods of exceptional disintegration and change. "Irish history," as Lecky says, "is marked by obscure agrarian and social changes, and sometimes very perplexing alterations in the popular sentiment which can only be elucidated by copious illustrations."

JAMES CARTY

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## Introduction

The former volume of this series surveyed Irish history to the Great Famine of 1845-9. *Ireland from the Great Famine to the Treaty of 1921* brings the story down to a time within living memory. It opens with "the awful unwonted silence," noted by observers after the Black 'Forty-seven. Narratives by economists, sociologists and men of letters touch upon varied aspects of the changing scene. National spirit is seen to revive with the Fenian movement, "when a few desperate men, applauded by the whole of the Irish people for their daring," said Lord Stanley, "showed England what Irish feeling really was, and made plain to us the depth of a discontent whose existence we had scarcely suspected."

"Two classes in Ireland stand arrayed in deadly hostility to one another; the proprietors of the land on one side, the holders and tillers of it on the other," says *The Times* (May 30, 1850). The Land War ended with the complete victory of the tenant farmers (Chapter IV).

The rise of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the fall of its indomitable leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, are recorded in Chapter III. "The great controversies between the two nations, how deep their roots go!" reflected Gladstone, speaking on the First Home Rule Bill. "Should the power of the purse, of station, of rank overbear the national sense, the child that is unborn shall rue the voting of that day" (June 28, 1886). The First Home Rule Bill was defeated by the House of Commons, the Second (1893) by the House of Lords, the Third by the British Army (1914). Constitutional and democratic policies fell into discredit, and the clash of arms returned to the scene with the Ulster Volunteers (1911) and the Irish National Volunteers (1913). The Gaelic League, the National Theatre, and Sinn Féin had already prepared the way for the 1916 Rising.

Chapter VII is devoted to the events of one extraordinary week. Chapter VIII (1916-1921) recalls another tragic and heroic period, when the Irish people set up a republican government, and defied the armed might of the British Empire. The crisis of the struggle came in 1921. The British dilemma, as it seemed to a great minister of the Crown was: "To see the Irish confronted on the one hand with the realization of all that they had asked for, and upon the other with the most unlimited exercise of rough-handed force." (Winston Churchill).

The "Ulster problem" (Chapter VI) looms large in this volume. "From time immemorial there have been at least four provinces in Ireland, the most northerly of which is Ulster," says the preamble to the *Ulster Year Book* (Belfast, The Government of Northern Ireland, 1926). Ulster is, as it has ever been, a part of any record, however inadequate, of Ireland in history. No transient estrangement or political partition can make it otherwise for the great majority of Ireland's sons and daughters, who envisage, in the words of Alice Stopford Green, "the union of all her children, who are born under the breadth of her skies, fed by the fatness of her fields, and nourished by the civilisation of her dead."

J. C.



## Chronicle of Events

- 1851 — The population of Ireland in the Census returned at 6,514,473.
- 1858 — The Fenian Brotherhood founded among Irish exiles in America by John O'Mahony.
- 1861 — Population of Ireland in the Census returned at 5,788,415.
- 1863 — *The Irish People*, organ of the Fenian movement, founded in Dublin.
- 1865 — *The Irish People* suppressed and the chief promoters sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.
- 1867 — The attempted Fenian Rising fails.  
— The "Manchester martyrs" hanged.
- 1869 — The Church of Ireland (the State Church) disestablished.
- 1870 — Gladstone's Land Act. "You have legislated in favour of Ireland for a century, and yet the people of that country are not, after all, content."  
The Home Rule Movement founded by Isaac Butt.
- 1872 — The Ballot Act (abolition of voting in public) becomes law in the British Isles.
- 1875 — Charles Stewart Parnell enters Parliament.
- 1878 — The "New Departure," uniting the movements for political independence and agrarian reform, sponsored in America by John Devoy and Michael Davitt.
- 1879 — The Land League, founded at Irishtown, Co. Mayo, and later formally established at a meeting in Dublin.
- 1881 — Gladstone's Land Bill.
- 1882 — The Phoenix Park Assassinations. Renewed coercion.  
The Irish National League takes the place of the Land League.
- 1885 — The Irish Parliamentary Party, led by Parnell, wins 85 seats of the 103 in Ireland at the General Election.
- 1886 — Gladstone's First Home Rule Bill defeated in the House of Commons by 343 votes to 313.
- 1887 — The Pigott forgeries against Parnell published in *The Times*.
- 1889 — Collapse and confession of Pigott.
- 1890 — Divorce Court verdict against Parnell.  
Parnell deposed from leadership of the Irish Parliamentary Party.
- 1891 — Death of Parnell.
- 1893 — The Gaelic League founded.  
— Gladstone's Second Home Rule Bill passed the House of Commons by 301 votes to 267; was rejected by the House of Lords by 419 to 41.

## CHRONICLE OF EVENTS

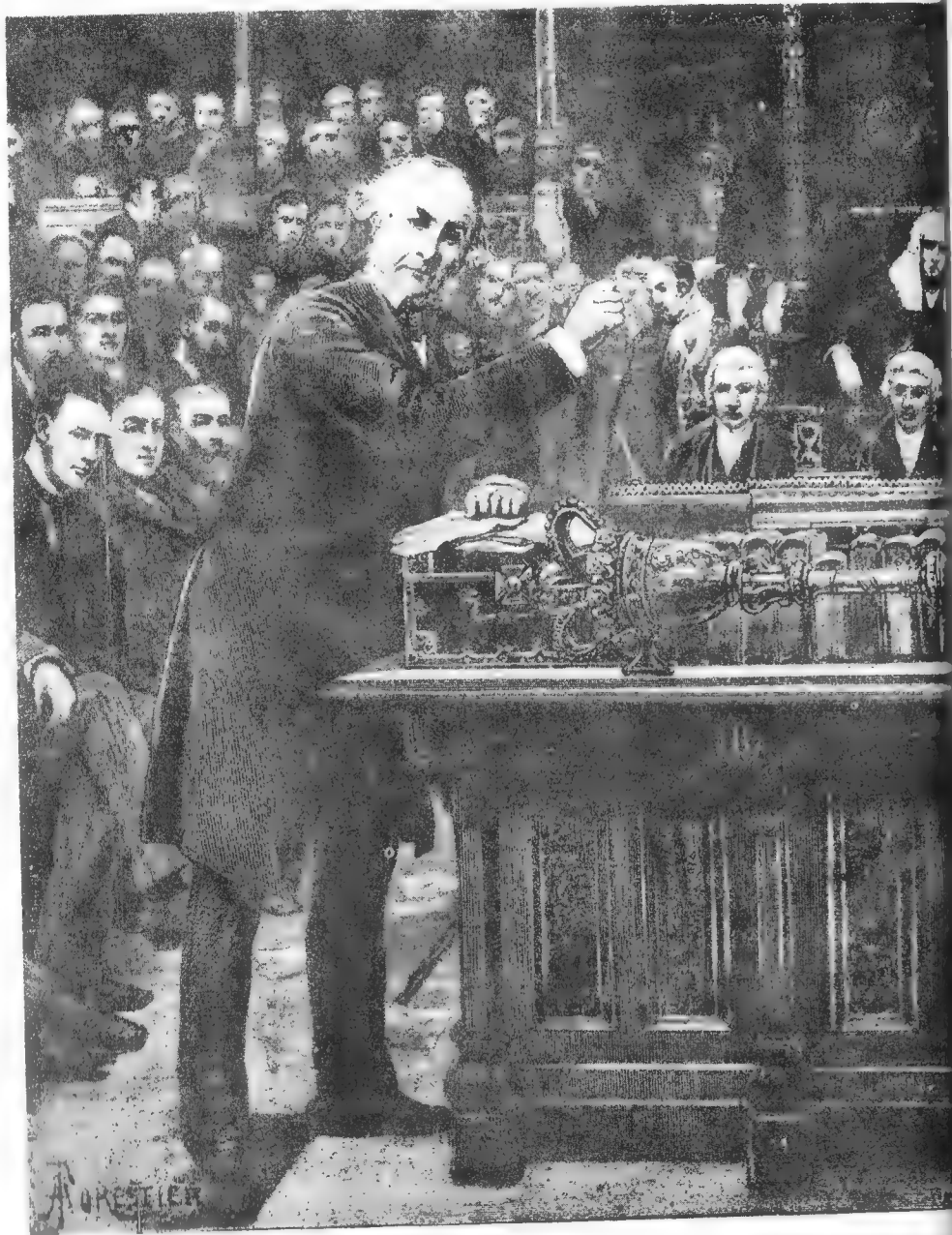
- 1895 — British General Election: Unionist victory. 340 Conservatives; 71 Liberal Unionists; in Ireland 70 Anti-Parnellites and 11 Parnellites.
- 1898 — The '98 Centenary celebrations.  
— The Irish Local Government Act.
- 1899 — First number of *The United Irishman* (Arthur Griffith).  
— Beginning of the Irish Dramatic Movement.
- 1900 — John Redmond elected Chairman of the reunited Irish Parliamentary Party.
- 1901 — The population of Ireland, 4,447,085.
- 1903 — The Wyndham Land Purchase Act—the result of conferences between the representatives of Landlords and Tenants—lays the foundation of a settlement of the Irish Land question.
- 1905 — Griffith outlines the "Hungarian" policy at the First National Convention of Sinn Féin.
- 1905 — The Liberal Government, after a decisive electoral victory, takes office in England.
- 1908 — The Irish University Act: The National University of Ireland and Queen's University, Belfast, established.
- 1910 — British political crisis. Two General Elections. The Asquith Government becomes mainly dependent on Irish Nationalist support for a working majority. The Irish returns in the Second General Election: 76 Nationalists and 8 Independent Nationalists.
- 1913 — Bonar Law, leader of the British Unionist Party, pledges support to the Ulster Unionists.  
— The Third Home Rule Bill introduced in the House of Commons.  
— Ulster Day (September 28). The Ulster Covenant.
- 1913 — Rapid extension of the Ulster Volunteers, with enthusiastic encouragement from the British Unionist Party.  
— Sir Edward Carson announces his plans for taking over the civil and military government of Ulster.  
— Dublin Labour troubles.  
— The Irish Volunteers established in Dublin.
- 1914 — Revolt of British officers at the Curragh. "All the Divisional Commanders have informed French that the Army is unanimous in its determination not to fight Ulster"—Major-General Sir Henry Wilson, "Diary," 26th March.  
— The Larne Gun-running. 35,000 rifles brought into Ulster from Germany for the Ulster Volunteers.  
— Third reading of the Home Rule Bill passes the House of Commons. The Bill never came into force.  
— The Howth Gun-running. British troops fire on sympathisers with the Irish Volunteers in Dublin.  
— Beginning of the First World War. John Redmond promises Irish Nationalist support to the Allies.

# CHRONICLE OF EVENTS

- Split in the Irish Volunteers. Pearse, Plunkett, Connolly (of the Citizen Army), and others disagree with Redmond's support of England in the War. Secret plans, in co-operation with the Clan na Gael in America, for an insurrection in Ireland.
- 1915 — Funeral of O'Donovan Rossa, Fenian veteran from America, organised in Dublin by the Volunteers. Graveside oration by Padraic Pearse.
- 1916 — Preparation for an Insurrection at Easter completed in Ireland and America.
- The "Aud" fails to land arms from Germany as arranged.
- Sir Roger Casement captured.
- Eoin MacNeill countermands the orders for Easter Sunday. The revolutionary leaders proceed with the plan. The Rising begins and the Irish Republic is proclaimed at the General Post Office, Dublin, on Easter Monday, (April 24).
- The *Irish War News* publishes a statement by Commandant-General Pearse, giving the positions of the Republican forces on Tuesday.
- Martial Law proclaimed. British reinforcements arrive in Dublin (April 25).
- All insurgent posts held. British troops coming into the city held up.
- General Sir John Maxwell takes command of the British forces in Ireland (April 28).
- After a council the insurgent leaders decide to surrender (April 29).
- "All the rebels in Dublin have surrendered"—Field-Marshal Sir John French (May 1).
- Sixteen of the insurgent leaders executed, many others sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, and a large number of persons accused of association with the Rising interned (May).
- H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister, after a visit to Dublin, announces in the House of Commons that the system of British Government in Ireland has broken down (May).
- John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, informed that British proposals for an Irish settlement arranged by Lloyd George provide for the permanent exclusion of Six Ulster Counties. He rejects them.
- Irish internees (600) released from Frongoch camp (December).
- 1917 — Count Plunkett (Sinn Fein) elected M.P. for Roscommon, defeating the Irish Parliamentary Party.
- The Irish Convention set up by the British Government.

# CHRONICLE OF EVENTS

- Irish political prisoners (including E. de Valera and W. T. Cosgrave), released.
- Sinn Fein reorganised. E. de Valera president of the new Sinn Fein organisation.
- 1918 — Death of John Redmond.
- United action of all groups of Irish Nationalists prevents imposition of Conscription on Ireland by the British Government.
- Sinn Fein proclaimed illegal and its leaders imprisoned.
- End of the First World War (November).
- General Election. Over 70 per cent of the Irish seats won by Sinn Fein (December).
- 1919 — Dáil Éireann (the Irish Parliament) constituted by the Sinn Fein members then at liberty, the Irish Republic proclaimed in 1916, reaffirmed, an Irish Government set up, with Mr. de Valera as *Príomh-Aire*.
- E. de Valera arrives in America.
- 1920 — General suppression of all public offices, organisations and newspapers connected with Dáil Éireann and Sinn Fein. The Irish Government and Army continue to operate underground.
- The United States Senate adds a reservation to its ratification on the Treaty of Peace with Germany, expressing "sympathy with the aspiration of the Irish people for a Government of their own choice". Congress (both Houses) view the conditions prevailing in Ireland "with concern and solicitude."
- The "Black and Tans," British military and Police régime. Active warfare intensified between the British forces and the Volunteers (now generally known as the "I.R.A.").
- The British "Government of Ireland" Act establishes Partition by dividing the country into two areas ("Northern Ireland"—Six Counties—and "Southern Ireland"—Twenty-six Counties).
- President de Valera returns from America.
- 1921 — British Government sanctions the policy of official reprisals.
- Parliamentary elections for "Northern" and "Southern" Ireland. All the Sinn Fein candidates returned without opposition in "Southern Ireland"; Unionist majority in "Northern Ireland."
- Belfast Parliament opened by King George V.
- The Truce between Irish and British forces.
- The Second Dáil meets in Dublin and rejects Lloyd George's Settlement offer.
- Irish and British delegates meet in London.
- "Articles of Agreement for a Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland" signed in London.



GLADSTONE INTRODUCING THE FIRST HOME RULE BILL, APRIL 17TH, 1886.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

## CHAPTER I.

# Country and People

(1851—1921)

**T**HE key to a nation's future is in her past. A nation that loses it has no future. For man's deepest desires—the instrument by which a continuing society moulds its destiny—spring from their own inherited experience. We cannot recreate the past, but we cannot escape it. It is in our blood and bone.

—ARTHUR BRYANT: *English Saga* (1940).

GEORGE PETRIE (1855)

**I** CALLED to mind that, but for the accidentally-directed researches of Edward Bunting, a man paternally of English race, and the sympathetic excitement to follow in his track which his example had given to a few others, the memory of our music would have been but little more than a departed dream, never to be satisfactorily realised; and that, though much had been done by those persons, yet that Moore's statement still remained substantially true, namely that our national music never had been properly collected.

I could not but feel what must have been at no distant time the inevitable result of the changes in the character of the Irish race which had been long in operation, and which had already almost entirely denationalised its higher classes, had been suddenly effected, as if by a lightning flash, by the calamities which, in the year 1846-7, had struck down and well-nigh annihilated the Irish remnant of the great Celtic family. Of the old, who had still preserved as household gods the language, the songs and traditions of their race and localities, but few survived. Of the middle-aged and energetic whom death had yet spared, and who might for a time, to some extent, have preserved such relics, but a few remained that had the power to fly from the plague and famine-stricken land; and of the young, who had come into existence, and become orphaned, during those years of desolation, they, for the most part, were reared where no mother's eyes could make them feel the mysteries of human affections—no mother's voice could soothe their youthful sorrows, and implant within the memories of their hearts her songs of tenderness and love—and where no father's instructions could impart to them the traditions and characteristic peculiarities of feeling that would link them to their remotest ancestors.

The green pastoral plains, the fruitful valleys, as well as the wild hill-



sides and the dreary bogs had equally ceased to be animate with human life. "The land of song" was no longer tuneful; or, if a human sound met the traveller's ear, it was only that of the feeble and despairing wail for the dead. This awful, unwonted silence, which during the famine and subsequent years, almost everywhere prevailed, struck more fearfully upon their imaginations, as many Irish gentlemen informed me, and gave them a deeper feeling of the desolation with which the country had been visited, than any other circumstance which had forced itself upon their attention; and I confess that it was a consideration of the circumstances of which this fact gave so striking an indication, that, more than any other, over-powered all my objections, and influenced me in coming to a determination to accept the proposal of the Irish-Music Society.

—*The Ancient Music of Ireland.*

George Petrie (1789-1866), musician, artist, and antiquary, grandson of a Scotsman, who settled in Dublin, spent the greater part of his life travelling through every part of Ireland, sketching, writing, and recording the music, history and traditions of country and people. Except perhaps for John O'Donovan, with whom he worked on the great Ordnance Survey, no man did more to preserve the national heritage which the Famine had almost destroyed.

FREDERICK ENGELS, May 23, 1856

IN our tour in Ireland we came from Dublin to Galway on the West coast, then twenty miles north inland, then to Limerick, down the Shannon to Tarbert, Tralee, Killarney and back to Dublin—a total of about four to five hundred miles in the country itself—so that we have seen about two-thirds of the whole country. With the exception of Dublin, which bears the same relation to London as Dusseldorf does to Berlin, and has quite the character of a small one-time capital, all English-built too, the whole country, and especially the towns, has the appearance of France or Northern Italy. Gendarmes, priests, lawyers, bureaucrats, squires in pleasing profusion and a total absence of any and every industry. . . Strong measures are visible in every part of the country, the Government meddles with everything, of so-called self-government there is not a trace. Ireland may be regarded as the first English colony and as one which because of its proximity is still governed exactly in the old way, and here one can already observe that the so-called liberty of English citizens is based on the oppression of the colonies. I have never seen so many gendarmes in any country and the drink-sodden expression of the Prussian gendarmes is developed to its highest perfection here among the constabulary, who are armed with rifles, bayonets and handcuffs.

Characteristic of this country are its ruins, the oldest from the fifth to the sixth centuries, the latest from the nineteenth—with every intervening period. The most ancient are all churches; after 1100 churches and castles; after 1800 the houses of peasants. The whole of the West, but especially in the neighbourhood of Galway, is covered with these ruined peasant houses, most of which have only been deserted since 1846. I never thought that a famine could have such tangible reality. Whole



AN EVICTION SCENE IN CONNAUGHT.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

villages are devastated, and there among them lie the splendid parks of the lesser landlords, who are almost the only people still there, mostly lawyers. Famine, emigration and clearances together have accomplished this. There are not even cattle to be seen in the fields. The land is an utter desert which nobody wants. In County Clare, south of Galway, it is rather better, here there are at least some cattle, and the hills towards Limerick are excellently cultivated, mostly by Scottish farmers, the ruins have been cleared away and the country has a bourgeois appearance. In





A MEATH LANDOWNER TAKING A WALK IN HIS GROUNDS.  
(From the *Illustrated London News*, 1870).

the South-West there are a lot of mountains and bogs but also wonderfully rich forest growth, beyond that again fine pastures, especially in Tipperary, and towards Dublin—land which is, one can see, gradually coming into the hands of big farmers.

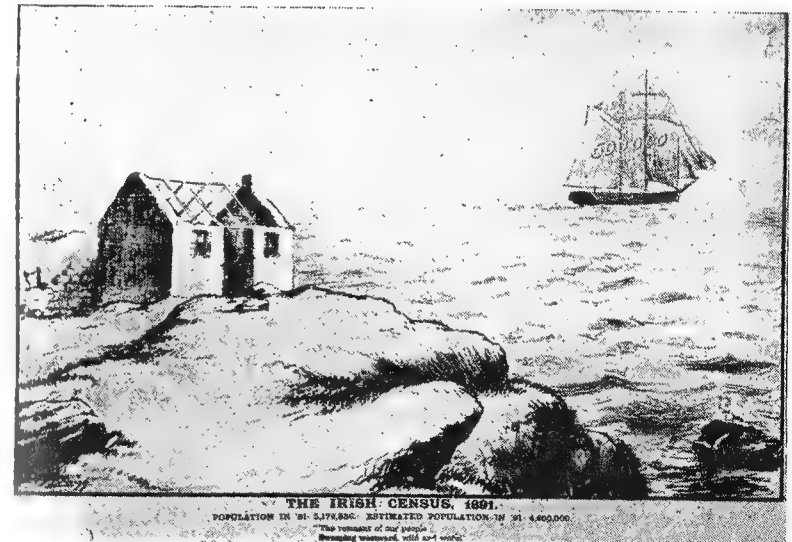
The country has been completely ruined by the English wars of conquest from 1100 to 1850 (for in reality both the wars and the state of siege lasted as long as that). It is a fact that most of the ruins were produced by destruction during the wars. The people itself has got its peculiar character from this, and despite all their Irish nationalist fanaticism the fellows feel that they are no longer at home in their own country. Ireland for the Saxon—that is now being realised. The Irishman knows he cannot compete with the Englishman, who comes with means in every respect superior. . . How often have the Irish started to achieve something, and every time they have been crushed, politically and industrially. . . The landowners, who everywhere else have taken on bourgeois qualities, are here completely demoralised. Their country seats are surrounded by enormous, wonderfully beautiful parks, but all around is waste land, and where the money is supposed to come from it is impossible to see. These fellows ought to be shot. Of mixed blood, mostly tall, strong handsome chaps, they all wear enormous moustaches under colossal Roman noses, give themselves the sham military airs of retired colonels, travel around the country after all sorts of pleasures, and if one makes an inquiry, they haven't a penny, are laden with debts and live in dread of the Encumbered Estates Court.

—LETTERS TO KARL MARX.

Friedrich Engels (1820-95), the son of a wealthy German cotton-spinner, was the intimate friend of Marx, and collaborated with him for many years in his literary work and in the organisation of the First Communist International. Engels paid several visits to Ireland while he was working in his father's factory in Manchester. He married Elizabeth Burns, an Irishwoman, in 1864. Marx at all times gave great attention to Ireland. He succeeded in getting the General Council of the First International to pass a resolution welcoming the Amnesty movement for the release of Fenian prisoners. "Ireland," he wrote to Siegfried Meyer in 1870, "is the bulwark of the English landed aristocracy. . . . They, in fact, represent the domination of England over Ireland, Ireland is, therefore, the great means by which the English aristocracy maintains its domination in England itself."

WILLIAM F. BAILEY (1902)

We can best understand the Ireland of today by comparing it with the Ireland of yesterday; by measuring the present state of things by that which has passed away. We can thus judge of the social and economic problems that have to be faced and the difficulties that have to be overcome. No more suitable date for the purposes of comparison can be taken than the Famine in the middle of the last century. That was the turning point in Irish economic history. The old order of things then gave way before the combined influence of the potato failure and the introduction of Free Trade in England. The effect of these forces was immediate. An enormous



THE IRISH CENSUS, 1891  
Population in '81—5,174,836. Estimated Population in '91—4,600,000  
(A Cartoon from the *Weekly Freeman*).

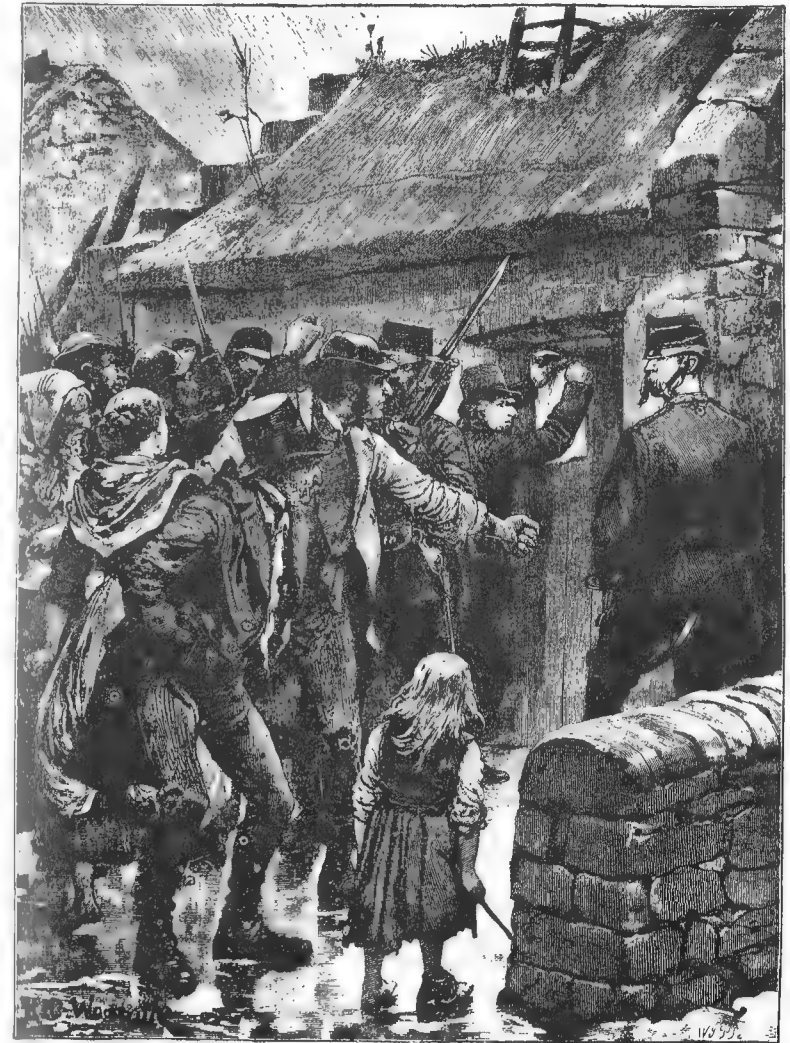
emigration commenced, and pasture took the place of agriculture over a great part of the country. New conditions were thus created, and new problems had to be faced. . .

The half century between the Famine and the present day was not barren in legal enactments. It soon became evident that the policy of "let alone" could not be maintained, and after a long period of controversy, strife and agitation several Acts were put on the statute book that well-nigh revolutionized the organisation of Irish life. The Ireland of 1850—and I take that date as representing the state of the country at the close of the Famine period—was very different from the Ireland of 1900. In 1845, the population was nearly double what it is now. Local or county government was in the hands of a few of the better off inhabitants, who were selected by arbitrary as opposed to representative methods. The Land Laws recognised no rights of ownership in the occupier beyond what his agreement with the landlord gave to him, and the actual condition of the people was wretched in the extreme. . .

The emigration from Ireland that commenced with the Famine affected that part of the country that was suitable for grazing far more than the poorer and lighter lands that required to be tilled in order to make them productive. The explanation is simple. The adoption of the policy of Free Trade in England and the repeal of the Corn Laws, opened up English markets to the commerce of the world. Grain could be brought in from all countries and the practical monopoly that formerly protected the agriculturalists of the British Isles came to an end. The policy of Free Trade was introduced just as steam transport began to develop. Wheat-growing and its subsidiary industries became unprofitable in Great Britain and Ireland. The change did not vitally affect England or Scotland, as the rural inhabitants of these countries were able to get employment in the great industrial centres that the Free Trade policy fostered and developed.

In Ireland it was different. There were, practically speaking, no industries to give work to the unemployed people.\* The landowners were thoroughly alarmed by their experiences of the Famine years. They found that the system of letting the land by competition to a tenantry living on the margin of subsistence, with the lowest possible standard of comfort, meant total loss if the lean years came, when the owners not alone failed to recover their rents, but became liable for the payment of an enormous poor rate. Those of them who weathered the storm, and the successors of those who went under, began to look around for a new method of dealing with the land. They found that the old tillage system had ceased to pay—foreign competition had killed it. A new industry, however, appeared above the horizon, fostered by the changed conditions

\*Sir Robert Kane in his *Industrial Resources of Ireland*, published in 1844, dealing with charges that used to be made against the character of the people by some superior critics, wrote: "We were reckless, ignorant, improvident, drunken, and idle. We were idle, for we had nothing to do; we were reckless, for we had no hope; we were ignorant, for learning was denied us; we were improvident, for we had no future; we were drunken, for we sought to forget our misery."



AN EVICTION SCENE.

(From the *Illustrated London News*, 1880.)

that prevailed in Great Britain. Corn could be brought from across the seas in quantities, and with an economy, that made home competition impossible. But with meat it was different. The existing means of trans-

port, improved though they had been, did not permit of cattle being brought into England—in fact there was no country from which they could be sent so as to compete with those reared in Ireland. Large districts in Leinster, Munster and Connaught were admirably suited for the production of live stock. Emigration was accordingly encouraged, and the exodus began that has lasted to the present day. For, although the conditions that started emigration may have been modified, the habit continued. The enormous industrial development that began in the United States gave unlimited employment to the Irish immigrants, whose numbers never appeared to over-crowd the labour market. . . .

The change in the size of Irish farms within the last sixty years has been very remarkable. In 1841 holdings between one and fifteen acres comprised over 81 per cent of all the farms above one acre in the country. Ten years later holdings of this size were only 49 per cent of the total, while in 1901 they were further reduced to 42 per cent. Farms between 15 acres and 30 acres were 11.5 per cent of the total of agricultural holdings above one acre in 1841; they were 25 per cent in 1851, and 26 per cent in 1901. Farms of over 30 acres were only 7 per cent of the total in 1841. They rose to 26 per cent in 1851, and to 32 per cent in 1901. The increase in the size of the holdings is, of course, synonymous with the change from tillage to pasture.

The economic revolution that took place in Ireland after the Famine is shown by the relative movements in the number of the people and of the live stock. Between 1851 and 1901 the numbers of persons on each 1,000 acres of land diminished by over 30 per cent, while the number of cattle increased by over 60 per cent, and sheep and swine increased over 110 per cent, and 15 per cent respectively. The number of milch cows during the half century has declined in actual numbers from 1,517,672 in 1854 to 1,482,483 in 1901, while the proportion they represent of the total cattle in the country has fallen from 43 per cent to 32 per cent. As the total number of horned cattle in Ireland in 1901 was 4,673,323, it is evident that the rearing of stores and fattening constitute the most considerable part of the cattle industry. A very large proportion of the cattle exported to Great Britain are stores. In 1901 the numbers were 261,690 fat cattle to 344,954 stores. This export trade in stores enables English and Scotch farmers to devote their land to the production of food for fattening the cattle brought from Ireland. At the same time this trade in young stock is a considerable drain on Irish land, taking much out of the soil without any corresponding return. . . .

The principal subjects that will occupy the attention of anyone who wishes to study the Economic and Social history of Ireland for the last half century are Local Government, the Land Laws, and the industrial progress of the country, both as affected by government departments and by popular organisations and individual effort. The social life of a country is mainly dependent on its economic condition, and we cannot raise one without improving the other. But social well-being is not altogether a question of material wealth. It largely depends on the mental



EVICTIONS IN CO. CLARE, 1888. FATHER GILLIGAN, P.P., WITH THE FLANNIGAN FAMILY.

and moral growth of the people, which while of necessity contracted under a condition of physical depression and a low standard of life, may flourish exceedingly in a community possessing few material resources. Hence the importance of cultivating and educating the mental powers and self-reliance of the people.

Few measures of the last century were of more importance to Ireland than Mr. Gerald Balfour's Local Government Act of 1898, which almost revolutionised the administration of local affairs. It is not necessary for me to describe in detail the old system that has been superseded. It was carried on mainly by the Grand Juries and the Boards of Guardians working under the Local Government Board. The Grand Jury is an institution of considerable antiquity. Introduced into Ireland many centuries ago, it was gradually entrusted with an extraordinary variety of duties, all of which with the exception of its original criminal jurisdiction have now been transferred to the new local bodies created under Mr. Balfour's Act.

The last decade of the 19th century saw the creation of two important organisations endowed out of public funds for the amelioration and improvement of the poorer section of the Irish people, namely, the Congested Districts Board and the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruc-

tion. The Congested Districts Board was created in the year 1891 to improve the conditions of life of the people in the poorest regions of the south and west coast of Ireland. These people were in a chronic state of famine, and their standard of living was at the lowest point. The part of the country in which they lived was congested, not because there was an over-population in relation to the area of the land, but because of the inferior quality of the soil. Thus, we find that while the district in question comprised one-sixth of the total area of Ireland, it had only one-ninth of its inhabitants.

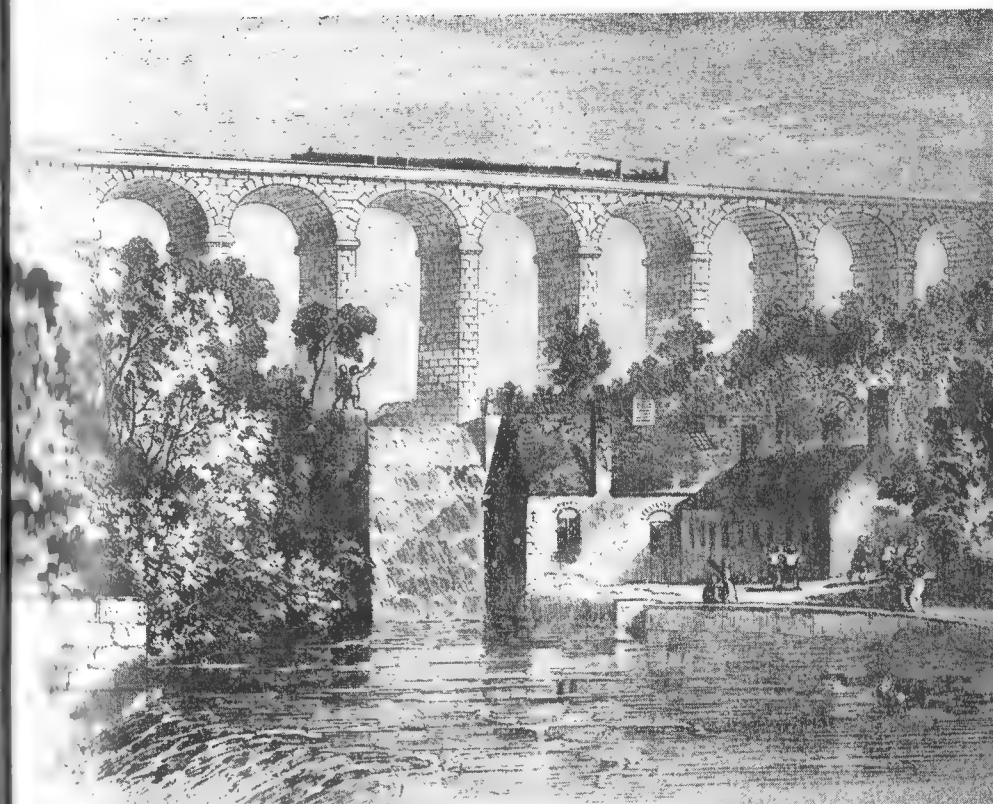
The conditions of life in the districts thus committed to the care of the Board had hitherto been wretched in the extreme. The majority of the people lived on small plots quite inadequate for their support. In many cases rights of turbary, grazing and gathering seaweed were attached to the holdings, which were frequently divided up into an enormous number of patches, often held in common. The method of cultivation was exceedingly primitive, and the breeds of live stock worn out and almost valueless. The inhabitants could not have lived at all by the cultivation of the land, and depended on various subsidiary sources of income. Many were migratory labourers, others earned money by fishing and home industries. The holdings could only be regarded as earning an economic surplus when dealt with as if portions of suitably sized productive farms. Standing by themselves, they seldom yielded an income that would support the family of the occupier, and if a bad year came famine and misery were wide-spread. The housing, clothing, and general standard of living were low, often, indeed, approaching the minimum of existence. These were the regions and the conditions of life that the Board was appointed to deal with.

The year 1894 saw the foundation of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. This grew out of Mr. Horace Plunkett's efforts to organise industrially, Irish agriculturalists. Its objects were to improve the condition of the agricultural population of Ireland, by teaching the principle and methods of co-operation as applicable to farming and the allied industries; to promote industrial organisation for any purposes which may appear to be beneficial; and generally to counsel and advise those engaged in agricultural pursuits.—*Ireland since the Famine, a sketch of 50 years' economic and legislative changes.*

W. F. Bailey (1857-1917), *Land Commissioner*, was President of the Irish Statistical and Social Inquiry Society. Above are leading passages from a paper which he contributed to the Proceedings of the Society.

#### THE TIMES (1912)

The visitor who makes a comprehensive tour of Ireland can hardly fail to carry away with him certain definite impressions, of which the chief will be (1) of the extraordinary high level of beauty and of interest in the Irish scenery; (2) of the great superficial kindness and hospitality of the people; (3) of the extent to which the Ireland of the present is influenced—whether overshadowed or illuminated, according to the point



THE FIRST TRAIN FROM DUBLIN TO CORK (1851).

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

of view—by its past; and (4) of the astonishing process of amelioration, almost of regeneration, which is now going on in the condition of the agricultural population, and the widespread evidences of increasing prosperity.

The Englishman, as a rule, knows little of the Irish landscape. He has heard of Killarney and of the Giant's Causeway, of the Vale of Avoca, and perhaps of Glendalough. Vaguely he has a notion that somewhere—in Kerry, perhaps, or is it in Donegal?—there is fine scenery to be found. The truth is that throughout the whole circuit of the country the coast is beautiful. Much of the flat land of the central basin may be unlovely, though not without a certain wild picturesqueness of its own; but scattered through the coast region from North Antrim to South Cork, from the Wicklow Mountains to Galway Bay, there is an almost bewildering abundance of places, little advertised, which would be famous "beauty spots"



in other countries. Conspicuously, moreover, much of the scenery has that quality of charm of which we are accustomed to think as almost typically English; the charm which comes of the variety, on not too large a scale, of green hillsides and deep woods, of lake and rushing stream and waterfall, alternating with wide sweeps of moorland. But to the English charm is added something of extra warmth, of colouration and of atmosphere. The grass, at least through the soft-aired south and west, seems greener—more nearly “emerald”—and the woods more luxuriantly leafy. The moorlands have a richer tone than those of either Yorkshire or Scotland. The wildest bog by its genial colour is made friendly, and the stony face of the wilderness of Connemara, for all its poverty, seems cordial. In spite of its history, Ireland was surely made by nature to be a comfortable land. It is not difficult to understand why Irishmen love it with that “dearness of instinct” which Burke confessed was “more than he could justify to reason.” Doubtless also its beauty, its warmth of colour, and romantic wilderness have reacted on the temperament of the people.

It is true that Irish writers of the present day tell us that the world knows nothing of the temperament of the Irish people. We have invented, we are told, as the typical Irishman, a fantastic creature to whom we have given all, and only, those virtues which we do not want for ourselves. The laughter-loving, irresponsible being to whom we have come to grow so affectionately attached is, it seems, a myth; and in his stead the new school of realistic dramatists and essayists would have us believe in an Irish peasant avaricious by nature, physically half-nourished, but violent and brutal in his passions, destitute of natural affection, marrying without love, leading a life of squalid tragedy unrelieved by any colour of pleasure or innocent amusement. In their haste to repudiate for him every virtue which he owes to Saxon writers, they omit to give him any other of his own beyond the mere ability to suffer. He has even ceased to drink.

One cannot suppose that these writers have no knowledge of their own country. Each we must assume to be familiar with at least a local circle of the people. And from other evidence than that of their writings one is compelled to believe that in the lower strata of the agricultural population this brutal element does exist. It seems, indeed, as if, while the best Irishman is perhaps the highest type of man that the civilised world produces, so the worst is about the lowest—in saying which, one is not unmindful of the readiness with which Irish swords leap from their scabbards to resent a Saxon insult and of the quickness of fence of some of the wrists behind those blades.

Happily, in those whom he meets the visitor will see nothing either of the characters or of the life which these new writers depict so admirably; for all that stories which he will hear may arouse suspicion, and some physiognomies casually encountered in the remote districts may fail to invite affection. On the other hand, he will see a thousand things which seem to justify the old misapprehensions and confirm his old ideals. He will meet with more reminders of Mrs. Conyers, even of Charles Lever, than of J. M. Synge. Hardly anywhere will the stranger receive

so much, not of mere civility only, but of painstaking kindness. In the cities, when the entertainment of visitors is afoot, men of business let their affairs take care of themselves, and clubs, apparently, suspend their rules; in the country the work of farm or cottage stands still while the visitor is made at home, and set, perhaps, a mile upon his road. It may be not mere kindness of heart, but only one facet of what seems to be the chief characteristic of the Irish nature, an unconquerable preference for doing anything else than the task immediately in front. But the impression made upon the stranger is that of a singularly likeable people of generous, if inconsequent, impulses, vastly more agreeable than their own writers would let the world believe.

—*Ireland Today.*

*From a series of articles written for a special Irish number of the “Times,” and afterwards published as a volume “Ireland Today” (Murray, 1913).*

DOUGLAS HYDE (1923)

OF the many linguistic miracles which the world has to show, few are more extraordinary than the snuffing out of the great Irish language which was spoken by, or at least known to, everybody of Milesian race down to about the year 1750, or even 1800. At the time of the Great Famine in 1847-8, it was the ordinary language of about four millions of people in Ireland. The Famine knocked the heart out of everything. After that it just wilted away until little more than three-quarters of a million, and the bulk of these aged people, knew anything about it. No one cared, no one troubled except, perhaps, Dr. McHale, the Archbishop of Tuam. It just withered off the face of Ireland.

In 1760, Irish was so universally spoken in the regiments of the Irish Brigade that Dick Hennessy, Edmund Burke's cousin, learnt it on foreign service. In 1825, the Commissioners of Education in Ireland, in their first report laid before Parliament estimated the number of those who did not know any English at half a million, while a million more might know a little for trading purposes. Between 1861 and 1891 the language died out with such rapidity, that the whole island contained in 1891, according to the census, less Irish speakers than the small province of Connacht had done thirty years before—that was something over three-quarters of a million.

There had been several societies concerned with the Irish language and literature in the early 19th century, but they had been purely academic. They never dreamed of the speaking of the language, and they appealed only to scholars. The principal of these were the Gaelic Society of 1807, which published one volume; the Ibero-Celtic Society, 1818, which published one volume; the Irish Archaeological Society, which five years later became the “Archaeological and Celtic Society,” and the “Celtic Society,” which between them did a splendid work and published some thirty volumes in the forties and fifties of the last century. The leaders of this great literary activity were the native scholars O'Donovan

and O'Curry, and the Anglo-Irish Dr. Todd of Trinity College. This great outburst of academic scholarship was not supported by the common people—it was beyond their reach and understanding—but by the peerage and great gentry of Ireland. . . . I have little doubt that their beneficent activity must be largely ascribed to the amazing influence of Moore's Irish Melodies, which he finished producing seven years before the foundation of the society, and which had found its way into every drawing-room in the land. They had rendered the past of Ireland sentimentally interesting without arousing the prejudices or alarming the fears of the upper classes.

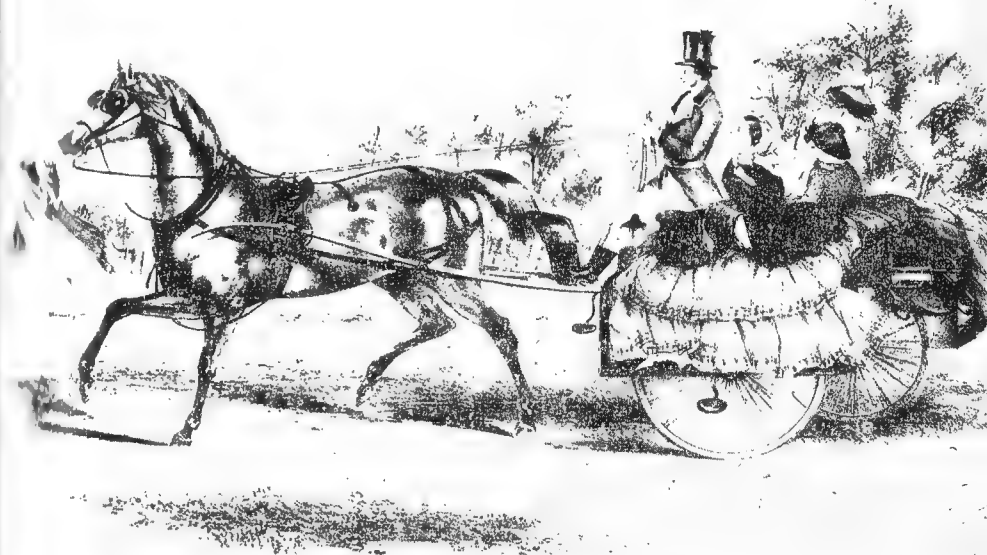
These societies, after splendid work, came to an end in the early sixties. They did not survive the real workers, O'Donovan and O'Curry, who died in 1861 and 1862 respectively, but the support which their members gave these great native scholars should never be forgotten to them. . . . In 1853 another excellent society was started for the publication of "Ossianic" literature. It published six excellent volumes of more modern Irish texts, and came to an end in 1861. At the close of the seventies another society arose called the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language," which by publishing cheap booklets for the teaching of Irish, tried for the first time to get into touch with the people. These little booklets, though they would hardly stand the critical tests of modern times, may be hailed as the advance guard of the enormously successful series published afterwards by Father O'Growney.

Owing to an internal quarrel, this society split, and gave off in March, 1880, a sturdy off-shoot which called itself the Gaelic Union, and which proceeded to take the unheard of step of publishing a monthly journal chiefly in Irish. The present writer, then very young, was one of those who left the older and joined the newer society, and contributed to the first number of the "Gaelic Journal," as the new venture was called. The modern cultivation of the Irish language may be said to have started with this journal.

Things were in this condition when, on the 31st of July, 1893, a modest meeting took place in a small Dublin room, at 9 Lower O'Connell Street, which was destined to have a profound effect upon the future of Ireland, for it resulted in the formation of the Gaelic League. The "Gaelic Journal," published by the Gaelic Union, refers to it thus in its issue of November the same year: "The idea of making our movement more popular and practical has long been in the air. It was put forward by D. Hyde in New York two years ago. . . . A number of gentlemen have resolved themselves into a society for the sole purpose of keeping the Irish language spoken in Ireland. It was agreed that the literary interest of the language should be left in other hands, and that the new organisation should devote itself to the single object of preserving and spreading Irish as a means of oral intercourse."

—*The Irish Language Movement : Some Reminiscences.*

*The above sketch of the modern Gaelic movement in Ireland was contributed by Dr. Douglas Hyde to the "Manchester Guardian," Irish Supplement, May 10, 1923. Dr. Hyde's name is one of the most distinguished among all the makers of modern*



DRIVING IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, ABOUT 1860.

(From a Colour Print in the National Library of Ireland).

*Ireland. Poet, scholar, and literary historian, he was the chief founder of the Gaelic League (1891), which revolutionised the outlook of the younger Irish generation and numbered among its adherents the men of 1916. Dr. Hyde was first President of Éire—from 1938 to 1945.*

ANDREW E. MALONE (1929)

THE sudden emergence, apparently from the void, of a great and potent dramatic movement found both Ireland and the world unprepared, and more than a trifle incredulous. There was no obvious evidence in the Ireland of forty years ago which would lead the unprejudiced outsider or the sceptical native to the conclusion that any considerable section of the population yearned strongly for the development of a national drama and for the foundation of a national theatre. Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, enjoyed a regular succession of visiting companies from England, varied by occasional visits from the leading London actor-managers. Theatregoers in these cities thrilled to the crude senti-

mental melodrama, or succumbed to the lilting strains of the latest English, or pseudo-English, musical comedies. It is true that in Ireland, as elsewhere in Europe, there were groups of playgoers who resented the theatrical fare offered to them; they loathed the crudity and the sentimentality, but their loathing took the form of indifference rather than of indignant activity, which might have produced something more worthy.

It has to be remembered, of course, that the Irish people at the time had other and apparently more pressing things to think about. The echoes of the historic Parnell "split" still reverberated through the land, and the lingering embers of passionate disputation might have been fanned into renewed flame at any moment. In 1898, the mind of the country was occupied in the main by political and social problems, but the celebration of the centenary of the Rebellion of 1798 threw its thoughts back upon events which aroused patriotic passion, yet without giving visible form to anything more enduring than a monument to those who had sacrificed their lives for their country a century earlier.

Beneath the placid surface, however, there was a ferment which was later to break the familiar moulds and re-make the country. The Gaelic League had been founded some fifteen years earlier, and the effort to restore the ancient national language of Ireland brought almost forgotten, or dimly remembered, things to the forefront of the popular mind. The people were reminded that history was more than a century; that a community had a past enshrined in special and peculiar forms; that a land rich in heroic legends must know something about them; and that the transient turbulence of party strife and personal rancour make a sorry showing in the pages of recorded history. It was a period of dejection and disillusionment, with only hidden stirrings to mark the maintenance of its vitality.

While Ireland was occupied in the futilities of political party strife there were developments and stirrings in other countries which came later to exercise a strong influence upon Irish affairs. As early as 1855, while Ireland still was sunk in the slough of the Famine and while the "coffin ships" carried the dispirited people in thousands to the United States, Henrik Ibsen had begun his revolutionary career as a dramatist in Norway.

While Free Theatres were being founded in Paris, Berlin, and London, a new ferment of a totally different kind had entered the life of Ireland. Parnell had died and politics had lost its fascination for the younger people, who turned towards the cultural movements. The academic Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language had given place to the Gaelic League, a more virile body which had for its avowed object the restoration of Irish as the vernacular of the country. The Gaelic League was founded in 1893 by a small band of poets and scholars, in which Douglas Hyde and Eoin MacNeill were prominent; and almost at once it attracted all that was active and vital in the intellectual life of Ireland. Attention was turned towards the Irish language as a literary medium: Edward Martyn thought of writing plays in Irish, and George Moore played with it as a way of escape from cheap and weak English. Douglas Hyde pub-



WEST CORK WOMAN WITH TRADITIONAL CLOAK

I.T.A.

lished his *Love Songs of Connacht* and *Religious Songs of Connacht*, from which the dialogue of the earlier plays of the Abbey Theatre derives much of its charm. Irish Literary Societies were founded in Dublin and London, with W. B. Yeats as an initiating force and vigorous member. In these groups the foundations were well and truly laid for the literary renaissance and the national theatre in Ireland.

In 1898, W. B. Yeats met Lady Gregory, and that was to be the fateful meeting in the history of the drama and the theatre in Ireland. Lady Gregory has set the authenticated details in her diary: "I was in London in 1898, and I find written: 'Yeats and Sir Alfred Lyall to tea. Yeats stayed on. He is very full of play-writing. . . He, with the aid of Miss Florence Farr, an actress who thinks more of a romantic than of a paying play, is keen about taking a little theatre somewhere in the suburbs to produce romantic drama, his own plays, Edward Martyn's, one of Bridges, and he is trying to stir up Standish O'Grady and Fioana Macleod to write some. He thinks there will be a reaction after the realism of Ibsen, and romance will have its turn.'" Later in the same year, as Lady Gregory has recorded, she had another talk with Mr. Yeats on the subject. "I said it was a pity we had no Irish theatre where such plays could be given. Mr. Yeats said that had always been a dream of his, but he had of late thought it an impossible one, for it could not at first pay its way, and there was no money to be found for such a thing in Ireland. We went on talking about it and before the end of the afternoon we had made our plans. We said we would collect money, or rather ask to have a certain sum of money guaranteed. We would then take a Dublin theatre and give a performance of Mr. Martyn's *The Heather Field* and one of Mr. Yeats's own plays, *The Countess Cathleen*." In this decision the Irish Literary Theatre, forerunner of the Abbey, had its origin.

The letter by which this project was commended to the consideration of prospective guarantors asked for no more than £300. "We propose," it said, "to have performed in the spring of every year certain Celtic and Irish plays, which whatever be their degree of excellence, will be written with a high ambition, and so to build up a Celtic and Irish school of dramatic literature. We hope to find in Ireland an uncorrupted and imaginative audience, trained to listen by its passion for oratory, and believe that our desire to bring upon the stage the deeper thoughts and emotions of Ireland will ensure for us a tolerant welcome, and that freedom of expression which is not found in the theatre of England, and without which no new movement in art or literature can succeed. We will show that Ireland is not the home of buffoonery and of easy sentiment, as it has been represented, but the home of an ancient idealism. We are confident of the support of all Irish people, who are weary of misrepresentations, in carrying out a work that is outside all the political questions that divide us."

Political rancour did not, in fact, present an obstacle to the success of the appeal: people of all classes and opinions gave ready support to the scheme. Among those whose support was given at once was Aubrey de Vere, the Irish poet, who believed Home Rule might make Ireland less homely than Devon; the aged Fenian, John O'Leary; Lord Ardilaun

the brewer and the sharp-tongued "Tim" Healy, Professor W. E. H. Lecky and William O'Brien, John Dillon and the Duchess of St. Albans, Douglas Hyde and the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, John Redmond and John Pentland Mahaffy, Sir Horace Plunkett and Sir Peter O'Brien, and established writers like Emily Lawless and Jane Barlow. The Irish Literary Theatre was really and genuinely Irish, supported by all the factions, parties, and cliques in the Ireland of the time. In the event, the guarantors were never called upon to make any payment, as Edward Martyn very generously defrayed all the expenses; but the demonstration of faith in the feasibility of the scheme was as welcome as it must have been unexpected. When it is remembered how Ireland was divided in 1898, and the bitter personal animosities of the time, the support which was accorded to the scheme for an Irish theatre was little short of marvellous. Lady Gregory had that winning way; and it is to her that the credit—or, at least, the major part of the credit—for the establishment of the Irish Literary Theatre must be given.

—The Irish Theatre.

A period of political disillusionment followed the break-up of the great Irish Parliamentary Party under the leadership of Parnell, which had brought Ireland to the verge of Home Rule. The next ten years saw, however, developments in the intellectual sphere, which are of the highest importance in the new Ireland of the twentieth century—the Irish Literary Movement, the Gaelic League, and the Irish National Theatre. Andrew E. Malone possessed an unrivalled knowledge of his subject, and could claim to have seen every play that the Abbey Theatre had produced. Mr. Lennox Robinson described the work from which the above passage has been taken as "the most authoritative book on our theatre."

CARLETON W. COON (1939)

THE composite Irishman, representing the mean of ten thousand of his countrymen, is 35 years old, 172 cm. tall, and weighs 157 pounds. He is well built, muscular, and large boned with shoulders 39 cm. broad, and a trunk length which is 53.3 per cent of his total height. His arms are long, and his span is 105.3 per cent of his stature. So far, his bodily dimensions and proportions might be matched among western Norwegians, Icelanders, many Swedes, Livs, and Finns of Finland. His head is large, for Ireland has consistently the largest head size of any equal land area in Europe. The three principal vault dimensions of his head, 195 mm. by 154 mm. by 125 mm., give him the mesocephalic (medium) cephalic index of nearly 79, and the moderately hypsicephalic (high-headed) length-height index of 64. His cranial vault, like his body, could again be matched among the larger-headed peoples of Scandinavia and the Baltic lands.

Both his forehead and his lower jaw are unusually broad. The face is long as well as broad, with a menton-nasion of 127 mm., and an upper face height of 73 mm. In stature and in sagittal dimensions of the head and face, the composite Irishman might well be considered a Nordic



in the Iron Age sense, of the Hallstatt variety as represented by living inhabitants of eastern Norway, or even of the Keltic Iron Age variety as represented by abundant skeletal series from England. But in total bulk and in lateral diameters, he exceeds any known Nordic form, and in fact cannot be considered an unmixed descendant of the greater Mediterranean family of races. He is comparable in these respects to the western Nor-ians, to the Livs, and to some of the Finns.

Aside from the Aran islands, we find that the tallest population lives along the western coast, from Galway to Kerry; the shortest in the east, in the counties of Wicklow, Carlow, and Dublin. The heaviest men live in the western counties, with one centre in Mayo, Galway, and Roscommon, another in Kerry. In these counties the means attain 160-161 pounds; in the east, from Louth to Carlow, they fall to 153-154 pounds. There is very little regional variation in head length, but the breadth varies from means of over 155 mm. in Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Clare, and Mayo, to those between 152 and 153 mm. in all of south eastern and eastern counties included within a line drawn from Armagh to Longford, and south to Waterford. . . On the whole, greater size and greater laterality are concentrated in the western counties from Mayo and Galway to Cork, with Kerry as the greatest centre. . . The inference is that the maximum survival of the Mesolithic food-gathering population is to be found in the west and southwest of Ireland, in the more mountainous, more rugged part of the country, and in the very section which is poor in archaeological remains, on the other hand the descendants of the later invaders, from the Neolithic through Iron Age times, are most concentrated on the more fertile land along the Irish Sea, and on the Great Plain.

Let us now examine the pigment characters and morphological traits of the Irish, both as a total group and regionally. In the first place, the Irish are almost uniquely pale-skinned when unexposed, untanned parts of the body are observed. Out of 10,000 men, over 90 per cent had skins of the pale pink shade. . . The pale Irish skin, where exposed to the sun, shows a marked inclination to freckling. Forty per cent of the entire group are freckled to some extent; in Kerry the ratio rises as high as 60 per cent, in Waterford and Wexford, Carlow and Wicklow—the south-eastern counties—it falls to 30 per cent. The hair is almost uniformly medium in texture, coarse and fine alike are rare. At the same time, the body hair, which is almost always present, is of a moderate development, and few very hairy men are found. The Aran Islanders are much less hairy, much thinner bearded, and on the whole, straighter haired than the other Irish. Elsewhere the waviest hair, along with a minimum of pilous hair development, is found in the Great Plain.

The hair colour of the Irish is predominantly brown; black hair accounts for less than 3 per cent of the total, while the ashen series amounts to but one-half of one per cent. Forty per cent have dark brown hair, 35 have medium brown; reddish brown hues total over 5 per cent, while clear reds run higher than 4 per cent. The rest, some 15 per cent fall into a light brown to golden blond category. Thus the hair colour of the Irish is darker than that of most regions of Scandinavia, but not much



CHILDREN OF THE ARAN ISLANDS

[Malachy Hynes.]

darker than Iceland; it is notably different from Nordic hair, as exemplified by eastern Norwegians and Swedes, in its almost total lack of ash-blondism. The rufous hair colour pigment reaches a world maximum here; not so much in reds as in the prevalence of golden hues in blond and brown shades. The lightest hair is found in the Aran Islands where the commonest shade is, nevertheless, medium brown; in the south-western counties there are more goldens and at the same time more dark-browns than in Ireland as a whole, while the Great Plain runs fairest of all. Red hair, with a regional maximum of 8 per cent, is commonest in Ulster, rarest in Waterford and Wexford.

In the proportion of pure light eyes, Ireland compares successfully with the blondest regions of Scandinavia. Over 46 per cent of the total group has pure light eyes, and of these all but 4 per cent are blue. Very light-mixed eyes account for another 30 per cent, while less than one-half of one per cent have pure brown. There is probably no population of equal size in the world which is lighter eyed and bluer eyed than the

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**Irish.** The almost total absence of grey eyes corresponds to the equal paucity of ash-blond hair. Compared to eastern Norway, Sweden, and Finnic and Baltic groups, the eye colour is disproportionately light in comparison to hair colour. On the whole, the east is lighter eyed than the west, as it is lighter-haired.

One feature for which the Irish face is famous in caricature, along with the freckles, the great malar cheek-bone breadth, the upturned nose, and the long convex upper lip, is the great predominance of the chin. Sub-medium chin development, characteristic of so many European racial groups, is found in but 10 per cent of the whole in Ireland, but rises to 15 per cent and 17 per cent in the counties of Ulster, where it is commonest; the extremely projecting square chin, often cleft, also attains nearly ten per cent of the whole, and is concentrated in the south-western counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Kilkenny, and Tipperary, reaching a maximum of 15 per cent in Cork....

We have now reviewed in some detail the racial characters of the living Irish, and are prepared to make some tentative conclusions. These are: the Irish people represent a blend between two principal racial groups, (a) the survivors of the unreduced Upper Palaeolithic people of north-western Europe, in a mesocephalic or sub-brachycephalic form, and (b) a Celtic Iron Age Nordic. The other two forms, (c) the tall long-headed Mediterranean form brought by the Megalithic invaders, and (d) the Dinaric introduced during the Bronze Age, have both been submerged by the earliest and latest population waves.

The Upper Palaeolithic people are concentrated in south-western Ireland, especially Chipped-Stone Age in Kerry and Cork; just in the part of Ireland from which the Irish in America are mostly derived. The Iron Age Nordic element is concentrated in the eastern counties and in the fertile Great Plain region of Central Ireland; what other Nordic elements brought by Danes and English are also centred here. The Megalithic and Bronze Age minority elements are found also in the east, and the latter is particularly common among members of the Protestant landlord class.

By means of this study it is possible to reconstruct with some probability the living appearance of the Upper Palaeolithic men. They were typically tall, broad-shouldered, large-chested; their heads were large, their browridges heavy to medium; their foreheads broad and high; their faces were broad and slightly flattish, the mouth large, with lips of moderate thickness and little eversion, the lines around the mouth deeply drawn, the whole lower jaw wide and deep, with a prominent chin. The nose was of moderate to large size, straight to concave-profiled, with a moderately thick, upturned tip. The hair was brown and wavy, frequently rufous, of medium abundance on beard and body; the eyes light-mixed blue. The skin was typically inclined to freckling and very fair.

In contrast to this type, the Iron Age Celtic people were slightly shorter, and usually slender in bodily build, with finer bones; they were narrower in head and face diameters, with a more retreating forehead, a higher-bridged, more convex-profiled nose with a thin less frequently everted



COTTAGE IN CO. ANTRIM, ANCESTRAL HOME OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES (1843-1901).

tip; the mouth was smaller, and the mandible much shallower and narrower, the chin of more moderate dimensions. The hair was straight or wavy, brown or light brown in colour, and the eyes typically blue.

—*The Races of Europe.*

*Above is an extract from an elaborate work by Carleton Stevens Coon, Assistant Professor of Anthropology in Harvard University, published by the Macmillan Company, New York, on the eve of the World War. Dr. Coon, at the beginning of his survey of the racial character of Ireland, notes: "This section is almost entirely based upon the as yet unpublished series of some 10,000 adult Irish males, drawn from all counties, all religious communities, and all social and occupational levels in both Eire and Northern Ireland. This huge and amply documented series was measured by Mr. C. Wesley Dupertuis under the auspices of the Division of Anthropology of Harvard University, and with the close co-operation of both governments in Ireland."*

ESTYN EVANS (1943)

**T**HE fire burning on the hearth of thousands of country dwellings throughout Ireland is something more than a means of cooking and warming the house. It is the very centre and focus of the home, the place around which the work, thought and tradition of the whole family revolve. No doubt it is partly a matter of climate—damp days demand warm fires—but there is much more to it than this. The importance of the fire is bound up with ways of life that go far back into the Irish past; for the general pattern of Irish rural life was woven

many centuries ago against the background of a landscape very different from the Ireland of today. Picture a land where timber was plentiful both for house-building and for fuel. Then the large fire was literally the very centre of the dwelling, for it would have been dangerous to put it near the timbered or wattled walls. And so it remained when sods, clay and stone were used for building. We can readily imagine the fireside serving as the meeting ground and cooking place of large family groups.

Although the fire has migrated to a position against a stone wall under a chimney it is still, as a rule, near the centre of the house and it remains an open fire, often indeed on the hearth, though frequently lifted on to a simple grate consisting of a few iron bars stretched between low hobs. And the whole technique of Irish cooking is that of the open fire. Where an oven has been added to an Irish hearth it has the look of a cool intruder, and is likely to be regarded as a sign of prosperity rather than as a contrivance for preparing food.

There are two main reasons why the open fire has kept its place in the Irish home. One is that the favourite fuel, turf, or peat, like the wood it replaced, burns best this way. In 1939, it was the sole fuel of about two-thirds of the country population, and the difficulties of war-time have extended its use in areas around the ports which had been converted to coal. The other explanation of the retention of the open fire has to do with methods of cooking and baking, and with the fact that the traditional bread-corn was not wheat but oats. Oaten bannocks were roasted on stands placed in front of the fire. Oatmeal does not lend itself to oven-baking, and when wheat or potatoes came to be used for bread it was made on the griddle and retained the shape of thin-bread, under names such as "farls" and "fadges."

All the old cooking methods are adapted to the slow-burning turf fire, admirable for the griddle, the frying pan, the oven-pot, and the three-legged round-bottomed pots of various sizes, which throng the Irish hearth, or greet the visitor at the door. The ancestors of the iron pot can be traced back through the brass and bronze cauldrons of mediaeval and early Celtic times to the clay pots picked up as shards about the hearths of ancient Irish homesteads of forty centuries ago: these pots already had their twin lugs or holes in the rim for suspension over an open fire. Irish stew can indeed claim a respectable antiquity! The iron pots are often very large, especially since the introduction of the potato, which is boiled in immense quantities as food for man and beast; and the housewife who has to handle the 18-gallon praty-pot is grateful for the low fire, which minimizes the amount of lifting to be done.

The chief technical problem to be solved is the suspension of these various pots over the fire, a problem which most picnickers have faced at some time or other. The simplest and no doubt the oldest device is merely a long chain hanging from a peg driven high up in the wall, or, originally, attached to one of the roof timbers, as in the often-described Black Houses of the Hebrides. When chimney flues came to be built to conduct the smoke, the suspension bar crossed the chimney, at first still at right-angles to the wall, later parallel to the wall and lower down,



A FAIR DAY—MILTOWN-MALBAY, CO. CLARE.

[Malachy Hynes.

so that the chain could be moved laterally. Very many old houses rely on these simple methods, but the final solution is the iron crane, and its many fittings, which enable the pot to be suspended at any height over any part of the fire and to be lifted off by swinging the crane out of the room.

The most widespread and useful fitting of the crane is the adjustable pot-hanger, known as the crook-stick. The lower part, hanging nearest the fire, is the crook; hence the phrase "black as the crook." A pair of short tongs for adjusting the turf and a heather besom for sweeping the hearth are generally in evidence. Under or immediately in front of the fire there may be an ash-pit, into which the turf-ash, or "greesha" is swept, and here, under the fire, is the blow-hole of the fan-bellows, a quaint contraption built into the fire-place and worked by turning a wheel attached to a rather noisy fan alongside. They are peculiar to certain districts; many evoke a good deal of fun under such nicknames as "ould resindenters." Perhaps that is why the fan-bellows are made the theme of one of the most popular comedies of Ulster life. The function of the fan-bellows is to coax the turf into a reluctant flame, and I imagine they became popular when the new-fangled kettles had to be brought to the boil for that novel drink, a "dish of tay."

It is around the fire, on low stools and chairs that bring one near the level of the heat and keep one's head out of the smoke which gathers in the rafters, that the tales of old Ireland are told. And the fire itself is a symbol of the continuity of tradition, for there are thousands of hearths where it is not allowed to go out. Every night for generations there has taken place the ceremony of raking the fire, burying a live peat in the white ashes so that it retains a spark of heat to be fanned into a blaze next morning. It is in truth a sacred flame, a shrine at which countless ancestors have worshipped.

Nearly all the details I have mentioned are part of a way of life not confined to Ireland but found, in various stages of decline, or modification, throughout the mountain country of western Britain, from Cornwall and Wales to Yorkshire and Scotland. But it is in Ireland that the traditions of the open hearth are best preserved. And it is a matter of urgency that this way of life, with all its social implications, should be carefully studied in a changing world. For there is here much of value for the future; and the regional patterns of culture can tell us a great deal about those provinces of local life on which a stable rural civilisation may be built.

*The many passages illustrating various aspects of Irish social life during three centuries, which have been quoted in this book and in previous volumes of the series may, perhaps, be fitly concluded with the above passages by a learned and sympathetic observer of the Irish scene—Dr. E. Estyn Evans—Reader in Geography at Queen's University, Belfast.*

## CHAPTER II.

*The Fenians*

**A**LL the sympathies of all continental politicians are with the Irish. We are regarded as the oppressors and the Irish as the oppressed.

An Insurrection in Ireland would have the good wishes of a great majority of the people of Europe. And, sir, it is natural that it should be so.—T. B. MACAULAY, in the House of Commons, February 13, 1844.

Some died by the glenside, some died 'mid the stranger,  
And wise men have told us their cause was a failure;  
But they stood by old Ireland, and never feared danger,  
Glory O! Glory O! to the bold Fenian men.

—PEADAR KEARNEY.

The influence of Fenianism was this—that when the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, when all the consequent proceedings occurred, when the tranquillity of the great city of Manchester was disturbed, when the Metropolis itself was shocked and horrified by an inhuman outrage, when a sense of insecurity went abroad far and wide—then it was when these phenomena came home to the popular mind, and produced that attitude of attention and preparedness on the part of the whole population of this country which qualified them to embrace in a manner foreign to their habits in other times, the vast import of the Irish controversy.

—W. E. H. GLADSTONE.

P. S. O'HEGARTY (1912)

**S**CATTERED over Ireland today there are several hundreds of men, sold and for the most part grey, but still vigorous, who look out with an air of tolerant criticism on the generation around them, and who, on those rare occasions when they can be got to talk about Irish politics, have a supreme contempt for the modern methods of doing business. Survivors of an older generation, they seem to be of a type apart from the generations that followed them; in their countenances is something of a nobler intelligence, of a manlier life, than obtains nowadays; calm and silent they are on ordinary subjects, but there is a slumbering volcano behind it all. You will find them, a great many of them, in the cities, but you will find them also in the country places, in villages that look as if a breath of passion had never stirred there, in lonely farmhouses

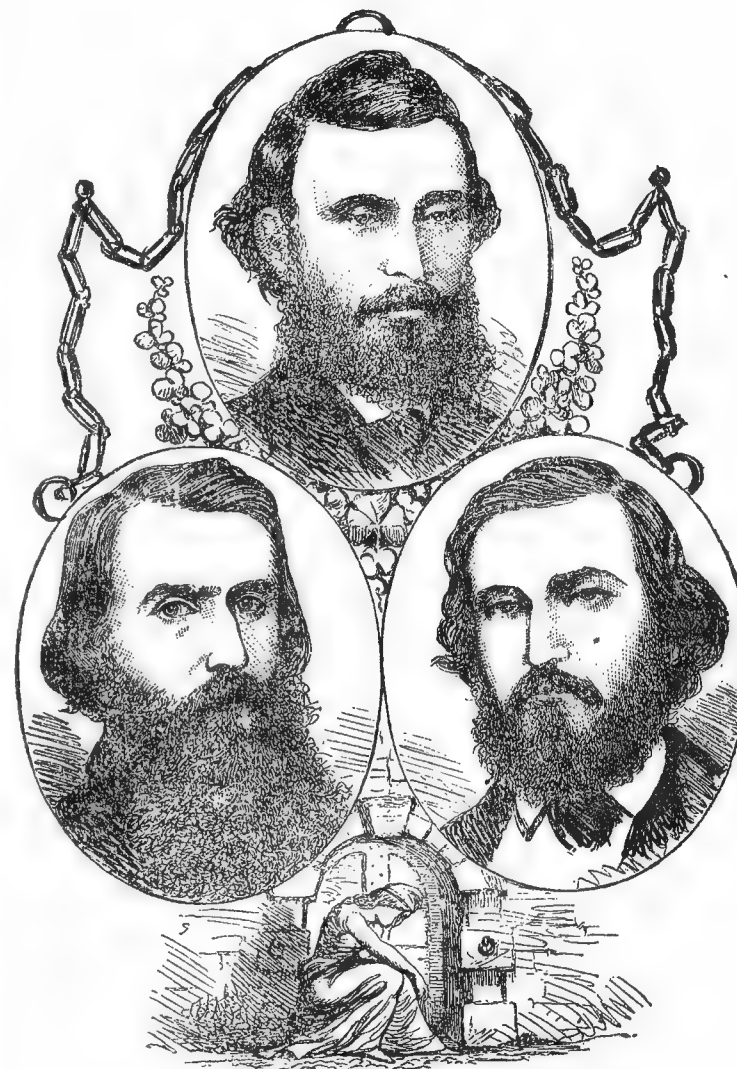


where the world and the things of the world seem a dream, throughout the four great fifths of Erin, and in Ulster, too, you will find them; an older generation, an older dream, still keeping itself in evidence in Ireland, living and hoping and uncompromising. For all the calmness of the face, the weakness perhaps of the limbs, the grey or grizzled locks, there is one subject upon which these men are always young, young today as they were forty years ago, and that is Irish Independence and how to get it. And they will tell you, fiercely and passionately, that there is but one way and that way the old way. "What is the good of your Sinn Fein movement, or of any of your movements," said one of them to me not so long ago, "unless you arm the people. Talk will never free the country, and all your plans are useless unless you can back them up with guns."

When Gavan Duffy in 1855 resigned his seat in Parliament and left the country he wrote to his constituents: "Till all this be changed there seems to be no more hope for the Irish Cause than there is for the corpse on the dissecting table," and in his book on the Tenant League he tells us that it was the "paralysis of national opinion," which induced this step of his. This is a fairly representative example of the utter hopelessness which invaded nearly all the thinking people on the national side after '48. Of the brilliant band which had formed Young Ireland, all except Duffy were dead or in prison, or in America, and the famine horrors and the comparative failure of the '48 Rising had driven the survivors amongst the minor men either into Unionism, like M. J. Barry, to indifferentism, like John O'Hagan, or to despair, like Duffy.

It was indeed a period to try the hearts of the stoutest. It seemed as if the famine clearances and the constant emigration drain had broken Ireland's back: the "Nation" so far as the creation of an independent public opinion went, found itself helpless almost against the otherwise corrupt press; and Gavan Duffy's last resort, the independent Party in Parliament, which was afterwards adopted by Parnell, had proved itself unable, as it is unable today, to withstand corruption, while an alliance between the British Government and the Bishops broke it up utterly. And, more than all, Duffy had found himself unable to rally under his Tenant League Banner the same class of men, lawyers and barristers and professional men of the better families, as those who had answered the call of Davis. It was a time when Duffy's public integrity, his genius for paper management, his tolerant and broad outlook upon national questions, were not sufficient to make an impression on the country. There were wanted other qualities, qualities which Duffy did not possess and the importance of which he altogether undervalued, the fire and passion of Mitchel, and the absence of all delusions regarding England, the logical reasoning of Lalor, the eloquence of Meagher and Doheny and O'Gorman.

It was in circumstances such as these I have described with the whole country seemingly lifeless on the National question, that the unerring Irish instinct began again to assert itself through the stout hearts of James Stephens, John O'Mahony, John O'Leary, and Thomas Clarke Luby. As very young men they had all been out in '48: O'Mahony in Tipperary, where he was a large farmer, at the head of his own labourers and others in the



CHARLES J. KICKHAM, JOHN O'LEARY, THOMAS CLARKE LUBY.

(*Speeches from the Dock*, 1st Edition, 1867)

neighbourhood; O'Leary and Luby, with Joe Brennan and Fintan Lalor, at the last fight at Cappoquin Barracks; and Stephens himself, the indomitable and persevering Stephens, with Dillon, at Callan. There, when he was quite a young man, Stephens almost forced the fighting at the critical moment. Standing behind the barricade at Callan with John Blake Dillon, he covered with his rifle an officer approaching, who rode at the barricade, but when he would have pulled the trigger Dillon struck up the rifle and let the officer and his escort pass. Michael Davitt has given it as his opinion that had Stephens been ten years older in '46 the grain and cattle of Ireland would never have left its shores during the Famine years. But Stephens was only a boy, and though he did not believe in rose-water revolutionaries he nevertheless obeyed orders, and after many adventures, which are recounted by Michael Doheny, his companion on the road, he reached France.

Michael Doheny's narrative, which was written in 1849, gives curious glimpses of young Stephens, as he called him: "His imperturbable equanimity and ever-daring hope had sustained me in moments of perplexity and alarm when no other source could have availed. During the whole time which we spent, as it were, in the shadow of the gibbet, his courage never faltered and his temper was never once ruffled." That equanimity and courage and steadfast hope were characteristic of Stephens all his life through. Whoever doubted Ireland's fitness to free herself, that did not he. But his experiences of the '48 men, whom he afterwards referred to as "rhetorical revolutionaries," gave him a complete mistrust of the dependence to be placed on the Nationalism of the middle and upper classes, and all his plans for Ireland's freedom were based on his faith in the unshaken Nationalism of the common people.

When all else despaired of Ireland, Stephens did not, and when her fortunes and her power seemed at their lowest ebb, then he commenced organising the people for another struggle. And his faith was justified, for out of his labours and those of his co-workers sprang the Fenian Movement. To many Irishmen Fenianism was another debacle, a rank failure, a movement of public-houses and informers; but it gave the British Government the greatest fright it got since '98, and even to-day it has not emancipated itself from the shadow of it. England feared Fenianism, and some sections of the British people fear its ashes to-day, not because of what it did, though that, too, was momentous, but because of what it means, of the things it almost did of the narrow shave by which the destruction of the British Government in Ireland was averted.

Fenianism is remarkable in Irish history as being the first movement which was openly and avowedly separatist from its inception, and which never pretended that it had any other object. The United Irish Society was at first a purely constitutional body, its objects being Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation; the Repeal Movement was loyal in name, and, in fact, all the days of its life; and the Young Ireland Party, though its tone was, as Chancellor Plunket put it, the tone of Wolfe Tone, was not avowedly separatist until the year '48, when Mitchel and the French Revolution pulled it out of '82ism. But Stephens' object from

the beginning was an Irish Republic and his means revolution. He had no delusions as to the value of constitutional agitation; he neither expected nor looked for justice or redress or consideration from England; he looked to Ireland herself to recover her own liberties by the strong arm. . . .

The origin, and indeed, the whole history, of the home organisation is bound up with the history of the Irish Revolutionary Organisations in America, which in the end were the weaker links in the chain. Immediately after '48 the Irish in New York organised themselves into military associations with the object of an early descent on Ireland, and one of the chief of these was the "Emmet Monument Association," in which Michael Doheny was the leading spirit. I need not dwell on the significance of the title. This first of the American organisations seems to have evoked more enthusiasm and patriotism than any of the subsequent ones, perhaps because its members were nearly all fresh from the famine horrors, and because the time had not yet come when Irish-American organisations would be used for American political purposes. A scheme for the financing



A FENIAN HUNDRED-DOLLAR BOND.

of the movement by some wealthy Irish-Americans was propounded, and early in 1855 they sent an emissary to Ireland, in the person of Joseph Denieffe, to spy out the land there. There was then no organisation in Ireland. After some months of organising here, and conferences with Stephens, Denieffe sent on his report to America, but the men there did not move till 1857, when Michael Doheny and John O'Mahony sent over Owen Considine with a message to Stephens asking whether he considered the country fit for organisation, and, if so, whether he would undertake to organise. Stephens' answer was characteristic. The country, said he, was never in a better state for organisation, and guaranteed to organise

10,000 men in three months if he were given £100 a month and unlimited control. He sent Joseph Denieffe back with this answer, and in due course Denieffe came over again with Doheny's and O'Mahony's acceptance of the offer and with £80 to go on with. From the very beginning it will be seen that the function of the American men was to supply funds for the home organising, and it was Stephens' determination to keep the American organisation to this its primary and chief purpose that led to the breach between himself and O'Mahony, and incidentally contributed powerfully to the failure of the organisation in its primary object. On the 17th March, 1858, the organisation was established, Luby framing the oath and administering it to Stephens, who in turn administered it to Luby, Peter Langan, Garret O'Shaughnessy, and Denieffe. The organisation, although it came to be variously designated "Fenianism," "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood," "Irish Republican Brotherhood," was not given any name officially, the oath being merely an oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, but as it will probably live in history as Fenianism, it is more convenient to refer to it as such from the beginning. And now commenced the best and most fruitful years of Stephens' work. With the funds received from Denieffe he and Luby started South and sowed the seed in Kilkenny, Tipperary, Clare and Cork. The organisation took root everywhere and more particularly in Cork city and county, so that in four or five months there was a thin network of men over almost the whole of Munster.—*Irish Freedom*.

"*Irish Freedom*" was the monthly organ of the Irish Republican Brotherhood from 1910 to 1914. The leading article in No. 1 announces a policy of "complete and total separation from England." The contributors and editors included men, little known at the time, who afterwards took a prominent part in the active stage of the Irish Revolution—Thomas J. Clarke, Sean MacDermot, Bulmer Hobson, Terence MacSwiney, P. H. Pearse, Ernest Blythe, Dr. Patrick McCartan. P. S. O'Hegarty, whose knowledge of the inner history of the Irish Revolutionary movement before 1916 is probably unrivalled, then a member of the Supreme Council of the I.R.B., contributed many of the articles, including the above, under the pen-name "Lucan."

JOHN O'LEARY (1896)

THE Famine of '45, in so far as it influenced the '48 movement and inflamed the minds of men both then and after against England, had, no doubt, some bearing upon Fenianism; and certainly the failure of the Tenant-right movement had a very direct bearing upon it. Many men, like myself, saw that agitation arise and spread without the faintest belief of any good coming out of it, and were confirmed by its failure in our conviction that legal and constitutional agitation, however efficacious in a free country, was not the means by which an enslaved one could win freedom, or, indeed, much else. But all this was a more or less indirect influence. To my mind, Theobald Wolfe Tone and Thomas Davis—the example of the one mainly transmitted to us through the teaching of the other—had much more to do with Fenianism than any

famine or failure. I need not, however, return to Davis. The earlier part of these recollections shows clearly enough what he was to me and countless others of my generation, and an abler pen than mine has lately told us what he was in himself and what he is likely to be to Irishmen to all time.

To come back then to the matter in hand. Fenianism is the direct and, I think, inevitable outcome of '48, as '48 was the equally inevitable, if more indirect, outcome of '98, and the immediate origin of the movement is undoubtedly to be found among the '48 refugees in America. The failure of the insurrection of that year naturally scattered the Young Ireland leaders over the globe. Mitchel, Martin, O'Brien, Meagher, M'Manus, and O'Donoghue were transported to Australia, from which place some of them escaped and found their way eventually to the States. Others, and the greater number, including Dillon, O'Gorman, McGee, Doheny, Smyth, and O'Mahony, found their way at once, or nearly so, to America. Dillon, O'Gorman, and others, while retaining their national

## THE IRISH PEOPLE.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE IRISH FENIANS.

feelings and aspirations, seem to have had quite enough of the untransacting form of Irish politics, and McGee may be roughly said to have gone over to the side of the enemy. But others among the exiles—notably Doheny and O'Mahony—had in no way lost faith or hope in the old cause, and with them and a few obscurer friends of theirs, Fenianism may fairly be said to have originated. Some time in the year '54, I think, a small body of men was brought together in New York, which called itself, somewhat affectedly, "The Emmet Monument Association." This name is easily intelligible to Irishmen, and I may leave Englishmen to find out its meaning from their awakened interest in Irish history. Anyway, the name or the thing matters nothing, as in action they came to nothing. But this association calls for at least mention from me, as it was undoubtedly the precursor of Fenianism. I am not sure whether O'Mahony belonged to this body or not, but certainly Doheny did, and no doubt others who subsequently formed the Fenian Brotherhood. But still we have not got to the *immediate* origin of Fenianism. That, however, was very simple, indeed, as are, I think, most things in this world which come to much.

Some time late in the Autumn of '57 a young man named Owen Considine came over from New York to Dublin, bringing with him a communication for Stephens from certain Nationalists in the former city, among whom were John O'Mahony, Michael Doheny, James Roche,

and Oliver Byrne. Considine also brought a private letter from O'Mahony to Stephens. The public, or at least collective, communication expressed confidence in Stephens, and called upon him to put up an organisation in Ireland to win her independence. This may be said to be the first step toward the formation of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, popularly known as the Fenian Brotherhood.

—*Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism.*

John O'Leary (1830-1907), was editor of "The Irish People," and one of its chief writers from 1863-1865. With O'Donovan Rossa, Luby, and Kickham, he was tried for treason-felony in 1867. He was sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude. He served 9 years of his sentence, afterwards lived in Paris, and returned to Ireland in 1885. W. B. Yeats who knew him well in his later years, paid tribute to his memory in the lines:

"Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,  
'Tis with O'Leary in the grave."

A. M. SULLIVAN (1882)

**H**ITHERTO the base of operations in rebellious or seditious attempt, had been within the country itself. The Government were always able to strike the movement at its heart. Now, for the first time, a base of operations had been established out of Ireland. Not soon did people realise what an enormous difference this made in dealing with Irish disaffection. While Dublin city was the headquarters of the malcontents, their plans, their persons, their fate and fortunes were any day within the grasp of the Crown. Not so when America became the base, and New York headquarters. The Queen's writ did not run in Manhattan...

Although most of the national leaders best known to the Irish people—the chiefs of the "Forty-eight" movement—held aloof from or censured this scheme, its authors were fortunate in obtaining for it the co-operation of a few men whose rare abilities and invincible courage and fidelity rendered them of priceless value in such a movement. Foremost amongst these must be named Charles J. Kickham, John O'Leary, and Thomas Clarke Luby.

Charles Kickham was originally intended for the medical profession, as indeed were Messrs. O'Leary and Luby. He belonged to a family occupying a respectable position in Mullinahone, County Tipperary; one greatly esteemed and trusted by the people for miles around. From his youth Charles was a popular favourite. In the hottest of the conflicts which marked the course of the Fenian movement, he was the one man of his party for whom even the fiercest anti-Fenian had a kindly feeling and a friendly word. A lamentable accident blighted his prospects of success in a professional career. He was fond of sporting. One evening, after a day on the hills with dog and gun, in the course of which he received a serious drenching, he sat before the fire drying the contents of his powder-flask, that had got damp. As he was stirring or examining the powders a spark from the peat fire exploded it in his face. He lay long in great

suffering and it was thought he would totally lose his sight. When he recovered, his hearing was to a great extent destroyed, and his sight considerably impaired. This calamity only intensified the feelings of the people for young Charles. He became studious, took to literary pursuits, and contributed to a little periodical called the *Celt* some really exquisite poetry of the simple ballad class, as well as some stories of Irish peasant life exhibiting considerable dramatic power. Those who knew his gentle amiable nature, his modest and retiring character, his undemonstrative ways, marvelled greatly to find him in the forefront of such an enterprise as the Fenian movement. It was, however, only when it took to journalism that Kickham was called upon to assume a post of prominence.

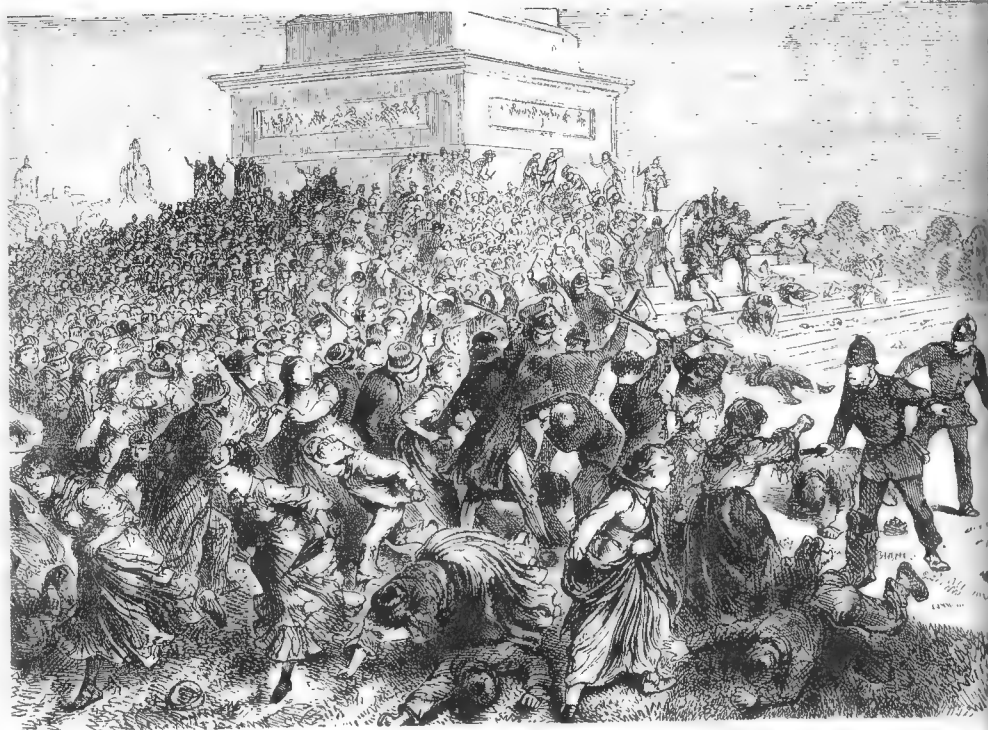
John O'Leary was unquestionably one of the ablest and most remarkable men in the conspiracy. Intellectually and politically he was of the type of Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, and John Mitchel. An eye-witness describing him in the dock, when on his trial in 1865, says, "he stepped to the front with a flash of fire in his dark eyes and a scowl on his features looking hatred and defiance on judges, lawyers, jurymen, and all the rest of them. All eyes were fixed on him; for he was one of those persons whose exterior attracts attention and indicates a character above the common. He was tall, slightly built, and of gentlemanly deportment. Every feature of his thin angular face gave token of great intellectual energy and determination; its pallid hue was rendered almost death-like by contrast with his long black hair and flowing moustache and beard. Easy it was to see that when the Government placed John O'Leary in the dock they had caged a proud spirit and an able and resolute enemy." He was born in Tipperary town, of a family holding a good position, and inherited on the death of his parents, to his share, a small property of some three or four hundred pounds a year. He was a graduate of the Queen's University, having taken out his medical degree in the Queen's College, Cork. He resided for some time in Paris, where his mind, his tastes, his manners, opinions, and principles received impress and shape, discernible in his subsequent career. He also visited America, and there formed the acquaintance of the men who were planning and devising the Fenian movement. He was a man of culture, and of considerable literary abilities. I met him on a few occasions at the house of Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, whose wife, the poetess "Eva," was his cousin. He was reserved, sententious, almost cynical; keenly observant, sharply critical, full of restrained passion.

Thomas Clarke Luby was also a native of Tipperary; but unlike his colleague, he was a Protestant; his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Luby, being one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin.

—*New Ireland, Political Sketches and Personal Reminiscences.*

Alexander Martin Sullivan (1830-84), one of a large family who attained distinction in Irish politics and journalism, was born at Bantry. He edited "The Nation." Although opposed to the Fenians, he suffered imprisonment for his defence of Irish liberties. He was among the founders of the Home Rule movement in 1870.





FENIAN AMNESTY MEETING IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN, AT WELLINGTON MONUMENT,  
DISPERSED BY POLICE, AUGUST 6TH, 1871.

THE Fenian Amnesty Association, having planned to hold a public meeting in Phoenix Park, application was made to the Commissioners for Public Works for permission to erect platforms. Permission having been refused, the organisers decided to hold the meeting from the steps of the Wellington Monument. When a large crowd had assembled and speeches were in progress, a force of police arrived on the scene and an inspector ordered the speakers to stop. The crowd surged up, the speakers were swept from the sloping steps, the police drew their batons, and a fierce riot began. Many people were knocked down and injured. Edward, Prince of Wales, was on this day staying at the Viceregal Lodge in the Park, as the guest of the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Spencer. On the advice of Isaac Butt proceedings were afterwards taken in the Courts to challenge the action of the police, which was declared to be illegal.

## THE FENIANS

THE ANNUAL REGISTER (LONDON), 1865, 1866

THE new conspiracy, commonly known by the name of "Fenian," was only another development of that deep-seated disaffection and alienation from England which had been in past times the source of so many crimes and outrages, so many secret societies and smouldering insurrections, which had made coercive laws and a standing garrison the indispensable instruments of government in Ireland. The conspiracy, which was this year brought to light, but was happily checked before it arrived at any outbreak, was larger in extent, more daring in its objects, and, in some respects, more formidable in its nature than any similar movement of late years. Of the name by which it was distinguished, various explanations have been given, but the most probable is, that it was derived from Fionn, a celebrated chieftain, who lived before the conversion of Ireland to Christianity, and who is the same as the hero of Macpherson, Fingal...

The leaders of the present movement, no doubt, saw an advantage in connecting their party with the historical and traditional glories of Ireland. But whatever may have been the origin of the name, the thing itself was simply a scheme of rebellion against the English Government, organised in the United States, having its centre of rule and administration there, and intended to combine the numerous Irish settlers in that country, men for the most part bitterly hostile to English rule, with the disaffected in various parts of Ireland, in a great effort to throw off by force the yoke of the British Crown, and to take the whole power and property of the island into their own hands. The evidence given on the trials of some of the conspirators by the Special Commission clearly shows what the aim and designs of the insurrection were, and what were the means intended to be used to effect this purpose.

It appeared that the Fenian Society had its chiefs, its officers, both civil and military, its common funds and financial agencies, its secret oaths, passwords, and emblems, its laws and penalties, its stores of concealed arms and weapons, its nightly drills and trainings of men, its correspondents and agents in various quarters, not excepting the soldiers in the British army, and the warders in the gaols. It is true, indeed, that by their vain parade, their boastful language, and the unseemly squabbles among their rival factions, the Fenian leaders in America exposed their association to no little ridicule and contempt...

In the words of Mr. Justice Keogh, describing the character of the surrection, which were fully substantiated by the evidence adduced before the court: "the object of its leaders was to extend it through all classes of the people, but especially the artisans in towns and the cultivators of the soil; its ramifications existed not only in this country, but in the States of America; supplies of money and of arms for the purposes of a general insurrection were being collected, not only here, but on the other side of the Atlantic; and, finally, the object of this confederation was the overthrow of the Queen's authority, the separation of this country from Great Britain, the destruction of our present Constitution."

The first action was taken against the conductors of the seditious press by which the movement was fostered and promoted. On the 15th September, the first arrests took place, and the English public were startled to hear that some of the chief conspirators were in the hands of the Government. On being arrested, Messrs. O'Donovan Rossa, Clausey, Murphy, Ashe, and O'Mahony, were conveyed to Chancery-lane station-house, where they were severally charged with having "feloniously and treasonably conspired and combined, with divers other evil-disposed persons belonging to a certain secret society called the Fenian Brotherhood, having for their object the levying of war in Ireland against the Queen, and separating it from the United Kingdom." But the most important capture that was made was of a person named Stephens, known also by various other feigned names, who was a conspicuous leader of the movement. In the language of the party he was termed the "Head Centre" of the Fenians in Ireland, and he was second in rank only to the Head Centre in the United States, John O'Mahony.

The condition of Ireland at the commencement of the year (1866) was such as to give it an unhappy prominence in the proceedings of the early part of this session. The Fenian conspiracy, of the origin and nature a full account was given in the preceding volume of this work, still occupied the full attention of the Executive in that part of the Kingdom. Numerous arrests and seizures of arms were made in various places, the military were held in constant preparation against an outbreak, and much alarm was felt in certain districts by the owners of property and the loyal part of the community. The Special Commission was engaged in disposing of the long list of prisoners arraigned before it; yet neither the penalties of the law nor the demonstration of force in the hands of the Executive appeared sufficient to control the insurrectionary tendencies which threatened the peace of the country. Under these circumstances the Government were driven to the necessity of asking for extraordinary powers to enable them to cope with the emergency, and little surprise was occasioned when, on the 16th of February, Earl Russell announced that Her Majesty's Government proposed to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, and that measures would be taken to carry a Bill with that object through all its stages, in both Houses, on the next day (Saturday), and to obtain the Royal assent at once, so that the measure would be in operation in Ireland on Monday morning, the 19th.

As soon as the Bill passed the House of Lords a telegram was sent to Earl Granville, who was at Osborne announcing the result upon the receipt of which Her Majesty's signature was affixed to the document authorising the commissioners to give the Queen's assent to the Bill. In order to allow time for bringing the document to London, the sittings of the House were suspended until 12 o'clock, by which time it was calculated that the special train would arrive in London. . . . And at 20 minutes to 1 o'clock on the Sunday morning the Bill became law. Probably no statute was ever passed with as much celerity as this, the first Act of the new Parliament.

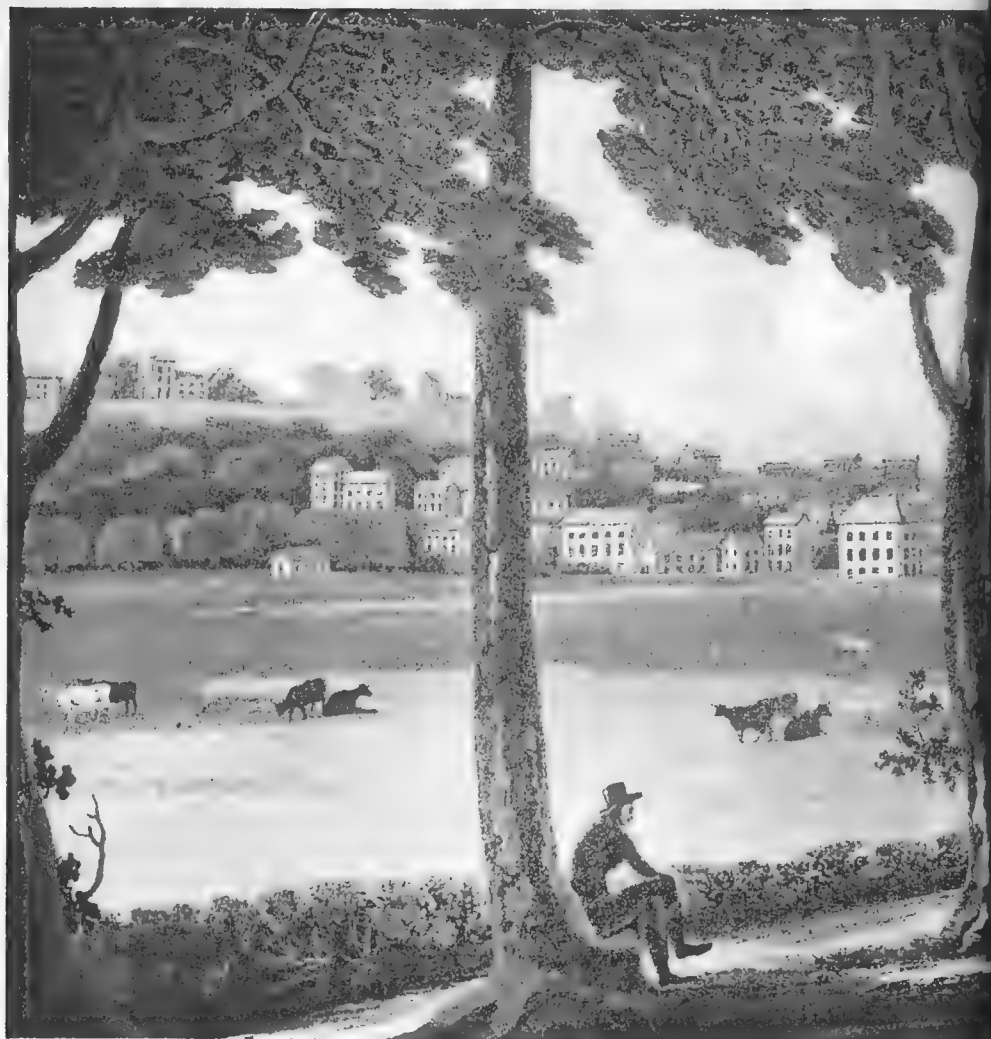


BRITISH TROOPS SEARCHING FOR FENIANS IN TIPPERARY, 1867.  
(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

#### THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS (1867)

SINCE the attempted Fenian insurrection of the 5th and 6th inst. the military forces in the south of Ireland, under the chief command of General Sir Alfred Horsford, have been actively engaged in endeavouring to capture as many as possible of the fugitive rebels who have betaken themselves to the wild mountain district bordering the three counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary. Some have been captured, but many more have contrived to escape by the aid of the peasantry, who seem generally to sympathise with them. The Tipperary flying column, which consists of the 48th infantry regiment, the fourth (Royal Irish) Dragoons, and the 6th Carabineers, under the command of Colonel McNeill, V.C., of cavalry under Captain Bridges, of the 4th Dragoons, has had a large share of the troublesome work.

An artist belonging to this Journal was allowed to accompany the movements of the flying column during several days, from the 14th inst., when it started from the town of Tipperary, for an excursion northward, up the valley of the Suir, and into the recesses of the Devil's Bit Mountains, which are situated to the right hand of the railway coming from Dublin by way of Thurles. The range of the Galtee Mountains is in the opposite direction, south of Tipperary, where another flying column has been operating from Mallow.



CORK IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Cork was the second city in Ireland from the end of the 18th century to the Great Famine. John Carr, from whose book "The Stranger in Ireland" this pleasant view is reproduced, says: "In times of peace the flags of every nation may be seen waving from the masts of the ships in the harbour called the Cove. Ships from England, bound to all parts of the West Indies, put in here; and in one year no less than 2,000 vessels have floated upon its bosom."

The Census of 1851 showed Belfast to be the second Irish city with 100,301 inhabitants, and Cork third with 84,745.

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WILLIAM O'BRIEN (1912)

THE absurd fizzle, from a military point of view, in which the Fenian movement ended, makes it difficult for people nowadays to realise the extraordinary ascendancy it obtained over the youth of the country, and even over the forces of the Crown. . . . The "Centre," or, as he was more cautiously named, the "Boss" of the Mallow district was a shop-keeper in good standing, a well-set-up and determined-looking man of forty, with a soldierly moustache and "Napoleon," John Sullivan by name. When in the late autumn of 1865 the Government at last struck at the heads of the conspiracy and filled the jails and unloosed the informers, Sullivan was one of the first against whom a warrant was levelled. There was a general sense of uneasiness and gloom as to his fate. The evening on which the warrant was to be executed, my mother and a lady friend, passing Sullivan's house, saw a policeman leaning against the shutters, and instinctively looked up at the windows with a shudder. The huge policeman quietly sidled up to them as they passed, and, with a broad smile on his good-humoured face, whispered, "'Tis all right, ma'am. The 'Boss' is off by the Cork road two hours ago!" It was "Long John" solemnly guarding the nest from which the bird had flown.

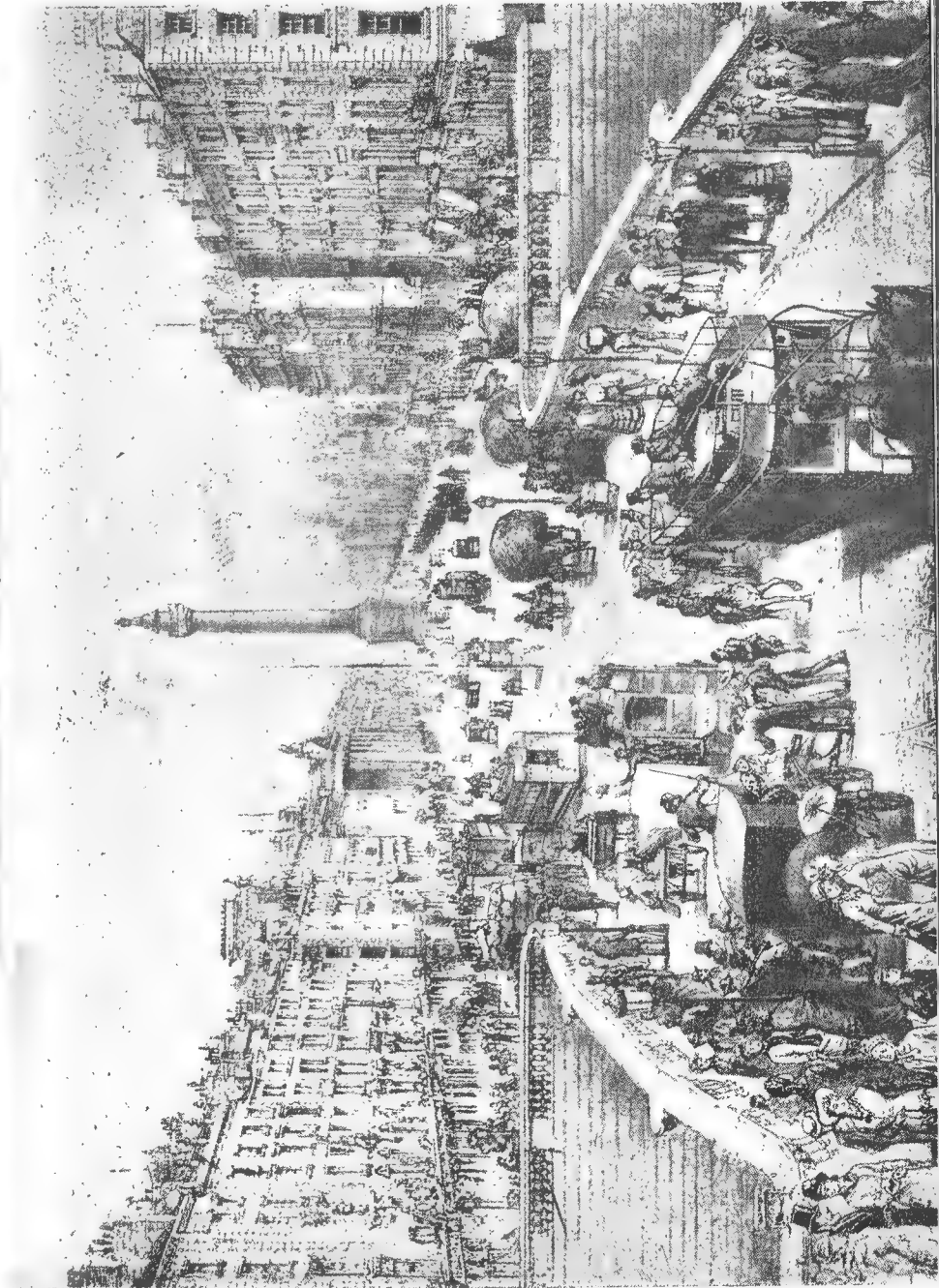
As for the army pensioners, there was not a town or village that could not easily find a drill-master for its fire-eyed young conscripts. Tom Condon, now one of the members for Tipperary, and himself at the time six feet one of high treason, tells (and better still sings) a story of the local drill-master in Clonmel, which gives an amusing but absolutely true glimpse of the spirit of the times. One of Davis's most popular battle songs is "The Green above the Red!"

Full often when our fathers saw the Red above the Green,  
They rose in rude but fierce array with sabre, pike, and skean,  
And over many a noble town and many a field of dead,  
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red!

The Clonmel pensioner was conscious that the loss of his pension must instantly follow a literal rendering of such a song. He eluded the difficulty by singing it in the following form, with a wink and a toss of the head where the suppressed passages came in:

Full often when our fathers saw-fallal de dal de da,  
They rose in rude but fierce array-fallal de dal de da,  
And over many a noble town and many a field of dead,  
They proudly set-fallal de da, *fallal de dal de da!*

By which ingenious casuistry the pensioner retained his pension and at the same time luxuriated in the full aroma of the rebel song. If the English reader fails to enjoy the pious fraud in a salaried servant of England, he will find food for more sombre reflection in the undoubted fact that the soldiers in uniform who would have at that moment joined in the pensioner's song were numbered by the thousand, and that there was





hardly a well-grown youth in the country who would not have helped to swell the chorus.

My father frowned at my brother's opinions even more severely than at my paper regiments. The bitter awakening from his Young Ireland dreams and the horrors of the famine years had chilled his blood. . .

My poor mother's view of the situation, so far as she had any inkling of it, was more mixed. A vague terror for her boy was uppermost. Then all she knew of Fenianism was that it had none of the outward sparkle and romance of the Young Ireland of her girlish days. It must, I think, be admitted that she who had seen O'Connell in his glory had a certain shrinking from a movement whose principal personage in her own district was engaged in the bakery trade. She would recall for us the Tyrtæan songs of *The Nation*, and Meagher's words of flame, and would, with a sigh, say these were indeed songs and men to be proud of. Where were such songs and such men now? . . .

It requires little wit to ridicule the Fenian Rising of 1867 as a "Coroner's inquest War." None but the very shallow will make merry over the ridiculous side of a very grave episode in the relations between England and the island which she has spent more than seven centuries in endeavouring to tame. In the harvest of 1865, there were twenty regiments of Militia and at least eight regiments of regulars at the call of any daring military spirit who should seize the Pigeon House, Cork and Clonmel Barracks, where the garrison were sworn friends. There were a hundred thousand—it might be nearer to the mark to say two hundred thousand—men in the country panting for the arms that would thus have been placed in their hands. The Irish of the English and Scottish cities were ready for anything. The United States were hungering to avenge the depredations of the *Alabama*, and had only just disbanded a hundred thousand Irish veterans of the Civil War, who would have swarmed across the Canadian frontier as joyfully as a bridegroom to his marriage feast. It was the psychological moment at which a soldier of Phil Sheridan's eye and nerve might have at least produced the bloodiest struggle England ever had to make for the subjugation of Ireland. It was a crisis when Napoleon's aphorism, "In war, men are nothing, a man is everything," was specially to the point. The Fenians had a superabundance of men, but not The Man.

—*Recollections.*

### CHAPTER III.

## Home Rule

(1870—1891)

**F**OR five years I have rolled this stone patiently up-hill, and it is now rolled to the bottom again, and I am eighty-one years old.  
W. E. H. Gladstone in 1890.

It was roses, roses, all the way,  
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:  
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,  
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,  
A year ago on this very day!

—ROBERT BROWNING: *The Patriot, an Old Story.*

"*Punch*," October 17th, 1891.

Let the laurels hang  
About his tomb, for, with whatever fault,  
He led with valour cool a fierce assault  
Upon a frowning fortress, deeply manned  
With strong outnumbering enemies. He planned  
Far-seen campaigns apparently forlorn;  
He fronted headlong hate and scourging scorn  
Impassively persistent.

—ON CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, 1846-1891.

JOHN EDWARD REDMOND (1896)

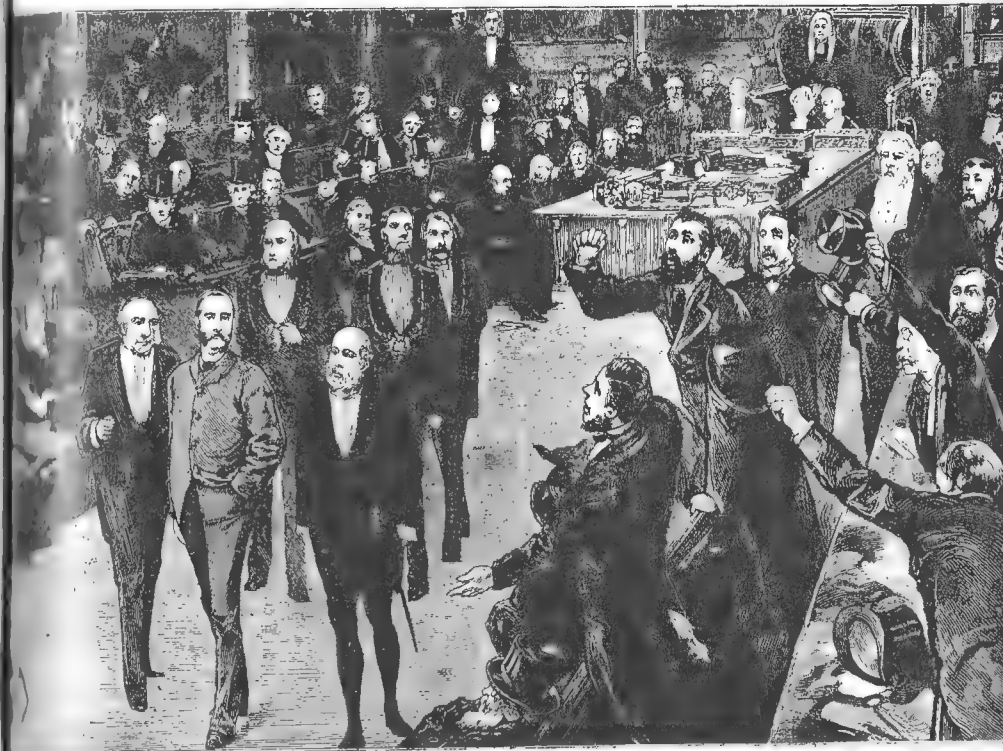
**W**HEN I entered Parliament, fifteen years ago, the British public was in the very midst of one of the most desperate of the Irish crises. An Irish leader had arisen who had taken a new way of obtaining redress for Ireland. Mr. Parnell found that the British Parliament insisted upon turning a deaf ear to Ireland's claim for justice. He resolved to adopt the simple yet masterly device of preventing Parliament doing any work at all until it consented to listen. In this policy he was successful. He was the first man, who, as Wendell Phillips afterwards said of him in Boston, made John Bull listen to the voice of Ireland.

The task he had undertaken was a desperate one—and at first all the odds were against him. He was in a small minority in his own party. Isaac Butt, the leader of the Irish Party, a great orator and constitutional lawyer, commanded the allegiance of four-fifths of the Home Rule members and had denounced the new policy as mischievous and insane. Parnell himself was young, inexperienced, not gifted with an Irish fluency of speech . . . . . on his side were only a handful of young, untried, and inexperienced members.

They interfered systematically in every single detail of Parliamentary business. Nothing was too large or too small a question for discussion. Night after night they talked by the hour upon every subject that arose, until the astonished Legislature suddenly woke up to the fact that by the action of this handful of young Irishmen the entire legislative machine had been brought to a stand-still. Then there burst over the heads of Mr. Parnell and his friends a perfect storm of abuse, hatred, and passion. Their rising to address the House was invariably the signal for an outburst of howls of execration and Mr. Parnell in particular often stood for half an hour at a time before he could utter a word. But he proved himself perfectly insensible to such methods. He cared neither for the praise nor the abuse of this British Parliament. His object was to injure it so long as it refused to listen to the just claims of his country. If the House groaned, he smiled and paused until the groans were over. If the House was turbulent, he remained calm. He spoke always reasonably, always at great length. By degrees he came to be feared almost as much as hated. Again and again, he and Mr. Biggar were expelled from the House. The next day they invariably returned and calmly resumed their tactics. On one famous occasion Mr. Biggar spoke for four hours. At first, Members indulged in the usual interruptions, and seeing that Mr. Biggar rather welcomed them as affording him a pleasant rest, they adopted another plan to discourage him and left the House in a body, some half-dozen only of their number remaining. Looking in an hour later, they found him still on his legs reading long extracts from Blue Books to empty benches. An hour later he was still talking. After three hours the Speaker attempted to cut him short. There is a rule of the House that every Member must make himself audible to the chair, and Mr. Biggar's voice had grown weak and husky. "The Hon. Member is not making himself audible to the chair," said Mr. Speaker Brand. "That is because I am too far away from you sir," said Mr. Biggar, who immediately gathered together his books and papers, and picking up his glass of water walked solemnly up the floor of the House and took up a position within a yard of the chair. "As you have not heard me, Mr. Speaker," said he, "perhaps I had better begin all over again."

Parliament thus lay absolutely at the mercy of this new policy, and Liberals and Tories alike threw all considerations of Party aside, and devoted themselves to the task of devising some new rules to rescue the House of Commons from destruction.

All this was witnessed with beating hearts by the people of Ireland. Hope in Parliamentary action revived, and day by day, Mr. Parnell's



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL EXPELLED FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR OBSTRUCTION, 1881. (From the *Graphic*.)

power grew. Mr. Butt had died. His successor, Mr. Shaw, was politically a cipher, and the General Election of 1880 saw Mr. Parnell safely installed as Leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, and his policy enthusiastically adopted by the people. While these events had been occurring in Parliament, the Land League movement had sprung into life in Ireland, and almost the first work which the new House of Commons, under Gladstone, was asked to undertake was the passage of a Coercion Act, suspending the Constitution and abolishing Trial by Jury. All England was ablaze with excitement. Mr. Parnell and his Party were engaged in a life and death struggle in the House of Commons to prevent the passage of the measure. It was at this moment that I was first elected to Parliament.

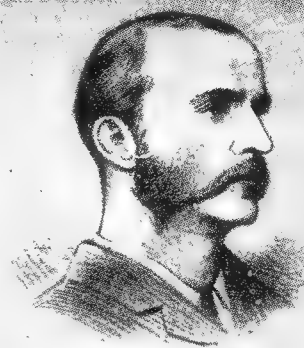
At the moment when the Sheriff declared me duly elected, the House of Commons had already been sitting continuously for some twenty-four hours. The brunt of the fight against the Coercion Bill was being borne by some dozen of Mr. Parnell's most active supporters, and they were

looking anxiously for my election to send them a recruit. I received a wire urging me not to lose an hour in crossing to Westminster. I started at once, and travelled all night to London. On my way I received another wire saying the House was still sitting. I reached London about seven o'clock on a dark and cold winter's morning. I drove straight from the station to the House of Commons, and it was thus travel-stained and weary that I first presented myself as a Member of the British Parliament. The House was still sitting—it had been sitting without a break for over forty hours. I shall never forget the appearance the Chamber presented. The floor was littered with paper. A few dishevelled and weary Irishmen on one side of the House, about a hundred infuriated Englishmen upon the other; some of them still in evening dress, and wearing what once were the white shirts of the night before last. Mr. Parnell was upon his legs with pale cheeks and drawn face, his hands clenched behind his back, facing without flinching a continuous roar of interruption. It was now about eight o'clock. Half of Mr. Parnell's followers were out of the Chamber snatching a few moments' sleep in chairs in the library or smoke-room. Those who remained had each a specified period of time allotted to him to speak, and they were wearily waiting their turn. As they caught sight of me standing at the bar of the House they sent up a cheer of welcome. I was unable to come to their aid, however, as under the Rules of the House I could not take my seat until the commencement of a new sitting. My very presence, however, brought a sense of encouragement and approaching relief to them, and I stood there at the bar with my rough travelling coat still upon me, gazing alternately with indignation and admiration at the amazing scene being enacted before me. Here, then, was the great Parliament of England. Of intelligent debate there was none. It was one unbroken scene of turbulence and disorder. The few Irishmen remained quiet, too amused, perhaps, or too much exhausted to retaliate. It was the Englishmen—the members of the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe as they love to style it—who howled and roared and almost foamed at the mouth with rage, at the calm and pale-faced young man, who stood patiently facing them and endeavouring from time to time to make himself heard. The galleries were filled with strangers every whit as excited as the Members, and even the ladies' gallery contained its dozen or so of eager spectators. No one knew what was going to happen. There was no power under the Rules of the House to stop the debate, it had resolved itself into a question of physical endurance, and it seemed as if the Irishmen, battling for the liberties of their country were capable of resisting until the impotence of the House of Commons had covered it with the contempt and ridicule of Europe.

At last the end came suddenly and unexpectedly. At eight o'clock Mr. Speaker Brand, from a sense of duty, as he said, and acting on his own responsibility, and in defiance of the Rules of the House, ordered the debate to end.

The correspondent of a great English newspaper thus described the scene:—

"Amid breathless silence the Speaker began to read from a paper which



CHARLES S. PARNELL



JUSTIN MCCARTHY



TIMOTHY HEALY



JOSEPH C. BIGGAR



THOMAS P. O'CONNOR



THOMAS SEXTON



JOHN E. REDMOND



CHARLES DAWSON



EDMUND D. GRAY



FRANK N. O'DONNELL



W. B. O'BRIEN



JAMES O'KELLY



TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN



EDMUND LEAMY



RICHARD LALOR



JOHN DILLON



W. H. O'SULLIVAN



T. HARRINGTON

trembled like an aspen leaf in his hand. For all his grave and stately quietude the Speaker is a nervous man, and always brings to the performance of his duty a disturbing consciousness of its momentous character. The task he was now engaged on was enough to shake the nerves of a stronger man. Never since Cromwell entered the House, at the head of his men-at-arms, had regular parliamentary procedure been subject to this swift and arbitrary cutting off by the mandate of a single man. But the Speaker got through his task with dignity, being strengthened by the burst of enthusiastic cheers which greeted him."

The Irish Members endeavoured to protest by speech against this proceeding, and failing in the attempt, they rose in their seats and left the Chamber in a body shouting, "Privilege," a cry not heard in that place since Charles I attempted to invade the liberty of Parliament. So ended the first battle over this Coercion Bill, the net result being that England found, in order to suspend the Constitution in Ireland, she was obliged to destroy the most cherished tradition and most precious possession of her Parliament—the freedom of speech of its members.

—From a Lecture delivered in the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 29th, 1896.

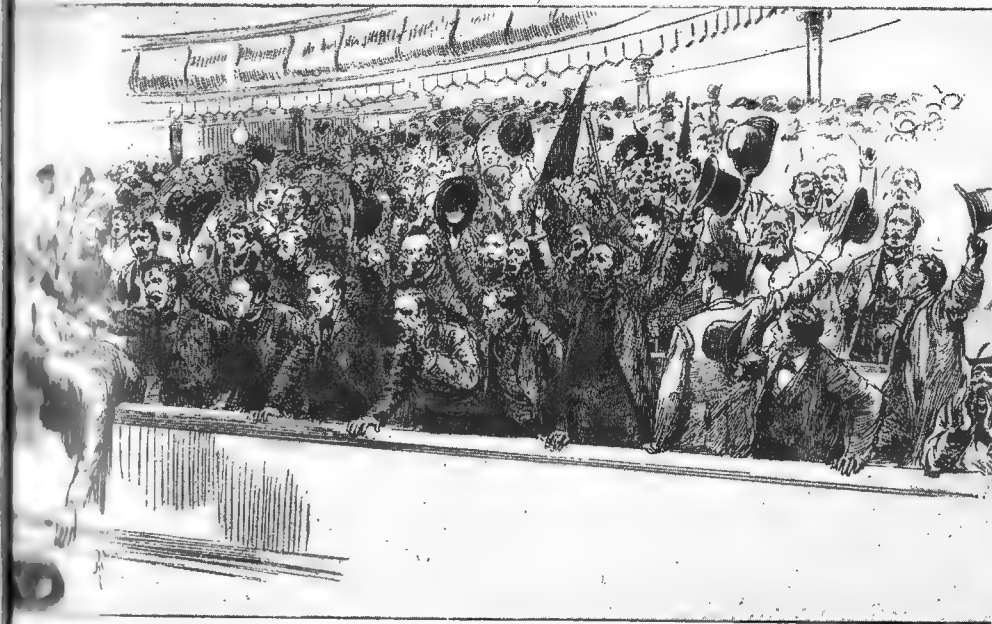
John Edward Redmond (1851-1918) belonged to the small minority of the Party which remained loyal to Parnell. He led the "Parnellites" in the House of Commons from 1891 until his election as Chairman of the re-united Irish Parliamentary Party in 1900. He died shortly before the defeat of the Party by Sinn Féin at the General Election of 1918.

The group of members on page 49 is reproduced from the "Weekly Irish Times," 1880—the year which, as Redmond says, saw Parnell installed as Leader of the Irish Nationalist Party. Of the cartoon reproduced on page 53, Sir Alfred Robbins wrote: "There have been many portraits of him; but the only one which brings back to vivid memory the man as he actually presented himself to Parliament was a coloured cartoon in 'Vanity Fair,' and this, taking him in a nonchalant, hand-in-the-pocket attitude, as if chatting to one he could trust, shows Parnell to the life" ("Parnell: The Last Five Years").

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY (1917)

ONE evening, dining in company with Mr. Gladstone, he said to me across the table, "You and I have had better opportunity of knowing Parnell than any two men in England." Somebody suggested the two leading lawyers who were his counsel. "No," said Gladstone, "we two have seen him at political work. And I say that he is a political genius, a genius—a genius of most uncommon order."

During the four years from 1886 to 1890 it was my business to keep in close relations with this potent figure. The pen of Tacitus or Sallust or de Retz would be needed to do full justice to a character so remarkable. It is some consolation for the absence of one of these great masters to bear in mind that he is already well known from the blaze of light that



UNIONIST MEETING AT THE HAYMARKET, LONDON, APRIL 24, 1886.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

the singular emergencies of his life threw over him; and also from the plain truth that his traits were salient, not subtle, nor complex, nor really mysterious, though half-hidden mystery made so much of his external atmosphere.

His extraordinary career had three main stages. In the first he built up the frames of his army, secured excellent captains, declared open war against Ministers, Imperial Parliament, and English public opinion; fought campaign after campaign with implacable energy, unerring skill, and bewildering success; and after the election of 1885 at length found himself arbiter in the contest between the two distracted English parties. In his second stage, leaders in each of the rival camps made attempts at negotiation. The illustrious head of one of our confederacies at last came to terms with him, and in 1886 persuaded a majority of his followers to support an Irish alliance. The third was very short, and it was disastrous, ending in Parnell's political ruin and the desolating close of his life. Each of these different stages brought out, as was to be expected, different characteristics, and we shall do amiss if we import into Parnell's second stage any of the insensate violence of the third. Yet, the elements of his nature, apart from accidents of time and opinion, were in substantial unity and in fact lay very much upon the surface. In spite of the endless



artifices imposed on him by his political necessities, he was in himself of all men the least artificial.

Good observers were sensible of a marked change in manners and demeanour after he emerged from the desperate course of his revolt against Parliament. The sort of popularity that had come to him by the astonishing turn of events in 1886, seemed to thaw his usual frigidity. The crushing exposure of the forged letters, the nefarious and unconstitutional commission of the three judges, only comparable with some of the episodes of the contemporary affair of Dreyfus in the French Republic, stirred a general feeling that he was being unfairly used, and made him almost a popular hero. After the oration of his great counsel, Parnell wrote him a letter beginning with the words, "My heart was too full. . . ." simple enough, in which we heard an unfamiliar note. With Mr. Gladstone he was never quite at ease, and it was noted on the other hand that on his visit to Hawarden the Liberal chief was nervous and not at his ease either. For myself, in our protracted dealings for some four or five years, I found him uniformly considerate, unaffectedly courteous, not ungenial, compliant rather than otherwise. In ordinary conversation he was pleasant, without much play of mind; temperament made him the least discursive of the human race. Apart from the business of the moment, he contributed little, because among other reasons he had no knowledge, not even the regular knowledge of common education and the man of the world. He would speak of his interest in finding minerals to work, and of experiments in assaying; but his schemes did not go far, and came to little. For personal talk he had little inclination, nor was he apt, as most politicians are, to run off into critical comments not always good-natured upon individuals. He took little interest, or none, in that buzz of miscellaneous talk about individuals which accounts for so much of the tidal agitations of the parliamentary world. Of the Catholic priests and prelates, and the Roman Conclave, he found no more to say than that he was not in the least afraid of any of them. He was one of the men with whom it was impossible to be familiar.

In affairs he proved himself an excellent ally; he was perfectly ready to make allowances for difficult circumstances; he never slurred them over, nor tried to pretend that rough ground was smooth, nor marched like the foolish kind of optimist, spoiling his sight by blinkers. He had nothing in common with that desperate species of counsellor who takes all the small points and raises objections instead of helping to contrive expedients. He had nothing in common with colleagues, who in spite of first-rate ability sometimes made co-operation with them like traversing a stretch of new and unrolled macadam. Of original or constructive faculty, outside of tactics, he showed little trace. Things were not lightened by the saving grace of humour, and what ought to have been cordial laughter seldom went beyond an amicable smile. In judgment on most other people, unless they chanced to gall his pride, he was usually tolerant; he liked two or three of his colleagues better than others; for one, the least brilliant or powerful of them, he had a real partiality.

The horrid weakness of envy and jealousy was unknown to him. From



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL. (From *Vanity Fair*, 1881.)

that his pride saved him. His sympathy with the misery of the Irish peasantry was real and it was constant, though he was too hard-hearted and too disdainful to make a political trade of this sympathy, or even to say much about it. A general liking for his species he neither had nor professed. Of merely personal ambition, whether in its noble or its vulgar sense, he had, I think, little share or none. He had taken up a single cause against enemies who seemed invincible; his people had given him their trust; he bent his whole strength on winning; he was as confident as his nature would allow him to be confident of anything that his arms would conquer; for laurels he did not care. I have been at his side before and after more than one triumphal occasion, and discovered no sign of quickened pulse. His politics were a vehement battle, not a game, no affair of a career.

Here is a reminiscence of him at a famous meeting in a victorious moment:

March 13th, 1889.

Went down at noon to the House. Found debate already begun, Lunched there, and followed debate until 5.10. Then Balfour sat down, and I followed with a short fiery dose, for 12 or 14 minutes, with my eye on the clock, our men cheering famously as point followed point. One of them said to me on going into the lobby, "I never saw so many red-hot shots fired in as few minutes." I enjoyed it immensely. It was an easy case.

It had been arranged that Parnell should dine with me, but time was short, so by Arnold M.'s kindness, I changed the venue and we dined, Parnell and I, with him at Stratton Street. I told A.M. what I had ordered at home and he reproduced my menu. Parnell drank hock—three or four glasses. The meal was uncommonly pleasant. P. did not suppose we should get the Government out for three years. Very cool, friendly, and confident as to coming well out of his cross-examination before the three judges. Just before stepping into the brougham, he pulled out of his black bag a tin box, and out of the tin box a camellia, wrapped in cotton-wool and tissue-paper—and he slowly adjusted it in his coat. He asked me to speak as long as possible, as he had not had time to put anything together; as a matter of fact he spoke without notes, and I should think it was quite true. Meeting very fine—charged to the brim with electric fluid. When I sat down, P. said in his low-toned way, "You've made a fine speech." Then his turn came; immense reception: most thrilling. He made no sign—not a hair moved. Spoke well. When he sat down, said to me quietly as matter of fact, "I am afraid I was not very well heard."

An ideologue he would certainly have hated as heartily as did Napoleon. We can have little doubt what answer he would have given to the question, if he had ever looked at it, which we may be sure he never did, whether idea is in politics another word for illusion, and principle, apart from forces, passions, interests, sincerity of motive, a mere chimera. But then he had something else to do than settling points of abstract speculation, even so vital as this.

In words he had little faith—this was part of the same temper—and even to a decent intellectual look in things, though he admired the talents of two of his men who were among the best speakers in the House, he was indifferent. Oratory, whether for him or against him, usually left him unmoved. Speakers were only pieces on the great chessboard. This alone marks a singular place in any gallery of political portraits.

I once asked Mr. Gladstone on the bench if he did not think Parnell a good speaker. "Indeed I do, for he had got the very rarest of all qualities in a speaker—*measure*. He always says exactly as much as, and not any more nor less than, he means to say." His speeches, even when least exciting or rhetorical, were studded with incisive remarks singularly well compressed. Meredith, who thought Mr. Gladstone too much of an actor, was immensely struck by Parnell's style in a speech at a public banquet to which I persuaded our poet to go. No public man of his time was more free of the evil arts of Pose, nobody more disdainful of playing to the gallery, though when he had a practical object to gain, he did not forget a ruling passion in his hearers, as when he talked of snapping the last link to a Fenian audience in America.

Here is the language of one of the most serious and important of the Irish party a few weeks before the catastrophe of 1890: "Nobody knows Parnell's greatness as a leader who has not seen him tested for long years at close quarters; his imperturbable coolness, his firmness, his hardness, his eye for the point essential at the moment." Speeches were secondary, and when thoughtless people talk of fine speeches as the essence of parliamentary government, they forget that one of the two noblest English orators of our day was in a hopeless minority in the questions for which he cared most and spoke at his loftiest.

Again and again we have undoubtedly to think of Parnell as unique. I have heard how he took a certain view of the construction of a clause in a settlement. His lawyer assured him that he was wrong. They went to Sir Horace Davey, who said the lawyer was quite right, and that Parnell's notion was contrary to the very a b c of legal construction. Parnell was immovable and stuck to his own notion against the best authority in Lincoln's Inn. Yet he was not seldom wise enough to seek advice, and even to take it from people not much less firm than himself, for there are some kinds of pride that go with a curious kind of modesty. He often told me that he was indolent; was never sure of anything; had a host of what people called superstitions about unlucky signs and omens; was the creature of strange and vivid forebodings; he knew how to wait on circumstances and the secrets of fate. All this by no means made him into Plato's "bad tamer of wild animals." Most of his history is the story of one of the most pre-eminently good tamers of the most astonishing menagerie. A secret consultation with a Conservative viceroy one day; with a spy from a murder club in New York the next; with a Whig Catholic Bishop in Ireland the day after. The irony of it gave him no private enjoyment; irony was not in his line; the phantasmagoria was all in the day's work. The mixture of the calculating spirit of an election agent with violence, and of invincible pride with something like squalor,

made an amazing paradox. We have to remember that he was a revolutionary leader, using constitutional forms, and no varnish of respectable words can make him anything else. To call him a Whig is to stultify our political history and its vocabulary. One might as well call Piero Strozzi a Whig—the Florentine patriot in the sixteenth century who declared that for the liberation of his city he would appeal first to God, then to the World, and then to the Devil.

Calling one day upon Cardinal Logue at the Collegio Hibernico, I found the silver casket in the Church of St. Agatha, containing the relics of O'Connell and presenting in relief his advance to the table of the House of Commons writ in hand, worthy of a place among the best of the memories awakened in mighty Rome. If I had been of that persuasion, I should have begged the good Cardinal for a Mass to poor O'Connell's intention. One wishes that on the silver casket might have been inscribed his own golden words: "Every religion is good, every religion is true—to him who in his due caution and conscience believes it. There is but one bad religion, that of a man who professes a faith which he does not believe; but the good religion may be, and often is, corrupted by the wretched and wicked prejudices which admit a difference of opinion as a cause of hatred."

The other liberator who followed O'Connell, and whose strong hand we all of us felt half a century later, was concentrated, intense, bare, and it was no ill-natured observer who talked of an air of "hard attorneyism" in him. In both O'Connell and Parnell the struggle against England was a vehement conflict of strong natures, not a dispute about pious opinions. Strong natures are not the same as rich natures, as was easy to see in the present conflict. To both of them the verdict was the thing they cared for. Parnell's conception was the more original, for Catholic emancipation was already an old story when O'Connell put on his armour. If Parnell's idea was not wholly new, his was the strategist insight that discerned two things, and the angry, bitter, tenacious will that carried the ideas into action. One was the vulnerability of the House of Commons, the other the necessity of tackling political on to agrarian agitation. When all as said, this was a master-key.

—Recollections.

John, Viscount Morley (1838-1923), distinguished writer, editor and politician, was Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1886, and helped Gladstone to draft the first Home Rule Bill. He was again Chief Secretary in 1892-95: made some efforts in his second term of office to liberalise the system of government and to modify its Unionist and Protestant character. Author of the *Life of Gladstone*, one of the best and most popular biographies in the English language. Secretary of State for India. Opposed British participation in the First Great War and resigned office (1914). In his eighty-fourth year he spoke in the House of Lords in favour of the Anglo-Irish settlement (1921).

15/5/82

Yours very truly  
Chas. S. Parnell

Dear Sir,

I am not surprised at your friends' anger but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly ~~the only~~ <sup>our</sup> best policy.

But you can tell him and all others concerned that though I regret the accident of Lord Cavendish's death I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts.

You are at liberty to show <sup>this</sup> him, and others whom you can trust also but let not my address be known. He can write to House of Commons.

FACSIMILE OF PIGOTT'S FORGED LETTER.

THE TIMES, April 18th, 1887.

IN view of the unblushing denials of Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy on Friday night, we do not think it right to withhold any longer from public knowledge the fact that we possess and have had in our custody for some time documentary evidence which has a most serious bearing on the Parnellite conspiracy, and which, after a most careful and minute scrutiny, is, we are satisfied, quite authentic. We produce one document in facsimile to-day by a process the accuracy of which cannot be impugned, and we invite Mr. Parnell to explain how his signature has become attached to such a letter.

It is requisite to point out that the body of the manuscript is apparently

not in Mr. Parnell's handwriting, but the signature and the "Yours very truly" unquestionably are so; and if any member of Parliament doubts the fact, he can easily satisfy himself on the matter by comparing the handwriting with that of Mr. Parnell in the book containing the signatures of members when they first take their seats in the House of Commons.

The body of the letter occupies the whole of the first page of an ordinary sheet of stout white note-paper, leaving no room in the same page for the signature, which is placed on the fourth page near the top right-hand corner. It was an obvious precaution to sign upon the back instead of upon the second page, so that the half sheet might if necessary be torn off, and the letter disclaimed.

"THE HISTORY OF THE TIMES" (1947).

ON a day in 1886, April, 1886—the same month in which Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill—a young Irish journalist named Edward Caulfield Houston presented himself at Printing House Square. He had written the account of the trial of the Phoenix Park murderers which had appeared in *The Times* three years before, but he was not known to the Editor even by name because that work had been done only as deputy for Dr. Patton, of the *Dublin Daily Express*, then *The Times* correspondent in Dublin. Since the trial he had been appointed secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. . . .

The object of Houston's visit was to appeal for the help of *The Times* in an enterprise that he had undertaken on his own responsibility and in which he was now approaching frustration through lack of funds. The evidence he heard in Court during the trial of the Invincibles had convinced him that there was Parnellite complicity in the background—a conviction that was confirmed by the flight of League officials after the informer Carey's revelations. He had accordingly been engaged for some time in inquiries designed to prove the close association of Parnell and other Irish Parliamentary leaders with the outrages and murders in Ireland, particularly the Phoenix Park Crimes, and he now represented that he was in a position to purchase compromising documents which would enable *The Times* publicly to denounce Parnell. The person in possession of these papers was in danger of his life should his dealings with Houston become known to the Irish terrorists, and his identity could not therefore be disclosed. Houston asked that *The Times* should supply the money to enable him to complete the purchase of the letters, which should then be used in the paper to support an exposure of the Nationalist leaders. . . .

Houston called again in June to say that he was still pursuing his investigations, but had not yet got possession of the letters. Buckle therefore declined to intervene. But at the end of September Houston appeared for the third time, and now he placed before the Editor the actual documents to which he had been referring. The letters were ten in number, five purporting to be signed by Charles Stewart Parnell and five by Patrick Egan; to these a sixth letter from Egan was added at a later stage of the negotiations. The cumulative effect of the correspondence was to show that Land League funds had been lavishly used in furtherance of the

murder campaign, and that Parnell had given direct personal encouragement to the perpetrators of the outrages. The most damning of all the letters (known as "No. 2") read as follows:

Dear Sir,

I am not surprised at your friend's anger but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly the only course our best policy.

But you can tell him, and all others concerned that though I regret the accident of Lord F. Cavendish's death I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts.

You are at liberty to show him this, and others whom you can trust also, but let not my address be known. He can write to House of Commons.

Yours very truly,

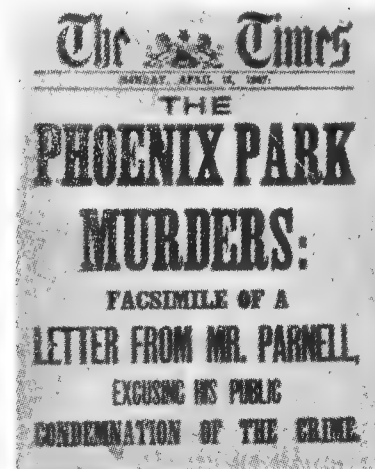
Chas. S. Parnell.

[Page 4]

Houston laid these letters before Buckle as telling their own tale. He was not in a position to add anything material by way of explanation or commentary. All he could say was that he personally believed them to be genuine. But he could offer no proof, nor could he publicly associate himself with them in any way. Those were the conditions on which he had obtained them, from a source that he frankly admitted to be tainted—as, indeed, was only to be expected from the nature of the letters. He proposed that *The Times* accepting these conditions, should take over the letters and investigate their authenticity in any way that might be possible without his help or intervention. If, at the end, *The Times* remained unsatisfied, Houston should receive back the letters, but if their genuineness were considered proved he asked *The Times*, in return for the free use of the documents, to refund the amount he had expended in procuring them. This sum, he stated in a subsequent interview with MacDonald, the Manager, to be £1,780.\* He asked for no remuneration for his own services, nor payment as a contributor to the paper, having undertaken the inquiry, he said, from purely patriotic and disinterested motives.

The great public importance of the letters, provided they were authentic, was now apparent to Buckle, and it was manifest that their publication in *The Times* would be a political event of the utmost gravity and a momentous contribution to the cause that the paper had at heart. . . . Accordingly it was decided to undertake a comprehensive survey of the whole course of the murder conspiracy in Ireland, bringing out the evidence

\* "From first to last the Proceedings cost *The Times* over £200,000."



The Times POSTER, APRIL 18, 1887.



tending to show that it had been encouraged and even aided by the Parliamentary party and the Land League, and leading up to the ultimate production of the letters as the culminating point of the campaign. Under the title of "Parnellism and Crime," this survey began in *The Times* of March 7, 1887. . . .

After offering this deliberate provocation to battle in the Courts of law *The Times* held its hand for a month. . . . By this time it had become apparent that no direct reply to the challenge would be forthcoming. It was decided, therefore, that the time had come to unmask the main battery. Accordingly the next issue, that of Monday, April 18th, contained a reproduction in facsimile of the crucial letter No. 2 occupying the centre of the "bill page" opposite the leaders and under a short article bearing the heading "Parnellism and Crime": Mr. Parnell and the Phoenix Park Murders." The solemnity of the occasion was marked by the fact that, for the first (and for long the only) time in the history of the paper the headlines extended over more than one column.

—Parnellism and Crime.

\* \* \* \* \*

TIMOTHY MICHAEL HEALY (1928)

**B**EFORE the debates began in Room 15 on Parnell's deposition I sketched to my wife in shorthand the situation in the Party.

House of Commons, 27th November, 1890.

Maurice [Healy] was at the House when I got there at 3 p.m., and I have been consulting with our friends about the situation. A majority of the Party is against Parnell, but you can gauge the situation better from the *Freeman* to-day than I can, as I have not yet seen a paper, although it is 8 p.m.

Dr. Kenny returns to Ireland to organise meetings on Sunday in Parnell's favour. So we held a caucus just now and condemned such tactics, and sent a warning telegram to Kenny, which I suppose he will disregard.

The best men of the Party are unanimous, but Parnell is holding like grim death, and will cut up nastily at the finish. I would not be surprised if he stuck to the funds in Paris, or threatened that he would cut off the paid men's salaries.

I dined with Sexton and Maurice just now. Sexton said that at yesterday's meeting, if an intelligent foreigner entered the room he would imagine that the entire Party was being tried for adultery, with Parnell as the judge. His coolness and impudence are beyond all you can imagine. Every effort will be used between this and Monday to organise the weak-knees on his side. His partisans are Ned Harrington, Dr. Kenny, Dr. Fitzgerald, Conway, and all that kind. He has no influential men except Redmond, Leamy, Clancy, and Dick Power.

The following day I wrote her:

House of Commons, 28th November, 1890.

I am glad I was not here for the first two days, as I am worn out with anxiety. There is nothing going on but lobbying and intrigue—all kinds



RICHARD PIGOTT CONFESSING HIS FORGERY OF THE "PARNELL LETTERS" TO HENRY LABOUCHERE, FROM A SKETCH MADE IN THE ROOM BY SYDNEY P. HALL.

(From the *Graphic*.)

of pressure being brought to bear on both sides. In a few hours (it is now nearly six) Parnell is to issue a Manifesto to crush both ourselves and the Gladstonians. We, therefore, have not been idle, and to-day at twelve o'clock I drew up a requisition to call a meeting for 6 p.m. to-night to condemn the issue of any declaration to overawe or influence our deliberations on Monday, and empower Justin McCarthy to answer Parnell. McCarthy has seen Gladstone, and I believe we can show that there is not one word of truth in the statement about the "Hawarden visit" which Parnell is to make.

The men strongest for Parnell are John Redmond, John O'Connor, Ned Harrington, Conway, Dr. Fitzgerald, Garret Byrne, Corbett, and others of that sort, with Leamy, Power, and Sheil. Parnell is fighting like a tiger. Henry Campbell told Mat Kenny yesterday that he would bring down two revolvers to the meeting on Monday and shoot the first man that voted against Parnell.

Maurice has been working to resist the pressmen and intimidation on the other side, but although I have not yet seen the "Manifesto" in which we are denounced, Parnell's doom is sealed.

Sexton is bitter against him, but Huntley McCarthy, curiously enough, will support Parnell. So will Colonel Nolan and Joe Nolan.

I am told Parnell's speech on his re-election on Tuesday was the most extraordinary ever heard, that he said he would "lift for them a corner of the curtain," which was that O'Shea, out of twenty-three years of married life, had only spent 40 nights at home. And "such was the happy home he was accused of destroying." He challenged anyone to search Hansard to see had he ever called O'Shea his "honourable friend."

William Murphy, Arthur O'Connor, W. J. Reynolds, and most of the good men of the Party, are against him. Parnell has with him blind McDonnell and Blane. Cox and Deasy are against him. Clancy wavered very much on account of his Leinster Hall speech, but from my conversation with him I think his wife is the difficulty. Sir Thomas Esmonde was shaky, but he has come round, and Parnell complained in the *Freeman* office last night that Esmonde had "cut" him in the National Liberal Club, where he went in search of Campbell.

Gladstone remarked that it was odd that the man who was a rock to all the world was like a bit of wax in the hands of a woman. Kitty has inspired the proceedings. . . . It is a dreadful spectacle we present, with a lunatic trying to smash the great fabric that has been created under his authority.

The bitterness of some of the men whom you would least expect to be against Parnell is immense, but on the other hand, he has many friends whose intent is as patriotic as ours.

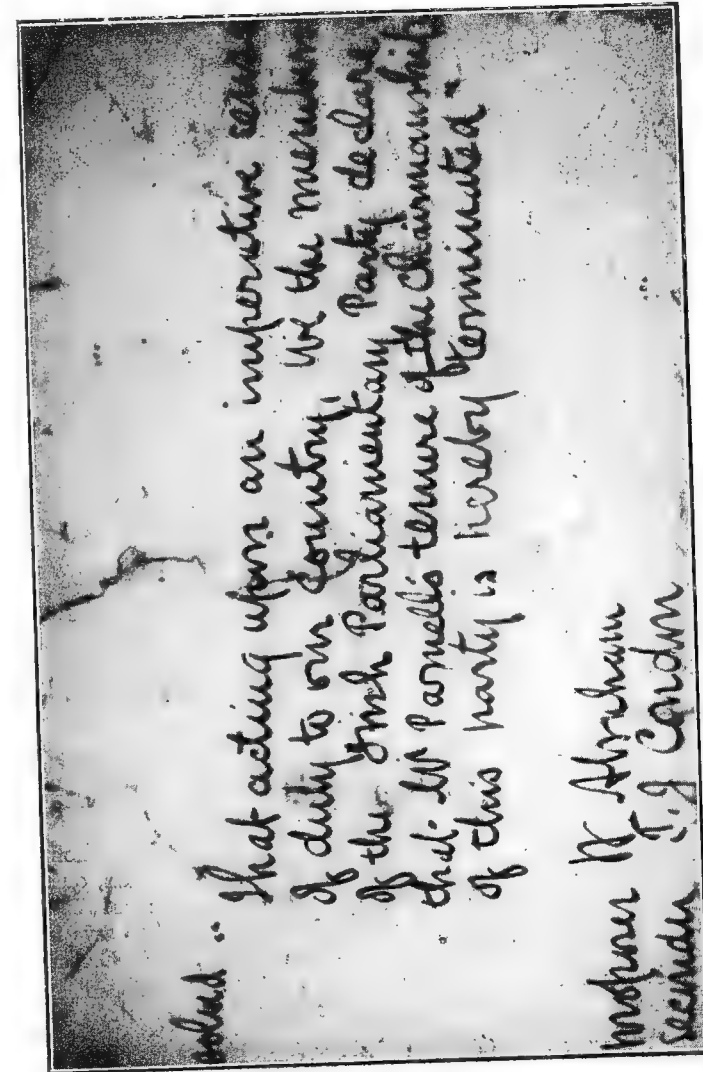
Parnell availed himself of the adjournment to start an intensive propaganda. On Saturday, 29th November, he put forth a manifesto asserting that, on his visit to Gladstone at Hawarden the year before, he received details of the Home Rule plans of the next Liberal Cabinet. He alleged that the integrity of a section of the Irish Party had been "apparently sapped and destroyed" by the wire-pullers of Liberalism, who claimed the right to veto their choice of a leader, and appealed to the Irish people "not to consent to throw me to the English wolves now howling for my destruction." He complained that in any future Home Rule Bill the Irish Legislature would not be given power to settle the Land question, control the Constabulary, or appoint judges or magistrates. . . .

He was cleverer as a tactician than the bulk of his opponents, and knew the foibles and weakness of every colleague. Moreover, he studied the effect which the Split was creating in Ireland, and believed he would carry the weaklings. These and uninstructed persons, he realized, composed the bulk of the voters.

I wrote my wife:—

House of Commons, 1st December, 1890.

Parnell used every strategy to retain his position. Justin McCarthy saw him before twelve, and said he was quite mad, but he has borne himself wonderfully during the meeting, except for one or two interruptions or gestures. He was dignified in the conduct of the proceedings, just as if he had no personal concern in them, and laughed at each point as good-humouredly as anybody else, when there was occasion. I think the latter



FACSIMILE OF THE RESOLUTION MOVED IN COMMITTEE ROOM 15. THE PAPER WAS SEIZED BY PARNELL AND THROWN ON THE FLOOR. IT WAS PICKED UP BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY, AND IS NOW PRESERVED IN THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF IRELAND.

portion of his speech was written out, as he seemed to be looking down at a manuscript, but it appeared very effective, and brought tears to my eyes. He made a mistake in ruling technicalities in his favour, and this will reduce respect for him.

His phrases about Gladstone were in bad taste, and will injure his reputation. Barring that, though there was not much in what he said, he showed moderation. I cannot conceive any other man going through such an ordeal with such dignity. I felt sorry for him. Even in his reply to me, considering what I had said, there was nothing to complain of. He is, however, perfectly unscrupulous and would invent any lie or statement to help himself. His secretary, Campbell, has been demonstrative in his favour. I spoke to Henry for the first time for years to-day, and he was quite cordial in asking about my health. There is a friendly feeling among the men on both sides. James O'Kelly, who is sitting next to me and is Parnell's most determined supporter, has been chatty and friendly both before and after my speech. Dr. Kenny looks wretched, and seems to feel matters. Maurice does not acquit him of concealment in respect of some knowledge of Gladstone's letter before the party re-elected Parnell last Tuesday. I don't know how this stands.

The speeches for Parnell have not been good. William Redmond, who is now speaking, pleases me better than anybody. I did not think much of John Redmond's speech. My speech broke Parnell a lot. He interrupted Sexton considerably, but except as to the word "false" he did not interrupt me. I faced him from five or six feet away, and he seemed to feel the arguments. His allusion to John Barry as the "leader-killer" was bitter, but he did not mention Barry's name. Apart from technical rulings, he has acted the gentleman, and no one, from a Pagan point of view, could help admiring him. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Parnell's campaign against the Party lasted ten months. His marriage repelled his followers, some of whom had believed him guiltless. The last and saddest letter he got before his death was from James Kelly, M.P., announcing that he could no longer stand by him. Henry Campbell told me this.

Parnell died on Tuesday, 6th October, 1891, at Brighton, ten months after his deposition. He had spoken at Creggs, Co. Roscommon, on the 27th September, the previous Sunday week. He devoted his last address to an attack on Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, who had tried to save him from himself. We were all sad when he passed away. Yet in Grattan's phrase, "the unbribed intellect of Ireland was against him."

Parnell feared Fridays, and dreaded Octobers. His personality has been often limned. The mischief he wrought after the split cannot dim admiration for his powers. During the debate in Room 15 he tried twice to be a patriot, and promised to reconsider his position. Then he retreated to Brighton, and returned to Westminster after a night there, adamant in his determination to hold fast. A steely gaze shone from his eyes, but till the last days of the debates, when rough epithets were hurtling,

one could always (as the French say) "discern the gentleman at a league." His old skill, energy, unscrupulousness and resource reburned in his frame. Genius shone like the upcast flame from an expiring candle.

In conflict with his Party he achieved his earlier status, and displayed an astuteness, resolution and courage greater than he had ever shown against the British. His funeral was a great affair. The crowd looked so resolute that Sir Garnet Wolseley (the Irish Commander-in-Chief) declared it was the only crowd he was ever afraid of.

—*Letters and Leaders of My Day.*

*Timothy Michael Healy (1855-1931), one of the most brilliant lawyers and politicians of his day, was a Member of Parliament from 1880-1918. He was secretary to Parnell, but afterwards he took a strong stand against Parnell's leadership in the crisis over the O'Shea divorce proceedings. Politics in the late Nineteenth Century was, it has been said, "a rough game, roughly played." Tim Healy displayed unsurpassable powers of invective and satire in the controversies of the time. The letters to his brother Maurice, published many years later, give a highly critical estimate of Parnell's character and motives, which may be contrasted with other views quoted in this Chapter. Timothy Healy was first Governor-General of the Irish Free State (1922-1928).*

DONAL SULLIVAN (1890)

THE last day's sitting of the party together in Room 15 had then come. It was Saturday, 6th December, 1890. Every member except Mr. O'Hanlon was in his place. Mr. Parnell was sharply punctual in taking the chair at noon. A few minutes previously the members of the



PARNELL AT CASTLECOMER, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1890.

majority were got together in the Conference Room and told the result of the efforts of Messrs. Sexton and Healy and the effect of the reply of Mr. Gladstone. The House of Commons does not sit on Saturdays, but by the favour of the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Irish Party got the use of the Committee Room until six p.m. and the majority then determined that longer than that hour they would not be further delayed. . . . Mr. John Redmond having read the report of the delegates, Mr. Abraham rose. A few seconds later Mr. John O'Connor also rose. Mr. Parnell at once, and in a very loud tone, called on Mr. O'Connor. There were fierce cries of "Abraham, Abraham," from his friends. Undoubtedly he had risen first, but not by many seconds. An indescribable scene followed. Both gentlemen remained standing, the chairman also standing. He loudly shouted, and thumped the desk, "O'Connor, Mr. John O'Connor"—his party also wildly calling on Mr. O'Connor. Mr. Abraham's friends were as busily calling on him. Amidst this din the three gentlemen remained standing, Mr. Parnell shouting at the top of his voice "O'Connor, John O'Connor. I distinctly called on Mr. O'Connor." Mr. John Barry's voice made itself heard: "I say Mr. O'Connor had not risen when you called upon him." This statement provoked loud cheers and counter-cheers; Mr. Parnell again thumping the desk and crying, "Order, order," at the top of his voice. "I say," he shouted, "Mr. John O'Connor is in possession." "No, no," the majority fiercely retorted.

For the first time in an exciting debate extending over a week, the disorder approached that of a scene in the House of Commons itself. A disciplined band of politicians had broken in revolt against the authority of the chair, an authority which every instinct of their training taught them to respect, as the performers in an orchestra to avoid discord obey the baton of the conductor. Mr. Abraham who had occupied a place about eight seats below Mr. Parnell on his right, advanced and approached the chairman. He stood behind Mr. Sexton's chair, the third from Mr. Parnell, and then addressing the chairman as loudly as he could, he said, "This is my resolution," and he commenced to read it. Mr. Parnell was still standing. Mr. John O'Connor had sat down. No one could hear the resolution in the uproar. The chairman repeatedly called on Mr. Abraham to sit down, but the latter persisted and finished reading his resolution. He then handed it to Mr. Justin McCarthy to pass it to the chairman. By this time Mr. Parnell had completely lost his self-control and coolness. Mr. McCarthy rose, as all thought, to hand on the resolution to the chair, when Mr. Parnell, with great violence, tore it out of Mr. McCarthy's hand, passionately saying, "I will not receive it." He crumpled the paper up, and motioned as if he were about to tear and throw it from him, but in a second after he placed it in his trousers pocket. Mr. McCarthy justly indignant at this, rose to his feet, and the cries and counter cries grew deafening. Mr. Conway, Edward Harrington and Dr. Fitzgerald left their seats and ranged themselves at the back of Mr. Parnell's chair, threateningly. Mr. Parnell, with features distorted, and flashing eyes, shouted "until the party deposes me from the chair, I am your chairman." This was received with frantic shouts of applause from his

your intervention would soon have been necessary  
to save <sup>our</sup> your Parliamentary representation, from  
falling under the domination of English Parties,  
and to remind them that Ireland considers  
the independency of her members as her only  
safe-guard within the Constitution, and above  
and beyond all other considerations, whatever.  
The threat in that letter repeated, so <sup>in the platform</sup> ~~in the platform~~  
~~in the platform~~ <sup>in the platform</sup> ~~in the platform~~  
on many English platforms, and in numerous  
~~English~~ British Newspapers that unless  
Ireland concedes this right of veto to England,  
she will indefinitely postpone her chances of  
obtaining <sup>House of</sup> legislative independence, compels  
us, while not for one moment admitting  
the slightest probability of such loss, to  
put before you information which ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~  
<sup>so far as the college is concerned</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~  
now has been sold in my possession and  
and which will enable you to ~~judge~~ <sup>judge</sup> ~~judge~~  
understand what it is that you are threatened with  
the loss of - unless <sup>they</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> consent to throw me to the English  
whom now having for my destruction.

### PARNELL'S LAST MESSAGE TO THE IRISH PEOPLE.

(Portion of the manuscript.)



supporters, and a burst of ironical cheering from the majority. "You are not," flung back Mr. Barry, "our chairman, nor will you ever be again." Mr. McCarthy, in a lull that followed this storm, tried to explain to Mr. Parnell that he only rose for the purpose of handing him Mr. Abraham's resolution. But Mr. Parnell offensively replied, "You attempted to move a resolution surreptitiously." Angry cries of "No, no," from Mr. McCarthy's friends, and "Yes, yes," from the Parnellites followed. "Give us back our document," thundered Mr. Healy. But the only notice the chairman took of this new demand was again to call on Mr. John O'Connor.

The clamour renewed, and Mr. Lane rose to a point of order, but Mr. Parnell roared him down. The insult to Mr. Lane was very marked. The uproar broke out wildly once more, Mr. Parnell excitedly calling "Order for the chair. Respect the chair." "Yes," said Mr. David Sheehy, "we will respect the chair if the chair respects the party; but as the chair does not respect the party, we cannot respect the chair."

MR. ARTHUR O'CONNOR: I would appeal to my friends to manifest to the chairman, our late leader, every possible respect (cries of "Abraham," and "Order, order," from the Parnellites).

MR. HEALY said that the chairman had called on Mr. O'Connor, although that gentleman had not risen to address the chair, whilst at that time Mr. Abraham was on his feet for that purpose.

MR. CORBET: Healy, you will have to answer for this (cheers and counter cheers).

MR. HEALY: So will you, too.

MR. PARNELL again called on Mr. John O'Connor.

MR. HEALY: "Abraham, Abraham" (cries of "Order").

MR. PARNELL: I am your chairman until you depose me (loud cheers and counter cheers).

MR. HEALY: Allow us to depose you (cheers and counter-cheers).

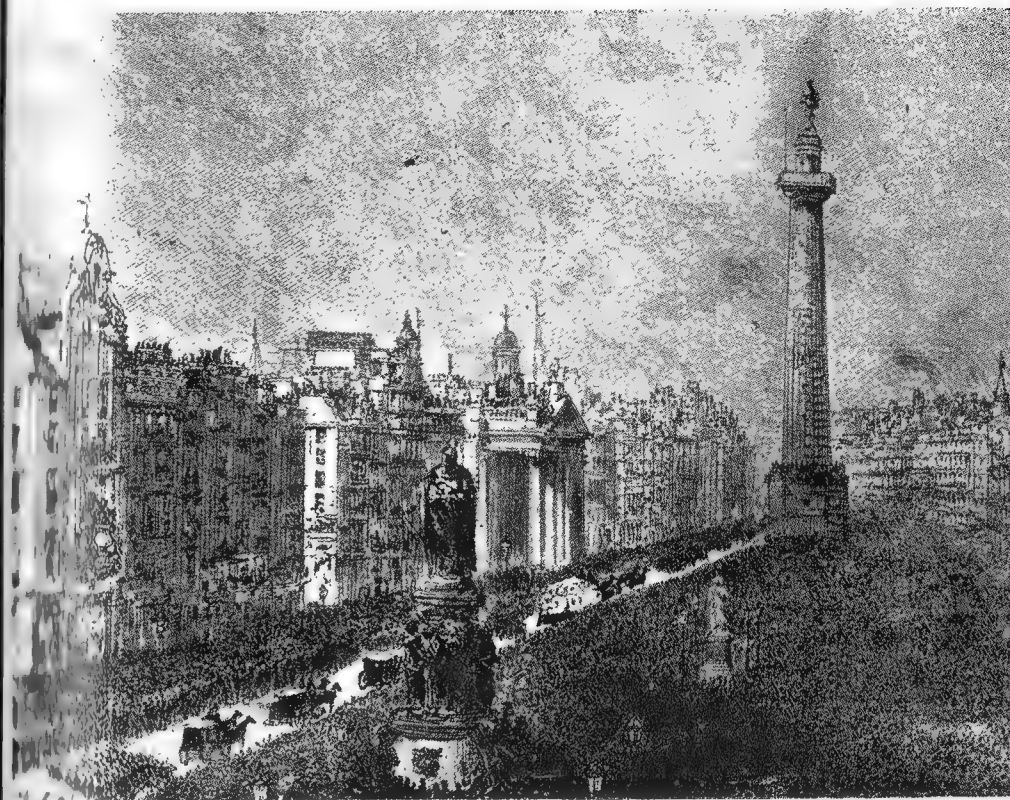
MR. PARNELL again called on Mr. John O'Connor; but Mr. O'Connor was not allowed to proceed, there being loud cries of "Abraham" and "Order."

MR. SEXTON: My memory is that when you called on Mr. John O'Connor he was seated (cheers and cries of "He was not," and "He was")

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY said: I rose merely to a point of strictly parliamentary order, which no man in this room who knows the House of Commons can say was not absolutely in order. Well, as I was about to express that point of order some one handed me a letter of some kind—I don't know what it was—and the chairman struck it out of my hand (cheers).

MR. PARNELL: I took it out of your hands.

MR. MCCARTHY: I don't know at this moment what the letter contained, or whom it came from. It seemed a short note in pencil. I will now state my point of order. When a difference of opinion arises between the Speaker and anybody in the House as to who has first caught the Speaker's eye, it is in the power of any man and in his right to move that the member



FUNERAL OF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, 17TH OCTOBER, 1891.

(From *Graphic*.)

be first heard and not the other member. Mr. Parnell shakes his head. He does not know the House of Commons as long as I do (cheers). I say it was moved by Mr. Joe Cowan, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and carried against the Speaker (cheers).

MR. PARNELL: There was no such thing.

MR. MCCARTHY: That point of order I was going to raise when the chairman struck the letter out of my hand and refused to hear me.

MR. PARNELL: Your friends refused to hear you.

MR. MCCARTHY: You struck the letter out of my hand (cheers).

MR. PARNELL: You were about to put some resolution, thereby usurping my functions.

MR. MCCARTHY: You might have asked me what I was going to do. I might have expected that courtesy from your hands (loud cheers).

MR. PARNELL again called upon Mr. John O'Connor.

MR. HEALY : I move that Mr. Abraham be heard (loud cheers).

MR. PARNELL : That motion is entirely out of order.

MR. HEALY : Put the motion.

MR. PARNELL : I refuse to put it.

After scenes of this kind lasting over half an hour a truce was entered into that after Mr. John O'Connor moved his resolution Mr. Abraham would be entitled to move his amendment. Mr. O'Connor then pounded away for a long time without anyone heeding him. At last, assuming a more violent tone, he secured some attention and said :—

Sir, you are the leader of the Irish people, and when I say to some of my friends that they are acting wrongly in trying to depose you from that leadership, they say, "We will have no one-man power—it is Mr. Parnell against the country." And still every act of theirs goes to show that while rejecting you as their chief—while rejecting the Irish chief—they place themselves unreservedly under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone (cries of "Certainly not"). They say "No"; but read Sir Wm. Harcourt's letter; he says, "Treat with Mr. Gladstone."

MR. A. O'CONNOR : He is not a member of the party.

MR. J. REDMOND (offensively) : He is the master of the party (cheers and counter cheers).

MR. HEALY : Who is to be mistress of the party?

The effect of this was indescribable. The chairman half rose from his seat once or twice, and some members of the party believed with the intention of striking Mr. Healy, and friends moved rapidly up to Mr. Healy's chair.

MR. A. O'CONNOR : I appeal to my friend the chairman.

MR. PARNELL : Better appeal to your own friends. Better appeal to that cowardly little scoundrel there (noise) that in an assembly of Irishmen dares to insult a woman (loud cheers and counter cheers).

MR. HEALY took no notice of this outbreak, and when Mr. John O'Connor had finished Mr. O'Kelly seconded his resolution. . . .

Then Mr. McCarthy moved from the table to leave the room. There was no demonstration nor cheering. His forty-four colleagues quietly stood up, and headed by their new leader, they followed him out in silence. Not a word was uttered on either side. Blank amazement was visible in the faces of some who were left behind. Some of the departing members shook hands with those whom they were parting from. The story about a scene of disorder as the Party severed, which was circulated by a London News Agency, was an absolute falsehood. The last man to leave was Mr. Condon, and as he disappeared a mocking laugh was raised by Mr. Alexander Blane, and some jeers followed from Mr. Conway and Dr. Fitzgerald. That was all.

—*The Story of Room 15.*

*Donal Sullivan, M.P., was one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Irish Parliamentary Party. His account of the famous meeting in Committee Room 15, which terminated Parnell's leadership of the Irish Parliamentary Party, appeared in the "National Press," November 21—December 5, 1891.*



GLADSTONE IN OLD AGE.

(From the portrait by Sydney P. Hall in the National Portrait Gallery, London.)

W. E. H. GLADSTONE (1893)

**T**HERE can be no more melancholy, or in the last result, no more degrading spectacle upon earth than the spectacle of oppression, or of wrong in whatever form, inflicted by the deliberate act of a nation upon another nation, especially by the deliberate act of such a country as Great Britain upon such a country as Ireland. But, on the other hand, there can be no nobler spirit than that which we think is now dawning upon us, the spectacle of a nation deliberately set on the removal of injustice, deliberately determined to break—not through terror and not in haste, but under the sole influence of duty and honour—determined to break with whatever remains still existing of an evil tradition, and determined in that way at once to pay a debt of justice and to consult by a bold, wide and good act and its own honour.

—Speech moving the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, April 6th, 1893.

## CHAPTER IV.

# The Struggle for the Land

A GENTLEMAN of high rank told me, two days since, that he was obliged with great regret, to transplant whole villages to prevent his losing his election. He did not, it is true, expel them the country, he only drove them up the mountain.

—JOHN KEOGH (1792).

Their good, ill, health, joy or discontent,  
Being, end, aim, religion, rent, rent, rent.

—BYRON.

Two classes in Ireland stand arrayed in deadly hostility to each other; the proprietors of the land on the one side, the holders and tillers of it on the other. Sympathies for the misery of each other seem entirely to have left the breasts of both parties. The law, indeed, looks with different eyes upon the acts of the two bands carrying on this deadly fray.

—*The Times* (May 30, 1850).

\* \* \* \* \*

The west coast of Ireland, 3000 A.D. *The Elderly Gentleman*: "I am speaking the plainest English. Are you the landlord?"

*The Woman* (shaking her head): "There is a tradition in this part of the country of an animal with a name like that. It used to be hunted and shot in the barbarous ages. It is quite extinct now."

—G. B. SHAW: *Back to Methuselah*.

\* \* \* \* \*

MONTAGUE FORDHAM (1937)

HE clings closely to his land, for he feels that so long as there is a plot of land to be cultivated his family will not starve; and having a hopeful temperament, he believes that, however bad the times are, one day they will be better. Nevertheless, he will, especially in his youth, go off on adventures. Peasants from the earliest times have always been wandering over Europe, in search of work or adventures, or with plans for colonization of new areas. Later he is found migrating to the town or to foreign countries.

His voice not being clogged with words and phrases, he may develop an amazing memory of matters in which he is directly concerned. This high development of memory, combined with a habit of telling stories that are passed from generation to generation, creates a traditional knowledge which may, of course, though founded on fact, be somewhat in-

## THE STRUGGLE FOR THE LAND



THE WOODMAN (PARNELL) SAVES IRISH RED RIDING HOOD FROM WOLF OF LANDLORDISM.

A Cartoon from the *Weekly Freeman* (1886).

accurate in detail. He is often a fine judge of character, a quality which may operate to his disadvantage, for he may trust and follow a man of high character, who, if he be a fanatic, may lead him astray.

He has a devotion to his work which is full of essential interests, and this, when he becomes involved in the trammels of a competitive world, often results in his working long hours. But when we study the peasantry in its more primitive forms in eastern Europe to-day and in the history of almost every European country it is seen at once that the peasant, though he works hard when he does work, is not naturally a worker of long hours, and is inclined to give ample time to the pleasures of his life. He loves gay clothing, and if he has the opportunity observes the saints' days of the Church as holidays. He knows how to enjoy himself—a rare and invaluable quality. His amusements, which until recent times have been simple, have occupied in the past, and in some cases where primitive conditions prevail, still occupy much of his time. Music, dancing, acting, and drink have provided him with his main pleasures: and none of these have cost him money, except maybe the drink—though even that he may make himself.

—EYRE: *History of European Civilisation*.

From a study of the European Peasantry, 1600-1914, contributed to Volume V of the "*History of European Civilisation*," edited by Edward Eyre, published by the Oxford University Press.

## THE BESSBOROUGH COMMISSION (1881)

THE epoch of wars closed, and the population multiplied; but the condition of society remained the same. Manufacturing industries failed, from well-known causes. Instead of a native land-owning class rooted in the soil, the landlords of Ireland were as a class alienated from the mass of the people by differences of religion, manners, and sympathy, and were many of them strangers and "absentees." Instead of a cultivating class, deeply imbued with traditions of migration and of adventure, with other modes of life open to them besides agriculture, and a Poor Law to fall back on in the last resort, Ireland swarmed with a home-keeping people, without manufactures, colonies or commerce, dependent upon tillage, and holding on, for life and living, to the soil of which they were not the owners. Not even when the numbers of the population became excessive did the commercial theory begin to regulate the letting of farms in Ireland. The economical law of supply and demand was but of casual and exceptional application. It is generally admitted that to make it applicable the demand must be what is called "effective"; in this instance it may be said that, whatever was the cause with the demand, the supply was never effective. It was of little use to the landlord, who thought of rent-raising, that there were hundreds of applicants for a farm of his, when a tenant, or a swarm of tenants already occupied it, whom the law itself was frequently not able to eject. Famine supervened, and wholesale emigration; the pressure was lightened in some places, while in others the return of prosperity sustained it. But the Irish farmer remained as before, faithful to the soil of his holding, and persistent in the vindication of his right to hold it. In the result, there has survived to him, through all vicissitudes, in despite of the seeming or real veto of the law, in apparent defiance of political economy, a living tradition of possessory right, such as belonged, in the more primitive ages of society, to the status of the man who tilled the soil. . . .

The land Law of England, a country differently situated, and in which the social system has received a different development, has been, by force of circumstances, imposed upon Ireland; and in many instances, principally in connection with the law of ejectment, powers have been conferred upon the landlords in Ireland that have no existence in England. That law . . . by its attitude of continual antagonism to the prevailing sentiment, became detestable to tenants, and helped to bring the Courts that administered it, and the Government that enforced it, into undeserved odium. In the result, a conflict of rights, legal and traditional, has existed in Ireland for centuries.

An ejected farming tenant in Ireland has nothing to turn to except the chance of purchasing another holding; the offers of which are limited and the prices high. Not to come to terms with his landlord means, for him, to leave his home, to leave his employment, to forfeit the inheritance of his fathers, and, to some extent, the investment of his toil, and to sink at once to a lower state of physical comfort and social rank. It is no matter to him of the chaffer of the market, but almost of life and death. The



TROOPS GOING TO THE ASSISTANCE OF CAPTAIN BOYCOTT.

farmer bargains with his landlord, under sentence of losing his living if the bargain goes off:

You take my life, when you do take the means  
By which I live.

*This Commission, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Bessborough, was appointed to inquire into the working of the Land Act of 1870, which had completely failed to improve the Irish land situation. The Commission in its majority report, recommended the "three F's—Fair Rent, Fixity of Tenure, and Free Sale." The suggestions were then considered in official circles as interfering too much with the rights of land-owners, and little was done to apply them. The Land War continued until it was carried to a more radical conclusion.*

## AR BĀS SEĀMUIS 'DÁUSON

TAISCÉD A CLOCA FÉ COIGILT I SCÓIMEÁD CRÍAD  
AN FEALLAIRE POLA 'S AN STOLLAIRE 'DÁUSON LIAT,  
A ŚAISE NÍORÉ FOLLUS I SCÓŚAD NÁ I SCAT LÁ  
ŚLIAD  
ACÉI AS CREACAD 'S AS CROCAD 'S AS COSŚAIRÉ AN  
MBÓCTÁN RÍAM.

A ŚEATA NÍOR OSCAIL LE HOSNA NA 'NÓONÁN 'NÓIAN  
NÍOR FĒASAIR A 'NŚOLAIRÉ, 'DÁ ŚCOLAMN NÍOR FĒASCAIL  
BÍAD  
'DÁ 'NĀARRAINŚRO BROSNA NÓ SCOLB NÓ SCOTÁN FÍAR  
'NÓ BAINFEAD NA SROTANNA POLA AS A ŚLINNEÁM CÍAR.



IRELAND 1851-1921

Reacta an tsaothail do réab go fíor-ghnátac  
Maora craosac taobac mío-náireac  
Eaglais de san traocad 'o'a síor-cabla  
Is flaitheas na Naomh ar Séamus 'na dearg-fásac

Sér mór a raímus seal sa tsaothail so beó,  
Da cruaid a breact ar laisib bío' san treóir  
Is buan an t-act do ceapad tios féo' cómair  
Fuaict is tairt is teas is teinte do' bógar

Mo nuair, mo creac, nár taictad mílte de o'sórt,  
Is Seán, do mac, an spreas a o' coimheact leó,  
Mar luac sac stair is cleas dár tionnscais fós  
Beir conairt clám san stad 'sa o'straoilead leó.

Bruis, a leac, a draio 's a óranndal crón,  
A súil, a plait, a teansa, a toll duib mór  
Sac lúit sac alt go prap de'n cam-sligteoir  
Mar súil ná caspad ear nais ná a samail go deó.

Cé go rabais-se mustarac iomarcaic sanntac riam  
Beir do ciste as cimiré sann ro' diair  
Do colann as criumhú o'a piocad go hanplaic dian,  
Is t'anam as piucad sa coire san cuntas bliadan.



POLICE EXAMINING A FARMER'S ARMS.  
(Illustrated London News, November 6, 1886.)

COLONEL DAWSON.

JOHN CLARACH MACDONNELL

Squeeze down his bones, O ye stones, in your hall of clay,  
You reeking, gore-sprinkled boar, old Dawson, the grey.  
Sheathed was his sword when the foeman called to the fray.  
But he cheated and sold, and slowly slaughtered his prey.

His gate he never opened to the moan of the unhappy wretches;  
He never answered their moans or provided food for their bodies.  
If they were [only] to take a little faggot or a scollop, or a crooked rod,  
He would beat streams of blood back out of their shoulders. . . .

The laws of the world he used most constantly to tear to pieces,  
Ravaging, stubborn, shameless hound,  
Ever fast binding the Church of God unweariedly,  
And may the heaven of saints be a red wilderness for Shamus Dawson.

Great was his pride for a time in this world when alive;  
Hard was his judgment upon the weak who were without guidance;  
Lasting is the decree which was framed for you below;  
Cold, and heat, and thirst, and fires tearing you.

My pity, my regret, that thousands of your sort are not choked,  
And John, your son, a wretch, along with them.  
In payment of every lying story and trick you ever set a-foot,  
Mangy hounds will be without cessation tearing you with them.

Bruise, O flag, his *draid* and his copper snout,  
His eye, his pate, his tongue, and his big black head,  
Every sinew, every point, every *prap* of the man of crooked ways,  
In hopes he may not come back again or anyone like him forever.

Although you were ever self-sufficient, and excessive, and greedy,  
A narrow *kimmirya* will have your treasures after you;  
The worms will have your body, picking it voraciously and fiercely,  
And your soul shall be boiling in a cauldron for uncounted years.

—Translated by DOUGLAS HYDE.

This terrible indictment of a Munster landlord, written in the late eighteenth century, caused such anger among the Southern landowners that the author had to go "on the run." Dr. Hyde's free and forcible translation was made for the "Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society."

GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT (1839)

WE have seen how, by the effect of the selfishness or carelessness of the rich, the land in Ireland is covered with a number of petty cultivators, between whom it is divided into portions of five, ten, or twenty acres. If it be asked, how it was possible to find such a number of agriculturists, I would reply, that it is easy where there exists absolutely no other form of industry. It was doubtless at first a great advantage to the proprietor to find such a multitude of petty farmers at his disposal; for without them he could not obtain any profit from his estates, unless he made an outlay of capital which he was unwilling to risk.

However, a time came when all these lands were occupied; for all the Catholic population, excluded from public employments, liberal professions, prohibited from becoming proprietors, incapable through poverty of engaging in commerce or manufacture, even if it had not been prevented by the political condition of the country, having no career open but that of farming—this population, I say, precipitated itself on the land, and overwhelmed it as the overflow of a torrent soon covers a vast plain.

But in a country where the land is the sole means of existence, what is the fate of those to whom land is wanting? What becomes of an ejected tenant, if he can find a farm nowhere else? What is to become of his children? Here is a little plot on which a poor peasant procured a moderate subsistence. He has five children (an inconsiderable number in an Irish family). His only thought and his only ambition is to find a farm for each; but he cannot succeed, because all the farms are occupied. What then is to become of his children? Observe that the question is rigorously put, for tillage is the only resource, the only available means of employment to an Irishman; and yet the land fails him; employment is most wanting to the poor in a country where the rich possess no charity. The peasant must possess a plot of ground, or starve.

This is the secret of that extraordinary rivalry of which land is the object in Ireland. The land resembles a fortress eternally besieged and defended with indefatigable ardour. There is no safety unless within its precincts; he who makes good his entrance, leads a life of labour, privation and peril, but still he lives; he holds fast to the rampart—he clings to it; and in order to remove him, it is necessary to tear him limb from limb. The condition of the unfortunate being who has failed in attaining this object is lamentable; for, unless he yields himself to starvation, he must either beg or rob.

What is the consequence? The farmer who is anxious to ensure the existence of his family has no resource but to subdivide his little farm into as many parts as he has children; each of them, then, possesses four or five acres, instead of the twenty which the father held, and several mud cabins are built on the farm instead of one. The son has children himself; he must do for them just what his father did; and thus, from generation to generation, this fractional division at length reaches a half or even a quarter of an acre for each family, and the occupant of the soil finds it physically impossible to live on so restricted a portion. This



EVICTON SCENE 1762.

(From the Lawrence Photographs in the National Library.)

is the reason why, at the present day, three or four hundred cottiers are found crowded in and living miserably on some domain which formerly contained a very small number.

They remove from the land, and nevertheless the land alone can support them. What follows? That the number of farmers being greater than the number of farms, the competition immeasurably raises the rents. The Irish peasant must have an acre or half an acre of ground, or die; he must have it at any price, or on any conditions, however severe they may be. The reasonable rent of this acre would be four pounds; I offer the landlord double; another offers ten pounds; I raise my bidding to twenty. The land is adjudged to me; at the rent-day I will not be able to pay—what matter—I shall have lived, or tried to live, for a whole year.

Thus he who already pays an exorbitant rent, is obliged by competition, in order to keep his farm, to pay a still higher sum. To be sure, he is free to refuse any increase of rent; but a two-edged sword is suspended above his head. If he resists the demand of the landlord, he is ejected from his farm; if he submits to the severe conditions, it is nearly certain that he will be unable to fulfil his rash engagements, and that he will soon be dismissed by the landlord, perhaps at the instigation of some other

were hidden behind sandbags. Kelly's ammunition shop at the corner of Bachelor's Walk, and Hopkin's jewellery shop at the corner of Eden Quay were held in this way in great strength. Other houses on each side of Lower Sackville Street, and particularly those at the four corners of Abbey Street, were garrisoned in like manner, and then the work of provisioning the various garrisons having the Post Office as their centre was actively proceeded with, every variety of foodstuffs being commandeered at the point of the bayonet. All the telegraphic wires were cut, thus isolating the city from the rest of the country.

The proceedings at St. Stephen's Green Park were somewhat similar. At midday small groups of Sinn Fein Volunteers were standing about the entrance gates, and at a given signal they quietly walked inside, closed the gates, posted armed guards at them, and then set about clearing all civilians out of the Park. In half an hour the Park was cleared of non-combatants. The next move of the rebels was to take possession of a number of houses commanding the approaches, and amongst the places occupied were the Royal College of Surgeons at the corner of York Street, and Little's public-house at the corner of Cuffe Street. The houses at other points were not so advantageously situated, but numerous snipers were placed in them.

Dublin Castle, the headquarters of the Irish Executive, was attacked by a handful of Volunteers, and had any force of Sinn Feiners joined in the attack they would almost certainly have captured the Castle, as there were only a few soldiers on duty. A policeman on duty at the Upper Castle Yard was shot in cold blood, but the few soldiers came to the rescue and the invaders were driven off. Other bodies of rebels succeeded in taking possession of buildings overlooking the approaches to the Upper Castle Yard. In this way the offices of the *Daily Express* and *Evening Mail* were entered, and the staff were turned out at the point of the bayonet. The City Hall, the rear of which commands the offices of the Chief Secretary's Department, the Prisons Board, and other Government offices, was also filled with snipers.

Simultaneously with these incidents, attempts were made to occupy the railway termini in the city. Westland Row station and Harcourt Street Station were early in the possession of the rebels, and the rails on the Kingstown line were torn up at Lansdowne road. The Harcourt Street Station was found unsuitable for defence, and was abandoned at three o'clock in the afternoon. Abortive attempts were made to secure Amiens Street Terminus, Kingsbridge Terminus, and Broadstone Terminus. Where they did not succeed in occupying the stations the rebels either attempted to blow up railway bridges or cut the lines, and nearly all the train communication with the city was stopped for a week.

All the points in the city which were considered of strategical importance having been occupied by the rebels, their plans were further developed by the taking possession of positions controlling the approaches from military barracks. The Four Courts were early in their hands, and men were posted all over the building to attack troops which might approach along the quays from the direction of the Phoenix Park. The Four Courts Hotel, which adjoins the Courts, was garrisoned. On North Circular

# POBLACHT NA H EIREANN. THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

**IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN:** In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no-one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government.

THOMAS J. CLARKE.

SEAN Mac DIARMADA.	THOMAS MacDONAGH.
P. H. PEARSE.	EAMONN CEANNT.
JAMES CONNOLLY	JOSEPH PLUNKETT

Road and at other places on the North Side, strong barricades were erected. Liberty Hall was strongly held by the rebels, but the Custom House was left unmolested. Across the river, on the south side, Boland's Mill was fortified in every possible manner, and constituted a stronghold of great strategical importance. Round by Northumberland Road, Pembroke Road, and Lansdowne Road, private houses were occupied and garrisoned to resist the approach of reinforcements for the military from the Kingstown direction.

All through Monday night the military were hastily summoning reinforcements from the Curragh, Belfast, and England, and on Tuesday April 25th, these forces began to arrive in the city. Almost in every instance the soldiers could only be conveyed to within five or six miles of Dublin owing to the interruption of the railway communications, and the men had a long and exhausting march, carrying their full equipment, before they arrived at the barracks to which they had been posted. On the way they were sniped at by Sinn Feiners, and had to be continually on the alert to repel attack.

Meanwhile the available forces of the Crown had been engaged all Tuesday morning in conflict with the entrenched rebels, and many fiercely-contested engagements took place. At daybreak troops were posted in houses overlooking St. Stephen's Green Park, and a raking fire was sprayed from machine guns all over the Park, while soldiers picked off every rebel who showed himself. They still, however, managed to hold the Park in much reduced numbers. Another body of troops surrounded Cork Hill, and a fierce struggle took place for the possession of the Daily Express building. Artillery was brought into play, and prepared the way for a charge. This was carried out by the soldiers in gallant style, a terrible fight taking place on the only staircase leading to the upper rooms. Many casualties took place at this stage. The military ultimately carried the position, and either killed or captured the garrison.

Later on Tuesday the positions occupied near Phibsborough were attacked. The barricades erected at the railway bridges on the North Circular and Cabra roads were destroyed by gun fire, about forty casualties being reported and one hundred prisoners secured. These operations resulted in the whole of the North Circular Road being in the hands of the military; the Sinn Feiners who escaped it ran for shelter in the direction of Glasnevin Cemetery. The military net was then drawn closer on the city from the North side, but no attempt was made that day to attack the rebels in their central "fortresses."

On the opposite page is a facsimile of a letter from Thomas MacDonagh, dated 23rd April, 1916, referring to a long conversation which he had just had with Eoin MacNeill and Sean Fitzgibbon, "two honest and sincere patriots, though, I think, wrong in their handling of the present situation and in their attitude to military action." He hopes that he has made clear to them "my loyalty to Ireland, my honour as an Irish Volunteer and my intention to act with my own Council." He ends with a prayer to God for fortitude and "for His blessing on the cause of my country."

29 Oakley Road

Dublin.

13th April, 1916.

I have now returned from a visit to Eoin MacNeill at Woodtown Park, Killybegs.

I have had a long conversation with MacNeill and Sean Fitzgibbon upon many aspects of the present situation. I hope to make clear to them my loyalty to Ireland, my honour as an Irish Volunteer, and also, - a thing which I could not for obvious reasons state definitely - my intention to act with my own Council and the position of that Council.

My future conduct may be different from anything now anticipated by MacNeill and Fitzgibbon, two honest and sincere patriots, though, I think, wrong in their handling of the present situation and in their attitude to military action. They are very much to be pitied. I have guarded secrets which I am bound to keep. I have, I think, acted honestly and fairly by all my associates. I have had my own motive in all my action, namely, the good of my country.

I have prayer to God for the gift of counsel and fortitude, and for His blessing on the cause of my country.

Thomas MacDonagh.



Martial Law was proclaimed in Dublin City and County on Tuesday night, 25th April. On Wednesday, 26th, the position of affairs was worse than before. The Sinn Feiners had been driven to the wall, and were fighting with desperation. More troops, with artillery, were continually arriving in the city, and after a short rest they were brought into action, but they had to fight for every foot of ground they gained. For the most part it was an unseen foe with whom they had to contend. At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning the Admiralty steamer *Helga* came up the Liffey and bombarded Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Citizen Army. Owing to the Loop Line Bridge intervening between the ship and Liberty Hall, direct firing could not be brought to bear upon the building. The ship's gunners, however, dropped shells on the hall, the roof and interior of which were destroyed by bursting shells, but the outer shell of the house was not much injured by fire. The garrison escaped before the bombardment commenced.

By the afternoon of Wednesday the military were in possession of Brunswick Street, and all the district between that thoroughfare and the river and right up to D'Olier Street. Sentries were placed at the entrance of a lane leading from D'Olier Street to the Theatre Royal. The soldiers had not been long there before one of the snipers in Kelly's shop at the corner of Bachelor's Walk shot one of them dead. The military then brought a nine-pounder gun into position at Trinity College, facing D'Olier Street, and bombarded Kelly's corner. This was the first appearance of artillery in the centre of the city, and the bombardment greatly alarmed the people who reside in the immediate vicinity. Kelly's shop was riddled with shot, and the garrison had to evacuate the position. One peculiar effect of the gunfire was noticed afterwards. A shell struck an electric light standard at the corner, and bored a hole clean through the metal without bringing down the standard. Looting continued in the back streets all Wednesday, and in the evening several houses were set on fire.

Bad as the previous day had been, the crisis reached its climax on Thursday and Friday. Artillery was brought into play at every point, and the air reverberated with nerve-racking explosives. All day long the bombardment continued unceasingly, and each night the centre of the city was illuminated with great conflagrations. The Hotel Metropole and all that block of buildings for a long distance into Middle Abbey Street were burned down, including the *Freeman's Journal* and *Evening Telegraph* offices, Messrs. Easons, Messrs. Manfields, and Messrs. Thom's printing establishment. Then the General Post Office was given to the flames, and was destroyed—only the bare walls of this fine building remain. This particular fire extended down Henry Street as far as the large warehouse of Messrs. Arnott & Co., which remained intact, but was flooded with water. The Coliseum Theatre was also destroyed.

On the opposite side of Sackville Street all the shops were burned down from Hopkin's corner at O'Connell Bridge right up to the Tramway Company's office at Cathedral Street. The fire extended backwards, and enveloped and destroyed almost all the houses between Eden Quay

# PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, in different parts of Ireland certain evilly disposed persons and associations, with the intent to subvert the supremacy of the Crown in Ireland, have committed divers acts of violence, and have with deadly weapons attacked the Forces of the Crown, and have resisted by armed force the lawful authority of His Majesty's Police and Military Forces, and Whereas by reason thereof several of His Majesty's liege subjects have been killed and many others severely injured, and much damage to property has been caused:

And Whereas such armed resistance to His Majesty's authority still continues:

Now I, Ivor Churchill Baron Wimborne, Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, by virtue of all the powers thereunto me enabling:

Do hereby proclaim that from and after the date of this Proclamation, and for the period of one month thereafter (unless otherwise ordered) that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland is, under and subject to Martial Law.

And I do hereby call on all loyal and well-affected subjects of the Crown to aid in upholding and maintaining the peace of this Realm and the supremacy and authority of the Crown, and to obey and conform to all orders and regulations of the Military authority, and I warn all peaceable and law-abiding subjects in Ireland of the danger of frequenting, or being in any place in, or in the vicinity of which His Majesty's Forces are engaged in the suppression of disorder.

And I do hereby declare that all persons found carrying arms without lawful authority are liable to be dealt with by virtue of this Proclamation.

Given at Dublin this 29th day of April, 1916.

**WIMBORNE**

**GOD SAVE THE KING**

and Lower Abbey Street, down to Marlborough Street. These included the premises of the Royal Hibernian Academy, with its valuable collection of pictures, and the offices of the *Irish Cyclist*, while on the opposite side of Lower Abbey Street the branch of the Hibernian Bank, Mooney's publichouse, "the Ship" publichouse, and Union Chapel were consumed in the flames. Round in Sackville Street the scarred skeletons of the D.B.C. restaurant and Clery's Warehouse remained like sentinels in the midst of a scene of desolation that beggars description. The only bit of Lower Sackville Street left is the block of shops from the corner of Lower Abbey Street to O'Connell Bridge on the right-hand side looking from the Pillar. The two corner houses on this block, however, were seriously damaged, the one by artillery and the other (occupied by the Y.M.C.A. as a soldiers' supper room) by fire.

The whole of Sackville Street, from the Pillar to O'Connell Bridge, was thickly strewn with debris, and most of the walls of the burned buildings have since been brought down.

The world famous O'Connell Statue is but little injured. Several of the figures have been pitted with bullets, and the figure of the Liberator served as a billet for many bullets, one of them drilling a hole just over the right side.

On Saturday, 29th April, P. H. Pearse, of St. Enda's College, Rathfarnham, one of the leaders of the rebels, who had been described as the "President" of the Irish Republic, surrendered on their behalf to General Lowe at the Headquarters of the Military Command at Parkgate Street.

The following is a copy of the document signed by Pearse:—

In order to prevent further slaughter of unarmed people and in the hope of saving the lives of our followers, now surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, members of the Provisional Government at present at headquarters have agreed to unconditional surrender, and the commanders of all units of the republican forces will order their followers to lay down their arms.

(Signed) P. H. PEARSE.

29th day of April, 1916.

I agree to these conditions for the men only under my own command in the Moore Street district, and for the men in the Stephen's Green Command.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

April 29th, 1916.

On consultation with Commandant Ceannt and other officers, I have decided to agree to unconditional surrender also.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

It was close on 4 o'clock on Saturday, April 29th, when unexpectedly the order was given to the troops in the centre of the city to cease fire, and shortly afterwards it was officially announced that the rebel forces who held the General Post Office had decided to surrender unconditionally. What the "cease fire" imparted had been interpreted differently by

In order to prevent the further slaughter of Dublin citizens, and in the hope of saving the lives of our followers now surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, the members of the Provisional Government present at Headquarters have agreed to an unconditional surrender, and the Commandants of the various districts in the City and Country will order their commands to lay down arms.

P. H. Pearse

29th April 1916  
3.45 h.m.

I agree to these conditions for the men only under my own command in the Moore Street District and for the men in the Stephen's Green Command.

James Connolly  
April 29/16

On consultation with Commandant Ceannt and other officers I have decided to agree to unconditional surrender also.

Thomas MacDonagh

LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

*Liberty Hall, Dublin, headquarters of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union. This photograph, taken in 1914 shows James Connolly (marked) and other members of the Irish Citizen Army. The 1916 Proclamation (drafted mainly by Padraic Pearse) was set up in type in Liberty Hall under an armed guard on Easter Sunday. The ideas which inspired Connolly had been expressed some years earlier "in the "Workers' Republic": (July 7, 1900.)*

*"Ireland without her people is nothing to me, and the man who is bubbling over with love and enthusiasm for 'Ireland,' and yet can pass unmoved through our streets and witness all the wrong and suffering, the shame and degradation wrought upon the people of Ireland, aye, wrought by Irishmen upon Irish men and women, without burning to end it, is, in my opinion, a fraud and a liar in his heart."*



different people and there was a general feeling of uncertainty on the point until the official statement lifted the matter out of the region of conjecture.

From early in the day it was generally recognised that the General Post Office, the principal stronghold of the rebels, having been destroyed, their resistance to the forces of the Crown could not be of long duration.

Driven from their stronghold here, and being gradually surrounded in other parts of the city, they wisely resolved to abandon the contest, and open up negotiations for unconditional surrender, which the military authorities responsible for the conduct of the troops accepted.—*Handbook of the Sinn Féin Rebellion*.

#### THE CATHOLIC BULLETIN (1918)

IT was about 11.30 a.m. on Easter Monday when the 2nd Battalion of the Dublin Brigade, under Com. MacDonagh, mobilised at Stephen's Green West, where they lined up for some time. They were here joined by Major John MacBride who had come into town direct. He subsequently acted as Vice-Commandant, and, although quite certain of his fate in the event of capture, he assisted actively in conducting operations until the surrender.

A detachment of the Citizen Army having arrived in the Green, Com. MacDonagh's party proceeded to their allotted posts. The main body halted at Bishop Street, chosen as headquarters, whilst about forty men under a Volunteer officer branched off through Kevin Street and proceeded to Malpas Street, where Messrs. Barmack's and two other houses in the vicinity were occupied. Four men also occupied a house opposite Kevin Street police barracks. These outposts, however, were all evacuated about six that evening. Most of the party had repaired to their headquarters at Jacob's Factory, bringing with them four metropolitan policemen as prisoners. The total Volunteer garrison then at Jacob's consisted of about 150 men.

Jacob's Factory was entered at Bishop Street. A ladder, attached by a chain to a neighbouring lamp-post, was procured and placed against the windows, near Peter's Row corner, which were then quickly forced. At the same time one of the main gates in Bishop Street, nearer Bride Street, was burst open with an axe and sledge-hammer; and at this moment a police sergeant and a constable were "held up" near the gate, covered by half a dozen rifles, and peremptorily ordered to quit the scene. Bounded on all sides by narrow streets, the factory rises to a considerable height above the neighbouring houses, and its various frontages provide a wide outlook. Two immense towers give a bird's eye view of a large portion of the city. The Volunteers enhanced the position by loopholing the walls at the Bride Street end. Thus the towers afforded a coign of vantage which enabled the marksmen to cover Portobello Bridge, the roof of Ship Street Barracks and Dublin Castle, St. Patrick's Park, and other important places. Aided by good glasses, and scientific range-finders, the sharpshooters' fire from this quarter was effective at considerable distances. While the minor commands were being arranged and the positions of

defence selected and fortified, pickets were placed in the streets outside the building. Inside, sacks of flour, placed at the windows, afforded excellent cover for the riflemen.

Shortly before one on Monday a picket of about ten men, stationed in Bishop Street, learned that a military party was approaching via Camden Street. The Volunteers lined up in readiness on the roadway and footpath near the corner of Bishop Street and Redmond's Hill. Within a few moments two soldiers of an advanced guard passed the factory down Aungier Street. An officer and about twenty-five men followed at a short distance. Just as they came into view, at the corner of Redmond's Hill and Bishop Street, the Volunteers met them with a volley at close range. The officer and some six of the soldiers fell, the rest retired. Shortly afterwards the wounded were removed by military stretcher-bearers. At this time a large body of soldiers with a machine-gun were stationed near by in Camden Street.

Later in the evening an official despatch was received from headquarters, accompanied by a copy of the proclamation and particulars of the attack on the Lancers in O'Connell Street. A dozen members of Cumann na mBan arrived also and remained until the surrender.

It may be mentioned here that according to Gen. Maxwell's despatch, the Dublin Garrison Adjutant, on first hearing of the outbreak shortly after noon on Easter Monday, ordered all the available troops in the city to concentrate on Dublin Castle. "All the approaches to the Castle except the Ship Street entrance were held by Sinn Féiners," the despatch ran. Further, "between 1.40 p.m. and 2 p.m. 50 men of the 3rd Royal Irish Rifles and 130 men of the 10th Royal Dublin Fusiliers reached the Castle by the Ship Street entrance." It was also stated officially there were 300 men in Portobello Barracks.

About 2 a.m. on Tuesday morning a party of about fifteen Volunteers was sent from Jacob's to Byrne's Stores at the corner of Grantham Street, and at the same time a party of six men under Councillor O'Carroll was sent to occupy Delahunt's directly opposite. These outposts were to hold the Portobello approaches to Jacob's. Early on Tuesday, outposts were established in Camden Street nearer the Factory.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, while on his way home, was arrested in Richmond Street and taken to Portobello Barracks. Shortly before midnight Capt. Bowen-Colthurst led a party of about fifty men in a raid on Ald. Kelly's tobacco stores in Camden Street. They had left the barracks by the Rathmines gate about 10.45 p.m., accompanied by Mr. Skeffington, whose hands were bound together, with a "pull-through" knotted cord. He was used as a hostage, to serve as a protection for the military; and instructions were given that, as a reprisal, his life be taken in the event of the raiding party being fired on.

As the head of this column reached the Rathmines Road, Capt. Colthurst ordered a halt, and accosted three young men who stood for a moment, while the troops passed, at the corner of the Military Road at Behan's, the photographers. The officer in command led the column of troops on to Portobello Bridge, where twenty of the party were left on



guard with Mr. Skeffington. Capt. Colthurst with the main body then proceeded a few hundred yards further, to Ald. Kelly's premises which were immediately attacked, bombed, and riddled with bullets, the Alderman himself, whilst making an ineffectual attempt to reach home, nearly falling a victim to the rifle fire, which swept the surrounding streets. Meanwhile Messrs. Dickson and MacIntyre were arrested and, with Mr. Skeffington, brought back as prisoners to the barracks. Next morning, under circumstances which are painfully familiar, the three prisoners were shot without trial.

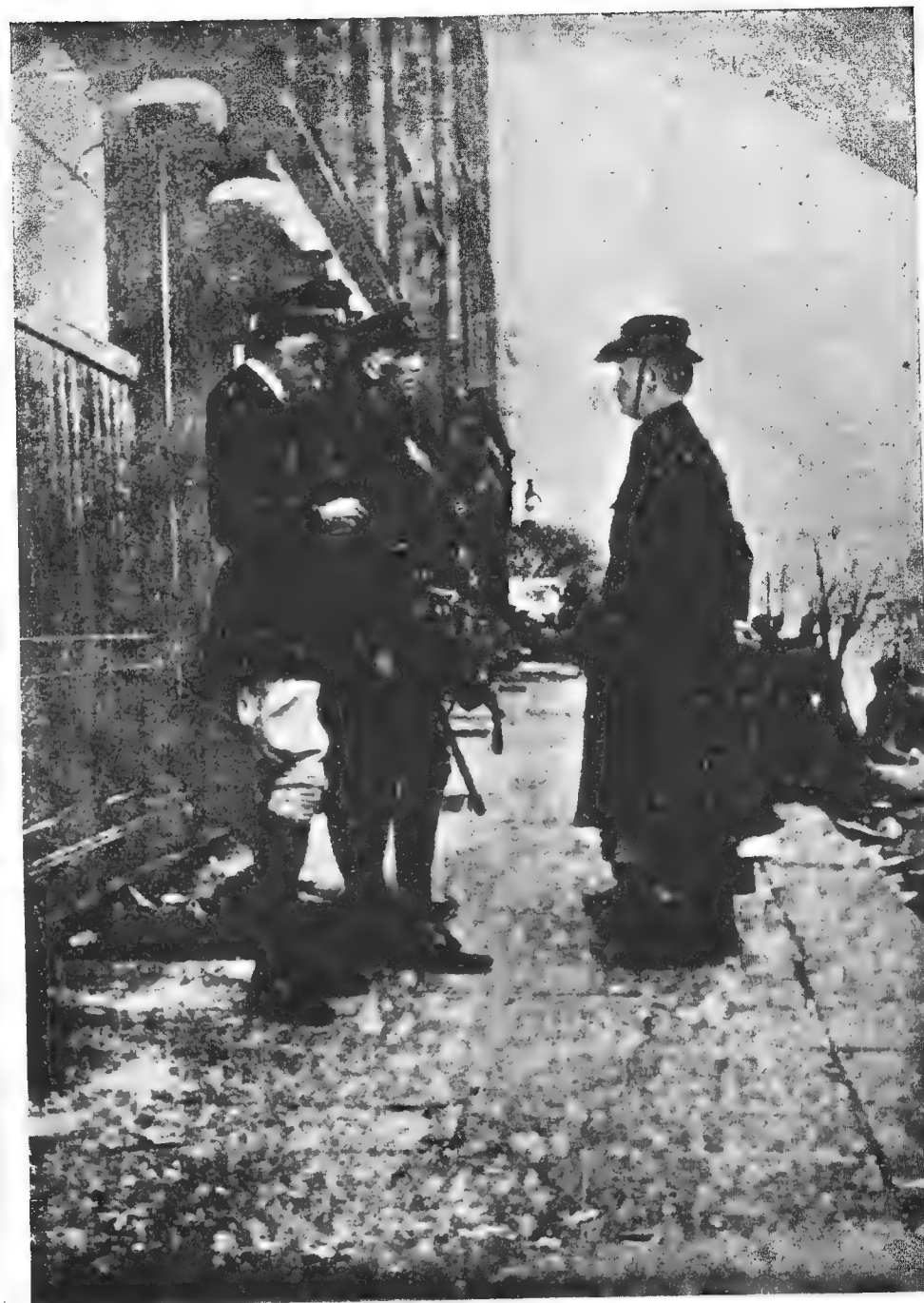
About an hour after the executions at Portobello Barracks, an advance party of fourteen, including a man in naval uniform, came down by Charlotte Street and attacked the two posts held by detachments of Volunteers since the previous morning. A large body of troops, probably about 100 men, remained close behind, at Harcourt Road nearer the barracks. The advance party surrounded Mr. Byrne's shop at the corner of Grantham Street, ordered all pedestrians off the streets and fired repeated volleys into the house, every room in the building being riddled with bullets. A hand grenade was thrown through the shop window, leaving a large hole as it crashed through the floor.

In attacking Delahunt's, the military also fired into the shop and upper windows, and forced an entry by breaking through the panels of the hall door with clubbed rifles. The assaulting party then rushed upstairs. A rifle, shotgun, and an automatic pistol, together with ammunition were found in the house. By this time all the Jacobs' outposts were in possession of the military.

Throughout the week, however, small parties of Volunteers passed to and fro between Jacob's and the Royal College of Surgeons conveying provisions, arms, despatches, or engaged in reconnoitring or foraging—the time selected being late at night or early morning. Major MacBride, who was in civilian attire, was seen to leave his headquarters by the lower windows in Bishop Street, one morning shortly after dawn, and direct members of the garrison to take up new positions.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Jacob's there was relative quiet, from Wednesday till Friday, and it was occasionally possible to send out patrols; but the sound of rifle fire could be heard from all parts of the city, accompanied by the ominous and incessant sound of machine-guns from the Stephen's Green direction. Occasionally, too, in the middle of the night the noise of an armed motor car could be heard as it rushed past the factory at terrific speed. The crouching figures of soldiers with rifles could be dimly discerned for a moment as they disappeared like a flash in the darkness followed by a crashing volley from the Factory windows.

On Thursday a despatch was received from Com. De Valera notifying that his garrison was well supplied with food, but that the supply of ammunition was running low; and the same night a report was received that military pickets were posted round Merrion Square. Com. MacDonagh had decided to endeavour to push through on the following Monday, May Day, to deliver the required ammunition to the Ringsend garrison; and with this purpose in view, he directed a party of fifteen



PADRAIG PEARSE SURRENDERS.

BRIG.-GEN. LOWE (centre) AND MAJOR DE COURCY WHEELER RECEIVE THE SURRENDER.

cyclists, including an officer, to make a preliminary reconnoitring sortie from Jacob's at 6 a.m. on Saturday. The party, all armed with Mauser rifles, were ordered to attack the pickets and drive them in on reaching Merrion Square, and, if successful, to connect with Boland's. The cycling party, having proceeded by the south side of Stephen's Green, Leeson Street, Fitzwilliam Square, dismounted at Fitzwilliam Street near Merrion Square outside a house on the North. Here no military were visible save a solitary sentry on guard side of the Square, near Lower Mount Street. The Volunteers took cover on the hall door steps and by kneeling behind the central tram posts. The sentry was shot, and a party of military in occupation of the house immediately opened fire which was returned by the Volunteers for a short time. Finding that this position was untenable and that it was impossible to reach Boland's through Mount Street, the cyclists decided to return. Passing near the Red Cross Hospital at Fitzwilliam Street they were again fired on from the left flank. No further incident occurred until they reached Russell's Hotel on the south side of Stephen's Green. As they approached the danger zone they halted for a moment, then rode quickly in open formation along the west side of the Green, which was under heavy military fire from the United Service Club and the Shelbourne Hotel. Having reached the corner of York Street, one of the cycle party, John O'Grady, called out: "Dan, I fear they have got me." The officer in charge at once directed a cyclist riding on each side whilst continuing the retreat, to support the wounded man, who had been shot in the stomach. On reaching Jacob's the gallant young Volunteer collapsed, and a stretcher being procured from the Adelaide Hospital adjoining, the dying man was borne across. He was attended by Fr. Metcalf, O.C.C., Whitefriar Street, and passed away about 4 a.m.

The interval until the surrender was comparatively quiet, but the garrison remained undaunted to the last. Early on Sunday morning, indeed, a large party of soldiers in St. Patrick's Park were fired on from one of the towers and dispersed with several casualties. The position of the garrison was one of exceptional strength. Without resort to artillery, as was ultimately determined, it would have been impossible to take the place by assault. Owing to the fact that the military, after a first attempt, practically abandoned the idea of reducing it by rifle fire, the Volunteer casualties were relatively slight. Full provision, moreover, had been made for a prolonged siege. Hence, even after the fall of the General Post Office, when the pressure of outside events rendered surrender inevitable, a military threat to shell the whole area if the buildings were not evacuated by a specified hour failed to obtain the acquiescence of the garrison, and they yielded eventually only to the entreaties of a most popular Dublin priest. As is well known, Com. MacDonagh, Major John MacBride and Michael O'Hanrahan were subsequently executed at Kilmainham.

The Irish Citizen Army was mobilised at Beresford Place, between Liberty Hall and the Custom House, in the forenoon of Easter Monday. Before Com. MacDonagh's party had left Stephen's Green for its headquarters in Jacob's Factory, a detachment of the Citizen Army, consisting of less than forty men, marched up Grafton Street, and, on reaching the



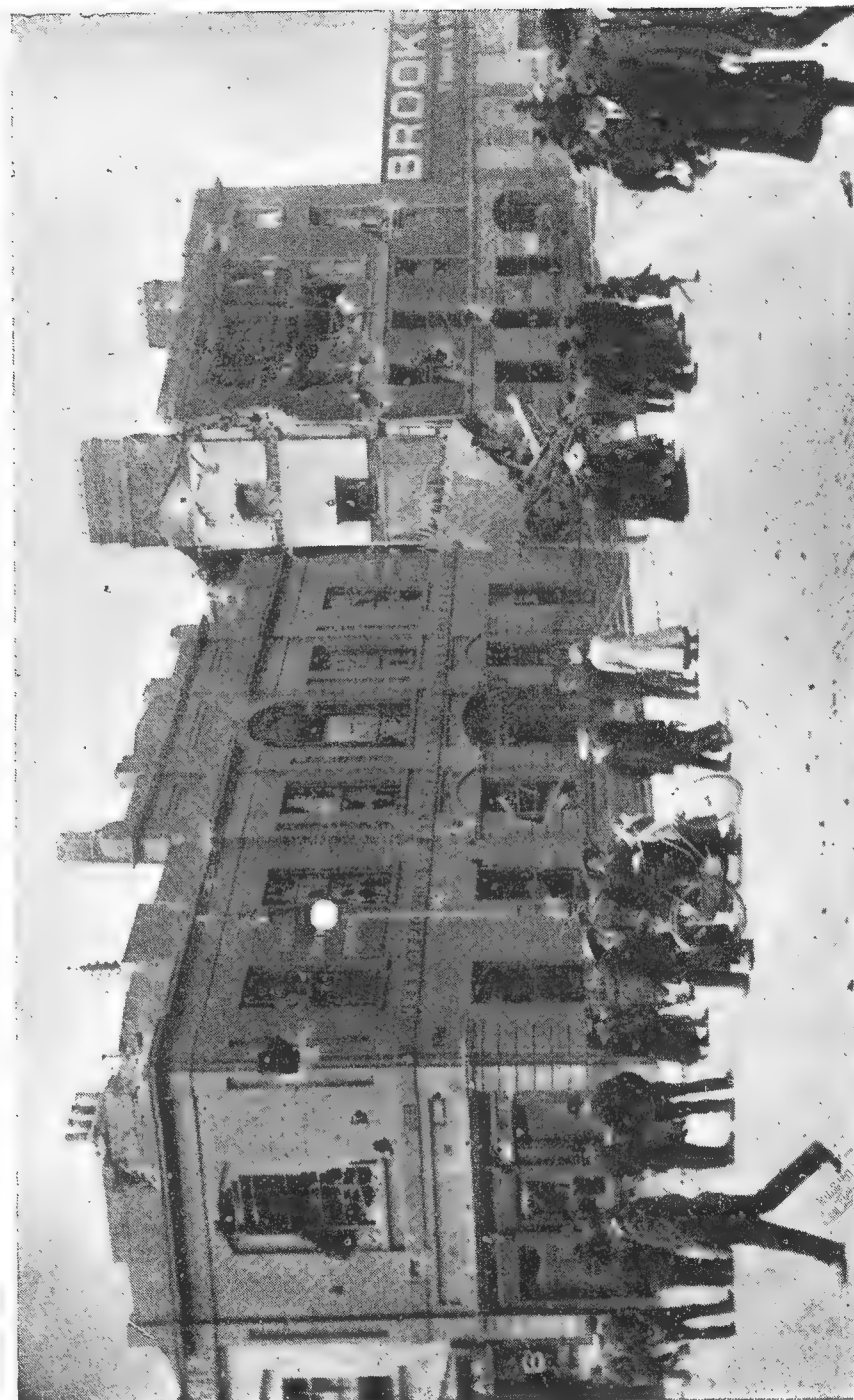
GENERAL MAXWELL IN COLLEGE PARK

Green, divided into small parties, one entering at the west side, another at the north. The rearguard, accompanied by a number of boy scouts and a women's auxiliary section for commissariat and Red Cross work, entered the Green by the large gate at the head of Grafton Street, which they instantly closed, whilst two men armed with rifles stood inside and ordered the people back. Later, two lorries, laden with arms and ammunition, drove into the Green; a single armed Volunteer stood sentry at the corner of King Street opposite.

It is remarkable that a number of citizens, estimated at about twenty, voluntarily joined on in the Green, though many had never previously been members of any military body. Some had come direct from their daily avocations, amongst them being a waiter from a neighbouring hotel, who was still in his dress suit. All were instantly supplied with arms, of which there was a plentiful supply. Additional members of the women's auxiliary bodies, including the Red Cross and Cumann na mBan girls, obtained admission to the Park after the gates had been closed. Meanwhile a small picket, under a sectional commander, had proceeded direct from the place of mobilisation, at Beresford Place, to occupy Portobello Bridge, their most advanced southern outpost. On reaching Richmond Street, the party were followed by a mounted British officer, Lieut. MacCammond. On his declining to withdraw, one of the men drew a revolver, as they reached Messrs. Eastman's premises, and fired. The horse swerved and plunged wildly, and the officer narrowly escaped a bayonet thrust.

The picket on reaching the bridge, entered "Davy's" publichouse, cleared the premises, drew the shutters, and proceeded to barricade the windows in preparation for an attack. Lieut. MacCammond meanwhile crossed the bridge and remained for some time at the opposite side, having apparently sent a messenger to Portobello Barracks. After twenty minutes, a party of Royal Irish Rifles arrived from the barracks, and, taking cover behind the bridge wall and the adjoining trees, or kneeling on the roadway at the canal bank, opened fire on the publichouse. The fire was returned from the windows; and the officer in command of the military, some soldiers, a policeman, and a boy who unguardedly got into the firing line were hit. After about an hour, seven of the I.C.A. party retired unobserved through the lanes at the back of the publichouse. Working their way across Charlemont Street they safely gained the Green at the Leeson Street gate, and took part in the subsequent fighting. One man remained behind, and, from an upper window, kept up a steady fire for a considerable time after his companions had left. He, also, was able to escape and eventually rejoin his party.

Early on Monday, too, an advanced or delaying post was established at Harcourt Street terminus, but the party, after a short time, withdrew to the Green. A further party of ten men, sent to occupy Leeson Street bridge, where a barricade was erected, also withdrew to the Green on Tuesday morning. But temporary outposts had been established in Leeson Street, nearer the Green, and on the roof of the Bank of Ireland branch at the corner of Merrion Row. Messrs. Gerrard's premises, Stephen's Green North, were also occupied for a time, as were the Athletic Stores



LIBERTY HALL, HEADQUARTERS OF THE IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION, WRECKED BY THE GUNS OF THE HEIGE.



at the corner of York Street. Little's publichouse at the corner of Cuffe Street was likewise manned, the garrison being made up largely of men who had retreated from Davy's at Portobello and from Leeson Street bridge.

All Monday was occupied in securing positions, erecting barricades and placing iron seats against some of the gates. Rifle pits were dug inside the Green, near the corners, and facing the various street approaches. Traffic was stopped; passing motor cars, cycles, vans, were held up and commandeered. Two derelict tram cars stood near the Merrion Row corner. Finally, some of the vehicles thus taken, additional motor cars commandeered from a neighbouring garage, seats, cushions, and the like were utilised to form the barricades. One was placed across the road near Cuffe Street on the west side. Nearby, on the south side close to the University Church, another was erected. On the east side a small barricade was placed near Hume Street; and on the north side another barred the roadway opposite the Shelbourne. Here an unfortunate fatality occurred on Monday through the attempted removal of a float from the barrier. A police constable stationed near the Grafton Street gate, who disobeyed the Volunteer orders to withdraw, was shot also on Monday.

Nearly all the Volunteer casualties in this area occurred within the Green; and it is, perhaps, a moot point whether it was originally intended to occupy the Park itself, as it forms a bowl of which the sides might be occupied by an attacking party who, again, might secure a dominating position by occupying the surrounding houses. It may probably have been intended, had sufficient men been available, to hold the more prominent houses on all sides, as well as the bridges at Baggot Street and Leeson Street, and thus keep open a line of communication with Ringsend. In point of fact, though the Park itself was occupied only about eighteen hours in all, a good line of retreat was kept open with the headquarters at the College of Surgeons—a massive stone building on the west side, which proved a veritable fort, impervious to rifle and machine-gun fire. . . .

Late on Monday night a motor car passing Cuffe Street was fired on from the barricades and the driver wounded and taken to hospital. On Monday night, also, two Volunteers in a motor car on their way to Jacob's for provisions reached the Green at Leeson Street corner. Not hearing the sentry's challenge they were accidentally fired on, and one of the pair severely wounded. The driver, however, brought the wounded man to the ambulance party in the Green and continued his journey to Jacob's. At the G.P.O., Gerald Keogh received directions from Com. Pearse to bring a number of rifles and 1,000 rounds of ammunition from the south side of the city. He reached his destination, and, accompanied by two other Volunteers, set out to return about midnight. Each man carried two rifles, one of which was attached to his bicycle, the other being slung over the shoulder. The ammunition was carried in haversacks, portion also being securely bound round the body. Reaching Stephen's Green about 12.30 p.m., they were allowed through on presenting a pass endorsed by Com. Pearse. Entering Grafton Street they traversed the deserted thoroughfare without incident until they came to Cook's Tourist Office opposite



**BY THE LORDS JUSTICES GENERAL AND  
GENERAL GOVERNORS OF IRELAND**

# A PROCLAMATION

**WHEREAS** disaffection and unrest still prevail in certain parts of Ireland, causing anxiety and alarm amongst the peaceful and law abiding subjects of His Majesty:

**NOW WE**, the Lords Justices General and General Governors of Ireland **DO HEREBY** proclaim that a state of

# MARTIAL LAW

**shall continue to exist throughout Ireland until further order.**

*Given at His Majesty's Castle of Dublin,  
this 26th day of May, 1916.*

**RICHD. R. CHERRY, L.C.J.  
J. O. WYLIE**

**GOD SAVE THE KING**

Trinity College. Here a volley rang out from the College. Gerald Keogh, who was a little in advance, fell dead on the pavement, having received several bullet wounds. His companions, two brothers, were also wounded, but were able to spring from their bicycles, and, doubling back, effected their escape to Suffolk Street. Then making a detour of the back streets,



they reached the Green, thus succeeding in saving most of the ammunition and four of the guns.—*Events of Easter Week.*

The "Catholic Bulletin" published monthly from 1916 to 1920 a series of biographical sketches of participants in the Rising and of narratives of the fighting which provide some of the most valuable contemporary material available for a detailed study of the events of Easter Week.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MAJOR H. DE COURCY WHEELER (1916)

AT the outbreak of the fighting in Dublin on Easter Monday, April 24th, 1916, I was stationed on the Curragh. By Tuesday, April 25th, all the available troops had left there by road or had been entrained at the Curragh siding for Kingsbridge, and were under the command of Brigadier-General W. H. M. Lowe, C.B., who was appointed General Officer Commanding the troops engaged in the fighting in the Dublin Area.

On April 28th, General Sir John Maxwell, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., arrived in Ireland with plenary powers from the British Government, and was appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland.

On the same day, at 10.30 p.m., I received an order through the Garrison Adjutant to report immediately to General Lowe's staff at Headquarters Irish Command, Parkgate Street. I got my kit ready, borrowed a loaded revolver, overhauled my motor car, and left the Curragh alone as the old water-tower clock was clanking midnight.

The journey was uneventful, the roads being totally deserted until I was close to Islandbridge. The houses from there to Parkgate Street seemed to have been occupied by the British military, as I was suddenly pulled up with the cry of "Halt, or I fire" all along the line. I arrived at my destination at 1.45 a.m.

The General and his staff had their quarters in two adjoining rooms and were sleeping on the floor dressed in their uniforms. The telephone was going continuously and one of the staff officers asked me to take over as they had had no rest for three nights. All sorts of messages came through as to the disposition of the troops, asking for orders, reports of snipers located in various and distant parts of the city, houses blown up and fires here, there and everywhere, especially in Sackville St. (O'Connell St.) and the neighbouring streets.

One message I recollect very distinctly. The manager of a bank in Upper O'Connell St. telephoned that the bank was on fire, that there was a caretaker with a large family in the house, and how were they to escape.

Upper and Lower Sackville Streets were being swept with rifle fire by snipers, and the British military were replying. I asked the General what was to be done about the family entrapped in the burning bank and he said: "Tell them to march out with a white flag." I phoned the manager

these instructions. Presently the telephone rang again from the manager to say they had no white flag and "would a Union Jack do?"

That put the lid on it. So I advised him to be quick and to make a white flag or they would all be burned or shot. As I said, the telephone kept going continuously all night until 11.30 a.m. when I was relieved, and although I had taken charge of it, my brother officers got little rest.

In the morning one of the General's orderlies brought us a cup of tea and bread and butter, but a very limited supply, as rations were very uncertain and few and far between. We had to go to Kingsbridge Station to get something to eat, and to Ross's Hotel near the bridge.

At 12.30 information arrived that a Red Cross nurse was waiting at the Parnell Monument who had been sent by Commandant General Pearse to negotiate terms of surrender. The General ordered me to accompany him. It was a difficult matter at that time to reach Parnell Monument from Headquarters in Parkgate St., and it necessitated a zig-zag course in and out of the streets and taking the intervening corners at high speed owing to the sharpshooters who were posted at vantage points on the roofs of the houses.

Two bullets did get the panel of the near door of the car, which was an official saloon car supplied for the use of the Staff, but owing to the skilful driver and the speed, I expect the snipers did not realise who was in it until it had skidded round the next corner.

Eventually the General and myself arrived at a small newsagent's shop a few doors from the corner of Great Britain Street, where it joins Upper Sackville Street at the Parnell Monument. I was afterwards informed that this shop belonged to Mr. Tom Clarke, one of the seven Signatories to the Republican Proclamation.

The General communicated the terms to the Sinn Fein nurse, and she was allowed half an hour to return with the reply from Commandant-General Pearse, who was in command at the time of the G.P.O., and controlled Moore Street and the adjoining thoroughfares. Upper O'Connell Street was still swept by snipers and, while waiting for the return of the Sinn Fein nurse, General Lowe who was in his staff uniform and was a very conspicuous mark, strolled into O'Connell Street to note the position.

The whole of Upper and Lower O'Connell Street was held by the Rebels (as they were called) at this time, and I felt responsible for the General's safety and pointed out that he would draw the fire on himself if spotted. He made little of it, but in the end I persuaded him to return to the newsagent's shop and wait there for the despatches from Pearse.

Soon after the Sinn Fein nurse returned with a reply imposing conditions.

These were refused, and the General sent her again to say that only unconditional surrender would be accepted and that she could have half-an-hour to return with the reply.

At 2.30 p.m. Commandant-General Pearse, Commander-in-Chief, surrendered to General Lowe, accompanied by myself and his A.D.C. at the junction of Moore Street and Great Britain Street, and handed over his arms and military equipment.

There were two Army official motor cars waiting. Commandant-

General Pearse, accompanied by the General's A.D.C., was driven in the General's car, preceded by the General and myself in the other car, to Headquarters, Irish Command, to interview General Sir John Maxwell, British Commander-in-Chief.

After the interview Commandant Pearse signed several typed copies of his manifesto, which was dated by himself, Dublin, 29th April, 1916, and read as follows:—

"In order to prevent the further slaughter of Dublin citizens and in the hope of saving the lives of our followers, now surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, the members of the Provisional Government present at Headquarters have agreed to an unconditional surrender, and the Commandants of the various districts in the city and country will order their Commands to lay down arms."

After signing these documents, Commandant-General Pearse was conducted to a sittingroom at Headquarters.

Very soon afterwards I was ordered to go at once to the Castle, show the manifesto of Commandant General Pearse, the Commander-in-Chief, to Commandant Connolly, in command of the Irish Citizen Army, and get him to sign the document, or a similar order, to his own men. When I arrived at the Castle, part of which had been turned into a Red Cross hospital, I was brought up to the ward where Commandant Connolly had been carried. He was in bed, and I waited beside him while his wounds were being dressed. I told him my orders and asked him did he feel well enough to comply. He said he was, and he read the manifesto which was signed by his Commander-in-Chief.

Commandant Connolly then dictated the following, as he was unable to write himself, which I wrote down underneath Commandant Pearse's typed manifesto, and it was signed and dated April 29th, 1916, by Commandant Connolly:—

"I agree to these conditions for the men only under my own command in the Moore Street District and for the men in Stephen's Green Command."

This document containing the orders of Commandant Pearse and Commandant Connolly was presented on the following day by me to Commandant Thomas MacDonagh, who added the following words and signed and dated it 30 IV 1916, 3.45 p.m.:—

"After consultation with Commandant Ceannt I have confirmed this Order agreeing to unconditional surrender."

Previous to the surrender of Commandant-General Pearse I was with General Lowe at the top of Moore St., which was barricaded with sand bags, behind which the British were firing, and were being fired upon by the opposing forces.

On the night of April 29th, Gen. Lowe, accompanied by myself and two other members of his staff, paraded at the Parnell Monument to receive the surrender of the insurgents in accordance with their commander's instructions, which had been communicated to their respective commands in the meantime, and up to 10.30 p.m. about 450 surrendered there. . . . I received many expressions of kindness and thanks from my countrymen

with whom I came in contact, and to whom I was opposed. Some of those whose names and addresses I took down personally on that night have held, and now hold, the highest positions in the service of the State which they fought to found, and others have passed away.

That night I received orders from General Lowe to be at the bank at the corner of Rutland Square and Upper Sackville St. at 8 o'clock the following morning, Sunday, April 30, 1916, to meet the Sinn Féin nurse, as she was then known to us, and afterwards as Nurse Elizabeth O'Farrell, who had undertaken to conduct me to the Headquarters of the various Commands in and around the city for the purpose of communicating the orders to surrender.

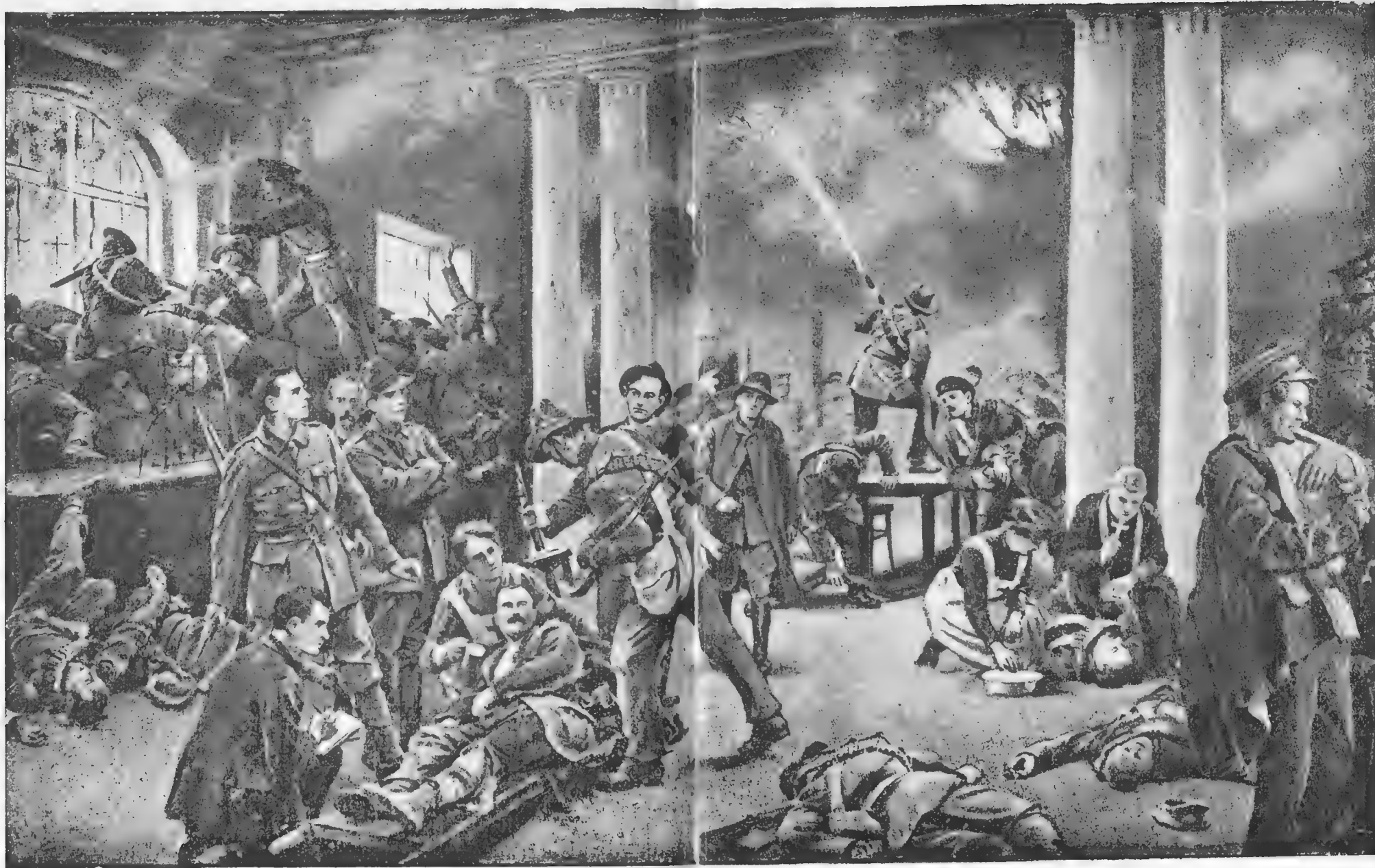
A military motor car was in waiting, driven by one of the Royal Army Service Corps drivers with the sergeant-major of the 5th Royal Irish Regt. as escort. I was unarmed, but Nurse O'Farrell carried an old white apron on a stick as a flag of truce, and she and I sat behind.

I decided to go to the College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, first, which was strongly held, and which was keeping up a continuous fusillade with the British garrison in the United Services Club and the Shelbourne Hotel. On the way I had, by the General's instructions, ordered an escort of military to be in readiness at Trinity College to take over the College of Surgeons if the men there surrendered. At Lambert-Brien's shop in Grafton St. my motor car was brought to a stand-still owing to the cross-firing, and I decided to allow the nurse to proceed alone and deliver the document at the College under cover of the white flag, as both she and it would be recognised and respected. . . .

While waiting in St. Patrick's Park for the Nurse to return I went to the Castle and obtained the information from the Garrison Adjutant that a telephone message had been received from the O.C. troops, Shelbourne Hotel, that the Republican flag over the College of Surgeons had been hauled down, and that troops were required to take over the College and the surrender of the garrison. I motored back to Trinity College and ordered the military escort, which was in waiting, to proceed up Grafton St. as far as possible, and to keep the men out of view of Stephen's Green, as there was still sniping from the various points. From there I went to the Kildare St. entrance of the Shelbourne Hotel and interviewed the O.C. troops, who pointed out the position from the top window, where he had his Maxim gun placed.

Having informed him of my plans, and having telephoned to the O.C. troops, United Services Club, not to "open fire," as I was about to receive the surrender, I returned to Grafton Street, picked up the sergeant-major with the motor, and drove to the front door of the College of Surgeons. . . . Two of the "rebel" leaders came out, advanced and saluted. The Commandant stated that he was Michael Mallin, and that his companion was Countess Markievicz, and that he and his followers wished to surrender. The Countess was dressed in the uniform of an Irish Volunteer, green breeches, putties, tunic, and slouch hat with feathers and Sam Browne belt, with arms and ammunition.

I asked her would she wish to be driven in my motor under escort to



The above picture is reproduced from a painting by W. Pagan. Although it is purely imaginative, men who served in the G.P.O. are of the opinion that in the main it gives an accurate impression of the interior of the Building late in Easter Week. The Brothers Pearse, James Connolly, Joseph Mary Plunkett and Thomas Clarke stand out in the painting, but it is doubtful if any other figures represent men or women who formed part of this garrison.

the Castle, knowing the excitement her appearance would create when marching through the streets. She said: "No, I shall march at the head of my men as I am second in command, and shall share their fate." Commandant Mallin was not armed and I requested him to order his followers to lay down their arms in the College and march out and form up in front of the College. . . . I then inspected the men in the College and ascertained that they had disarmed, and inspected the arms in a large room in the upper part of the building, portion of which had been curtained off as a Red Cross Hospital. Commandant Mallin and the Countess Markievicz accompanied me during my inspection. . . . Having carried out the inspection I ordered the Commandant to march out his followers, whom he informed me numbered 109 men, 10 women, the Countess Markievicz and himself. I phoned from the nearest telephone instrument—the Mineral Water Direct Supply Company at Stephen's Green—to Headquarters to inform the General of this surrender.

Immenise crowds of civilians had in the meantime assembled at York Street and Stephen's Green, as there were no troops guarding this portion of the City, and it was with much difficulty that the officer commanding the escort, which was small, succeeded in getting the surrendered men away in safety. Tremendous cheers greeted the "rebels" as they surrendered, and the crowds followed them and continued this down Grafton Street until I succeeded in getting a cordon across the street, which held the crowds back. The escort and prisoners reached the Castle Yard in safety at 1.45 p.m.

I then proceeded to my rendezvous with Nurse O'Farrell at St. Patrick's Park, but was informed that she had not returned from Jacob's Factory, although it was 2 o'clock. She was to conduct me to the South Dublin Union, Marrowbone Lane Distillery and the Broadstone district. In the meantime, General Lowe had accepted the offer of two Franciscan monks to persuade the "rebels" to surrender, and at 3 o'clock the General arrived with his staff. Commandant MacDonagh and the two monks arrived with a white flag. By order of the General I then drove to the back of Jacob's Factory, accompanied by his A.D.C., Commandant MacDonagh and the two monks, and waited outside in the street, one of the monks holding up the white flag continuously. We were detained there for a considerable time, sniping going on close by, but not into the street. Finally the insurgents agreed to surrender in St. Patrick's Park.

From there, accompanied as before, I drove to Marrowbone Lane Distillery, over which floated the Tricolour Flag. Dense crowds surrounded the motor car, and we were warned that, irrespective of the white flag and the monk who was carrying it, anyone wearing khaki would be fired upon. In spite of this nothing unpleasant happened. However, although there seemed to be great relief in this district that hostilities had ceased, it was perfectly plain that all the admiration was for those that had surrendered.

After this I drove back again to Jacob's Factory. Here there was a long delay, owing to Father Augustine having gone into No. 15 Peter's Street, at the rear of the factory with MacDonagh, and I was informed that he was

receiving final instructions from the men before they surrendered. Eventually, owing to the dense crowds and delay, as I had to go from there to Boland's Bakery at Ringsend with Nurse O'Farrell to deliver Pearse's Notice at the headquarters there, I ordered the motor car to go to Ship Street close to St. Patrick's Park and wait there for the surrender.

It was on account of this previous surrender that I did not come in contact with Commandant de Valera, who was in command at Boland's Mills, but I have since met him annually under the most friendly conditions.

\* \* \* \* \*

PADRAIG PEARSE, KILMAINHAM PRISON, MAY 2, 1916

THE following is the substance of what I said when asked to-day by the President of the Court-Martial at Richmond Barracks whether I had anything to say in my defence:

I desire, in the first place, to repeat what I have already said in letters to General Maxwell and Brig.-Gen. Lowe. My object in agreeing to an unconditional surrender was to prevent the further slaughter of the civil population of Dublin and to save the lives of our gallant fellows, who, having made for six days a stand unparalleled in military history, were now surrounded and in the case of those under the immediate command of H/Q. without food. I fully understand now, as then, that my own life is forfeit to British law, and I shall die very cheerfully if I can think that the British Government, as it has already shown itself strong, will now show itself magnanimous enough to accept my single life in forfeiture and to give a general amnesty to the brave men and boys who have fought at my bidding.

In the second place, I wish it to be understood that any admissions I make here are to be taken as involving myself alone. They do not involve and must not be used against anyone who acted with me, not even those who may have set their names to documents with me.

*(The Court assented to this).*

I admit that I was Commandant-General Commanding-in-Chief of the forces of the Irish Republic which have been acting against you for the past week, and that I was President of the Provisional Government. I stand over all my acts and words done or spoken, in these capacities. When I was a child of ten I went on my bare knees by my bedside one night and promised God that I should devote my life to an effort to free my country. I have kept the promise. I have helped to organise, to arm, to train, and to discipline my fellow-countrymen to the sole end that, when the time came, they might fight for Irish freedom. The time, as it seemed to me, did come, and we went into the fight. I am glad we did, we seem to have lost, but we have not lost. To refuse to fight would have been to lose, to fight is to win; we have kept faith with the past, and handed on a tradition to the future. I repudiate the assertion of the prosecutor that I sought to aid and abet England's enemy. Germany is no more to me than



England is. I asked and accepted German aid in the shape of arms and an expeditionary force, we neither asked for nor accepted German gold, nor had any traffic with Germany but what I state. My object was to win Irish freedom. We struck the first blow ourselves, but I should have been glad of an ally's aid.

I assume that I am speaking to Englishmen who value their freedom and who profess to be fighting for the freedom of Belgium and Serbia; believe that we too love freedom and desire it. To us it is more desirable than anything in the world. If you strike us down now we shall rise again and renew the fight, you cannot conquer Ireland, you cannot extinguish the Irish passion for freedom; if our deed has not been sufficient to win freedom then our children will win it by a better deed.—*Statement to the British Court-Martial which sentenced him to death.*

*Pearse's speech to the President of the Court-Martial which condemned him to death was published for the first time in the "Irish Press" on August 16th, 1946. A copy of Pearse's draft statement had been preserved by Sergeant Bernard Norton, who was on duty in Kilmainham Prison, when the leaders of the Rising were awaiting execution. Sergeant Norton died in 1922, and his relatives presented the copy, along with an autograph letter from Pearse addressed to General Sir John Maxwell, to Senator Margaret Pearse in August, 1946. As Miss Pearse said on receiving the documents, "the sentiments are expressed in my brother's characteristic way, just as he used to speak."*

Patrick Henry Pearse (1879-1916) was the son of James Pearse, a Devonshire man, who settled in Dublin as a monumental sculptor and married Margaret Brady. He edited "*An Claidheamh Soluis*," official organ of the Gaelic League and founded St. Enda's, an "Irish-Ireland" school for boys at Rathfarnham. His translations from the Irish, charming stories about children, and political writings show high literary gifts. His brother, William, a talented young sculptor, who took part in the Rising, was also executed. His expectation, it might be said his hope, of "the death that I shall die," is clearly revealed in his play, "*The Singer*," written in 1915. The closing scene is prophetic:

MacDara. Give me a pike and I will follow Colm. Why did you let him go out with fifteen men only? You are fourscore on the mountain.

Diarmaid. We thought it a foolish thing for fourscore to go into battle against four thousand or, maybe, forty thousand.

MacDara. And so it is a foolish thing. Do you want us to be wise?

Cuimin. This is strange talk.

MacDara. I will talk to you more strangely yet.

(A cry is heard outside. One rushes in terror-stricken.)

The Newcomer. Young Colm has fallen at the Glen foot.

MacDara. The fifteen were too many. You should have kept all back but one. One man can free a people as one Man redeemed the world. I will take no pike. I will go into the battle with bare hands.

(He passes out and the shout dies slowly away.)

## CHAPTER VIII.

*From Easter Week to the Treaty*

(1916-1921)

IN April, 1916, an insurrection against British rule took place and a Republic was proclaimed. The armed struggle between Great Britain and Ireland was renewed in 1919 and continued until 1921. The independence of Ireland was reaffirmed in January, 1919, by the National Parliament (Dáil Eireann), which had been elected by the people in December, 1918.

In 1920 an Act was passed by the British Parliament, under which separate Parliaments were set up for two parts of Ireland under the titles of "Southern Ireland" (Twenty-Six Counties) and "Northern Ireland" (Six Counties). The Unionists of the Six Counties accepted this scheme, and a Northern Parliament was duly elected on May 24, 1921. The rest of Ireland, however, having already proclaimed a Republic, ignored the Act.—*The Statesman's Year Book* (London).

Oh may the fields that hide the hare  
Hide well our hunted men,  
As scattered rocks conceal the fox,  
And smallest trees the wren,  
And by the cart-wheel's crushing track  
The sky-lark knows no fears—  
In vain, God grant, may England hunt  
The Irish Volunteers.

—*From an Irish Song of 1920-21.*

These age-long Irish problems which for generations embarrassed our forefathers, as they now weigh heavily upon us.—*Speech of King George V in Belfast, June, 1921.*

"A long talk with S. of S. [Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary of State for War] . . . I said that my own personal opinion was that England was sound and could be roused, but what I wanted to make clear was that unless England was on our side we would fail, and if we failed we would break the Army. Therefore unless England was on our side, I was wholly opposed to trying to increase coercion. Worthy said England was not on our side, and could not be got on it, and I repeated that it would be madness to try and flatten out the rebels."

—*Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, "Diaries," June 22, 1921.*

A.E.—GEORGE W. RUSSELL, DECEMBER, 1917

WE have been told that there are two nations in Ireland. That may have been so in the past, but it is not true to-day. The union of Norman and Dane and Saxon and Celt which has been going on through the centuries is now completed, and there is but one powerful Irish character—not Celtic or Norman-Saxon, but a new race. We should recognise our moral identity. It was apparent before the war in the methods by which Ulstermen and Nationalists alike strove to defend or win their political objects. There is scarce an Ulsterman, whether he regards his ancestors as settlers or not, who is not allied through marriage by his forebears to the ancient race. There is in his veins the blood of the people who existed before Patrick, and he can look backward through time to the legends of the Red Branch, the Fianna and the gods as the legends of his people. It would be as difficult to find even on the Western Coast a family which has not lost in the same way its Celtic purity of race. The character of all is fed from many streams which have mingled in them and have given them a new distinctiveness. The invasions of Ireland and the Plantations, however morally unjustifiable, however cruel in method, are justified by biology. The invasion of one race by another was nature's ancient way of reinvigorating a people.

Mr. Flinders Petrie, in his *Revolutions of Civilization*, has demonstrated that civilization comes in waves, that races rise to a pinnacle of power and culture, and decline from that, and fall into decadence, from which they do not emerge until there has been a crossing of races, a fresh intermingling of cultures. He showed in ancient Egypt eight such periods, and after every decline into decadence to a fresh ascent with reinvigorated energies. I prefer to dwell upon the final human results of this commingling of races than upon the tyrannies and conflicts which made it possible. The mixture of races has added to the elemental force of the Celtic character a more complex mentality, and has saved us from becoming, as in our island isolation we might easily have become, thin and weedy, like herds where there has been too much in-breeding. The modern Irish are a race built up from many races who have to prove themselves for the future . . . .

I believe it was this powerful Irish character which stirred in Ulster before the war, leading it to adopt methods unlike the Anglo-Saxon tradition in politics. I believe that new character, far more than the spirit of the ancient race, was the ferment in the blood of those who brought about the astonishing enterprise of Easter Week. Pearse himself, for all his Gaelic culture, was sired by one of the race he fought against. He might stand in that respect as a symbol of the new race which is springing up. We are slowly realising the vigour of the modern Irish character just becoming self-conscious of itself. I had met many men who were in the enterprise of Easter Week and listened to their speech, but they had to prove their spirit to myself and others by more than words. I listened with that half-cynical feeling which is customary with us when men advocate a cause with which we are temperamentally sympathetic, but about whose realisation we are hopeless. I could not gauge the strength of the new spirit,



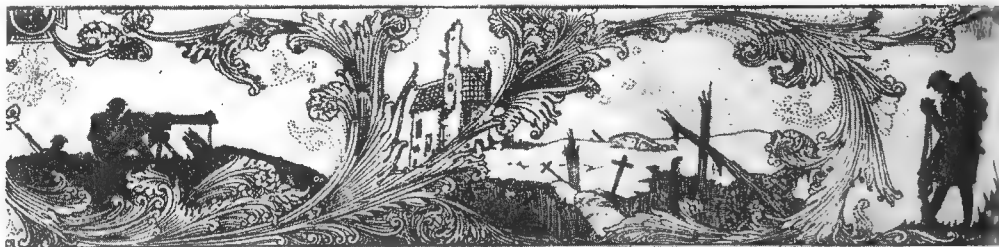
ARTHUR GRIFFITH.



JOHN DILLON.

for words do not by themselves convey the quality of power in men; and even when the reverberations from Easter Week were echoing everywhere in Ireland, for a time I, and many others, thought and felt about those who died as some pagan concourse in ancient Italy might have felt looking down upon an arena, seeing below a foam of glorious faces turned to them, the noble, undismayed, inflexible faces of martyrs, and, without understanding, have realised that this spirit was stronger than death. I believe that capacity for sacrifice, that devotion to ideals exists equally among the opponents of these men. It would have been proved in Ireland, in Ulster, if the need had arisen. It has been proved on many a battlefield of Europe. Whatever views we may hold about the relative value of national or Imperial ideals, we may recognise that there is moral equality where the sacrifice is equal. No one has more to give than life, and, when that is given, neither Nationalist nor Imperialist in Ireland can claim moral superiority for the dead champions of their causes.

And here I come to the purpose of my letter, which is to deprecate the scornful repudiation by Irishmen of other Irishmen, which is so common at present, and which helps to perpetuate our feuds. We are all one people. We are closer to each other in character than we are to any other race. The necessary preliminary to political adjustment is moral adjustment, forgiveness, and mutual understanding. I have been in council with others of my countrymen for several months, and I noticed what an obstacle it was to agreement how few, how very few, there were who had been on terms of friendly intimacy with men of all parties. There was hardly one who could have given an impartial account of the ideals and principles of



*A decoration by Harry Clarke, R.H.A., from the Memorial Volume which contain the names of all Irishmen serving with the British Armed Forces who were killed during the Great War of 1914-18*

his opponents. Our political differences have brought about social isolations, and there can be no understanding where there is no eagerness to meet those who differ from us, and hear the best they have to say for themselves. This letter is an appeal to Irishmen to seek out and understand their Political opponents.

I myself am Anglo-Irish, with the blood of both races in me, and when the rising of Easter Week took place all that was Irish in me was profoundly stirred, and out of that mood I wrote commemorating the dead. And then later there rose in memory the faces of others I knew who loved their country, but had died in other battles. They fought in those because they believed they would serve Ireland, and I felt these were no less my people. I could hold them also in my heart and pay tribute to them. Because it was possible for me to do so, I think it is possible for others; and in the hope that the deeds of all may in future be a matter of pride to the new nation I append here these verses I have written:—

TO THE MEMORY OF SOME I KNEW WHO ARE DEAD AND WHO  
LOVED IRELAND.

Their dream had left me numb and cold,  
But yet my spirit rose in pride,  
Refashioning in burnished gold  
The images of those who died,  
Or were shut in the penal cell.  
Here's to you, Pearse, your dream not mine,  
But yet the thought, for this you fell,  
Has turned life's water into wine.

*You who have died on Eastern hills  
Or fields of France as undismayed  
Who lit with interlinked wills  
The long heroic barricade,  
You, too, in all the dreams you had,  
Thought of some thing for Ireland done,  
Was it not so, Oh, shining lad,  
What lured you, Alan Anderson?*

FROM EASTER WEEK TO THE TREATY

I listened to high talk from you,  
Thomas MacDonagh, and it seemed  
The words were idle, but they grew  
To nobleness by death redeemed.  
Life cannot utter words more great  
Than life may meet by sacrifice,  
High words were equalled by high fate,  
You paid the price. You paid the price.

*You who have fought on fields afar,  
That other Ireland did you wrong  
Who said you shadowed Ireland's star,  
Nor gave you laurel wreath nor song.  
You proved by death as true as they,  
In mightier conflicts played your part,  
Equal your sacrifice may weigh,  
Dear Kettle, of the generous heart.*

The hope lives on age after age,  
Earth with its beauty might be won  
For labour as a heritage,  
For this has Ireland lost a son.  
This hope unto a flame to fan  
Men have put life by with a smile,  
Here's to you Connolly, my man,  
Who cast the last torch on the pile.



IRISH GUARDS ABOUT TO GO INTO ACTION, 1914.

(From *The Times History of the War.*)

You too, had Ireland in your care,  
 Who watched o'er pits of blood and mire,  
 From iron roots leap up in air  
 Wild forests, magical, of fire;  
 Yet while the Nuts of Death were shed  
 Your memory would ever stray  
 To your own isle. Oh, gallant dead—  
 This wreath, Will Redmond, on your clay.

Here's to you, men I never met,  
 Yet hope to meet behind the veil,  
 Thronged on some starry parapet  
 That looks down upon Innisfail,  
 And sees the confluence of dreams  
 That clashed together in our night,  
 One river, born from many streams,  
 Roll in one blaze of blinding light.

A. E.

—Imaginations and Reveries, 2nd edition.

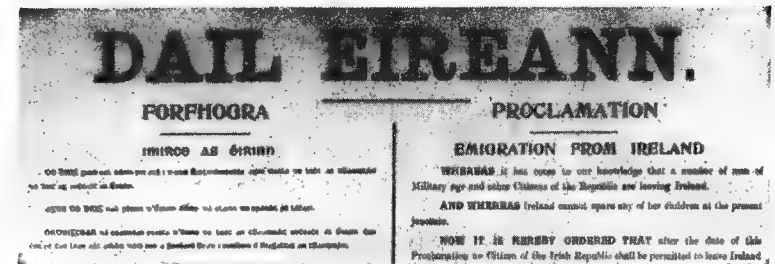
George W. Russell (1867-1935), known as A.E.—poet, painter, editor and economist, was for many years a noted figure in the literary and social life of Dublin. (For an impression of his remarkable personality see George Moore's "Hail and Farewell," 1912). Although his sympathies were popular and nationalist, he was not associated with any specific political party or movement. His idealistic study of the National Being contains the fine tribute quoted above to men he knew who died in the Easter Week Rising of 1916 and to others who died in the European War of 1914-18.

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## THE CONSTRUCTIVE WORK OF DAIL ÉIREANN (1919-1921)

THE Easter Rising of 1916, a rising almost entirely confined to Dublin, was suppressed after a week's fighting by the British forces. The popular backing behind it was insufficient; misunderstandings at the last instant had made the Rising itself partial and to all appearances the Declaration of Independence, signed by the seven gallant Irishmen who paid the supreme penalty for their action, was a dead letter. In reality these men and their comrades who died in action or by execution had lit a flame which will never be extinguished.

The time was indeed ripe for an active revival on the broadest national lines of the tradition of independence—a tradition dormant in the past at periods of extreme exhaustion and depression but never broken or abandoned. Sinn Féin on the political side, and the Gaelic League on the cultural side, had been preparing the ground for a generation. The Home Rule movement had perished in all save outward appearance in 1914 with the surrender of Mr. Asquith to the threats of Sir Edward Carson, the unconditional endorsement of the war by Mr. Redmond and the suspension and virtual repeal of the Home Rule Act. All the elements of a national revolution were present and it only required the methodical



execution of the leaders of the Easter Rising according to the conventional policy—as blind as it is cruel—of militarist Governments, to turn the scale against the old Nationalist organisations and in favour of Sinn Féin.

Two-and-a-half years followed of military government on the British side, steadily increasing in arbitrary rigour, and of passive resistance on the Irish side, while Sinn Féin patiently built up its organisation and prepared for a trial of strength. The opportunity came at the General Election of December, 1918, held a month after the conclusion of hostilities in the World War, and the result is well known—an overwhelming victory for the Republican Party; the establishment of the Republican Parliament, Dáil Éireann, and a reaffirmation at its first session on January 21st, 1919, of the Declaration of Independence of 1916.

There was no make-believe or bluff in this open defiance of British rule. Sceptical onlookers predicted that if President Wilson failed to make good his principle of national self-determination as the basis of international right, and if the effort to secure the recognition of the Irish Republic from the Peace Conference of Versailles failed, as it did fail, the republican movement in Ireland would collapse like a house of cards. No such collapse took place. There was disappointment, but no sign of weakness or disunity in the popular allegiance to the Republic. On the contrary, the resolution to defend the national institutions against the efforts made to destroy them grew constantly until it developed into the War of Independence.

Meanwhile the Republican Parliament and Government, based upon the rock of popular consent, functioned, and functioned effectively; not over the whole field of administration, for that was physically impossible in the midst of a military occupation; but up to the limit imposed by superior physical force. The difficulties encountered and the sacrifices incurred equally by those who carried out the government and by those who obeyed it with courage and loyalty were prodigious. No man's life, property, or liberty were safe. The civil government itself has been carried on under unprecedented conditions by Ministers and officials hiding from arrest, and, for the last year-and-a-half—up to the date of the Truce of July 11th, 1921—in the midst of a war. It has had to compete with a rival government, able by sheer military force to maintain departments in being long after their authority was repudiated, to drive under-



ground every activity of our own Government, to raid and ransack offices, to capture records and correspondence and to imprison officials. Without the support of a resolute people and the faith, courage and resource instilled by devotion to the national cause, no organisation could have survived such an ordeal.

At the end of the European War in 1918, David Lloyd George (last Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland), advised King George V to dissolve Parliament. In the General Election of December, 1918, the Lloyd George Coalition secured an overwhelming majority in the British Parliament, but not in Ireland. The Sinn Fein Party, led by Mr. de Valera (then a prisoner in Lincoln Jail), committed to a policy of abstention from the British Parliament, swept the Irish constituencies. The figures were: Sinn Fein, 73; Unionists, 27; Constitutional Nationalists, 6.

The Sinn Fein Deputies then at liberty—many were still imprisoned—met in the Mansion House, Dublin, on January 21st, 1919, declared Ireland a sovereign independent State, and constituted Dáil Éireann. The Dáil Loan of £250,000 was considerably oversubscribed in Ireland, and a much larger sum was subscribed by Irish exiles and sympathisers in the United States. National Departments of State were formed, which, with the co-operation of the Irish local councils and municipalities, and with the support of the people in general, gradually took over the civil administration of the country. Dáil Éireann, although forced increasingly to work underground, had become, in fact as well as in name, the effective government through the greater part of Ireland when armed opposition ceased, by mutual agreement, pending negotiations with the British Government for a settlement in July, 1921.

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#### THE LABOUR COMMISSION TO IRELAND (DECEMBER, 1920)

THE Commission left for Dublin on Tuesday, November 30th, 1920. That evening it met the Secretary of the Irish Labour Party and Trades Union Congress. On the following day a long discussion took place between representatives of the Irish Labour Party and the Commission on Labour policy regarding Ireland, the possibilities of securing a suspension of acts of violence, and the detailed work of the Commission. Both the Commission and the Irish Labour representatives were in perfect accord, and the latter offered every possible help to the delegates. They placed at our disposal the services of Mr. Tom Johnson, whose assistance was invaluable. During the time we were in Ireland, Mr. Johnson acted as a liaison officer between the Commission and Irish Labour, both in Dublin and elsewhere.

The Commission made Dublin its headquarters for several days. During this time evidence was taken at the Shelbourne Hotel, and visits were paid to Balbriggan, Skerries, Croke Park, and other places in Dublin itself. At Balbriggan—the scene of a “reprisal” on a large scale—the delegates visited the hosiery factory which was destroyed by fire, and the many other houses which were burnt in the attack upon the town on September 20th. The evidence of eye-witnesses was taken in the Town Hall.

At Skerries witnesses were examined with regard to the shooting of individuals there. At Croke Park, the Commission reconstructed the

scene of Sunday, November 21st, and took evidence on the spot. In Dublin visits were paid to the Painters' Trade Union Club and the Women's Trade Union Club, both of which premises had been raided, and some of our members investigated incidents which had occurred in private houses. In the meantime Mr. Henderson and Mr. Adamson interviewed Mr. Arthur Griffith in Mountjoy Prison, and visited the Archbishop of Dublin. Mr. Henderson also travelled to Armagh and visited Cardinal Logue. On Saturday, December 4th, the Commission visited Dublin Castle and had an interview with the Chief Secretary for Ireland. The chief military, police and civil officers of Dublin Castle were present at the interview.

On Monday morning, December 6th, the Commission travelled by train to Cork. We met the Lord Mayor, the senior Sinn Fein member for the City, and several members of the City Council. The Lord Mayor kindly placed a room in the City Hall (since totally destroyed by fire) at our disposal and offered to supply the Commission with all the information collected by the City Council concerning incidents in Cork.

We investigated several unfortunate occurrences which took place during our stay in the city, and a large number of witnesses were examined with regard to “reprisals” carried out during the past few months. We paid visits to buildings which had been burnt, and to houses and shops where furniture, fittings, and other property had been destroyed. On Wednesday, December 8th, we left Cork for Killarney. Owing to the suspension of the passenger service on the railways, we travelled by motor-car through the south-west of Ireland. On Thursday we reached Tralee, which place provided us with abundant evidence of “reprisals” and terrorism. On the way to Tralee we investigated the circumstances of the burning of the co-operative creamery at Ballymacelligott. . . . The following morning, Friday, December 10th, we set out for Limerick, passing through Listowel, where we observed the shop signs from which Irish names had been obliterated by order of the members of the Crown forces. On the way we called at Foynes, where a co-operative society's store and a working-men's club had been burnt down, and at Shanagolden, where the co-operative creamery had also been destroyed by fire and damage done to other buildings, and where an old man had been shot.

On Sunday, December 12th, we received news of the burning of many buildings in Cork, and at the request of the Commission, two members visited the city on the following day. It will be seen that our inquiries were confined to Dublin and neighbourhood and to the south-west of Ireland, which is the most disturbed area of the country. We were unable, without prolonging the inquiry, to visit districts in which incidents have taken place that merit close investigation. We believe, however, that the evidence we have been able to obtain is more than sufficient to justify the strongest condemnation of the policy of the British Government. . . .

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There is a state of war in Ireland, and what are called “outrages” and “reprisals” are but incidents in a bitter campaign. On the one hand, there are the armed forces of the Crown; on the other, the Irish Republican

Army. It will be well before describing the "reprisals" we have investigated to provide a background by explaining the composition, character and temper of the opposing forces in Ireland. Only in this way is it possible to bring individual incidents into relation with the general situation.

The [British] Government forces in Ireland consist of:

- (a) The Military Garrison.
- (b) The Royal Irish Constabulary.
- (c) The Auxiliary Division.

In regard to (a), some fifty thousand soldiers are at present quartered in Ireland; they are in the main young and inexperienced, few of them have had the training given to a recruit in pre-War days before joining a service unit. The majority of the junior officers are equally ignorant of their professional duties; many in Infantry Battalions have not passed through the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. . . . Undoubtedly, martial law, applied without distinction or discrimination, offers the most humane kind of coercion. The cost of this policy, however, must be reckoned not only in terms of money but by the effect produced on the British Army as a whole. If a force, exceeding in size the expeditionary force sent to France in 1914, is to be employed for purposes of repression, it can only be raised by taking all the men from the garrison towns in England and Scotland and exposing them to the demoralising influences inseparable from civil war.

Under heading (b) are included the so-called "Black and Tans." Originally, the R.I.C. was recruited from men of Irish birth, but during the recent troubles resignations from the Irish Constabulary were so numerous that it became necessary to enrol Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen to keep the force up to strength. Most of these recruits were ex-soldiers and, at first, retained their khaki while wearing constabulary caps and belts, which are of so dark a green as to appear almost black. Hence the expression "Black and Tans," a name whose point and humour have made it a catchword, although the khaki uniforms have now nearly disappeared.

The Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C. is recruited almost exclusively from ex-officers. Perhaps for this reason a licence is permitted among the "cadets" (the rank and file of the Division) which makes their conduct depend more on the personality of local commanders than on instructions from headquarters. In Tralee the Auxiliaries enjoyed a reputation for good behaviour and moderation among the inhabitants, but in other districts which we visited they inspired terror as the authors of reprisals whose brutality and destructive effects were only equalled by the skill and forethought with which they were planned.

In the Auxiliary Division the men who matter are those possessed of ability and education, who are inflamed by political passion and who, so far as could be seen during the visit of the Commission, were being given a free hand in the South and West of Ireland.

The forces of the Crown in Ireland are opposed by the Republican

Volunteers. To speak of the forces of Sinn Féin as an army is misleading. The Irish Republican Army may consist of 216 battalions whose strengths vary from 100 to 1,000 men, but it is an army only in name. This remark implies no disrespect for the I.R.A., which, in point of fact, is a far more formidable organisation than any army raised from a population of at most three million could ever be. The I.R.A. is formidable because it is intangible; if it functioned as an army it would have to concentrate to fight, and then it could be defeated without difficulty. But, in its present form, it lives and fights dispersed; it is everywhere all the time and nowhere at any given moment. Without the sympathy and support of the vast majority of the population it could not exist. The support is probably more general and effectual today than it has been at any previous period. Irish Volunteers are fed and harboured by people who, three years ago, were certainly not Sinn Féiners, and some of whom were Unionists. So great has been the provocation by the forces of the Crown that eighty per cent. of Irish men and women now regard the shooting of policemen and throwing bombs at lorries with the same philosophic resignation that Mr. Lloyd George displays towards arson, pillage, and the shooting of civilians at sight in the presence of their wives and children. Under such conditions it is practically impossible to bring the Irish Republican Army to bay. It might be driven underground by the use of overwhelming military force, but it will spring up again when that force has been withdrawn. Executions and torture are not deterrents; they have, indeed, the opposite effect. It is reported on good authority that the day Kevin Barry was hanged several hundred young men in Dublin enrolled themselves as Volunteers. The destruction of creameries and manufactories only serves to stimulate recruiting by increasing the number of desperate men. The policy of reprisals by destruction, if carried to its ultimate conclusion, will ruin Ireland outside Ulster, but will not defeat the Volunteers.

The atmosphere of Cork prior to the latest acts of incendiarism was beyond description. During the time we were in the city terrorism was at its height. Cork has perhaps suffered longer from the brutal domination of ill-disciplined armed forces than any other town in Ireland, probably because it has been regarded as one of the most important Sinn Féin centres. Within the past twelve months there have been three Lord Mayors of Cork. Lord Mayor MacCurtain was murdered in the presence of his wife. Mr. Terence MacSwiney died in prison. His present successor is "on the run" and carrying out his duties as best he can.

The proper administration of Cork by the local authority has been rendered well-nigh impossible. Many members of the Council have been marked down for attention by the Crown forces and are able to attend the various meetings of committees only at considerable risk. Attempts have been made to set on fire the City Hall and several raids have been made on the municipal offices. . . .

The Commission was impressed by the sense of impending disaster which overhung the city of Cork during the time it was staying there. This uncertainty was ended by the tragic occurrences of Saturday,

competitor. He resigns himself to the chances of this cruel lottery. . . .

Some day or other a voice will be raised amongst these poor farmers, which proclaims :

"The earth alone supplies us with food, let us cling to it closely, and not quit it. The landlord or agent bids us depart—let us stay. The courts of justice order it—still let us stay—an armed force is sent to compel us—let us resist it. Let us oppose all our forces to an unjust force, and in order that the injustice should not reach us, let us enact the most terrible penalties against those by whom it is committed. Be it enacted :

That whoever shall attempt, directly or indirectly, to deprive us of our farms, shall be punished with death. That the landlord, middleman, or agent, who shall eject a tenant from his estate, shall be punished with death. That the landlord who demands a higher rent than that which we have fixed, shall be punished with death. That he who bids a higher rent for a farm, takes the place of an ejected tenant, purchases by auction or otherwise goods that have been distrained, shall be punished with death. . . . Let us extend our confederation over the entire country—let whoever refuses to join us be regarded as an enemy, and treated as such ; and, in order that our laws should not be idle commands, let us solemnly promise, that whichever of us shall be appointed to execute the punishment for a breach of our code, shall instantly obey and execute in all its rigour the prescribed sentence."

These are, doubtless, dreadful laws—they are those of the Whiteboys, an atrocious code, worthy of a semi-civilised people, which has no light to guide its efforts, and finding no sympathy anywhere, looks to its inner instinct for safety and protection.

—*Ireland, Social, Political and Religious.*

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JAMES FINTAN LALOR (1848)

**A**MIGHTIER question moves Ireland to-day than that of merely repealing the Act of Union. Not the constitution that Tone died to abolish, but the constitution that Tone died to obtain, independence, full and absolute independence, for this island, and for every man within this island. Into no movement that would leave an enemy's garrison in possession of all our lands, masters of our liberties, our lives and all our means of life and happiness—into no such movement will a single man of the greycoats enter with an armed band, whatever the town population may do. On a wider fighting field, with stronger positions and greater resources than are afforded by the paltry question of Repeal, must we close for our final struggle with England, or sink and surrender. Ireland her own—Ireland her own, and all therein, from the sod to the sky. The soil of Ireland for the people of Ireland, to have and to hold from God alone who gave it—to have and to hold to them and their heirs for ever, without suit or service, faith or fealty, rent or render, to any power under Heaven. . . .



EVICTIIONS ON THE VANDALEUR ESTATE, CO. CLARE, 1888—I.

Not to repeal the Union, then, but to repeal the Conquest—not to disturb or dismantle the empire, but to abolish it forever—not to fall back on '82 but act up to '48—not to resume or restore an old constitution, but to found a new nation, and raise up a free people, and strong as well as free, and secure as well as strong, based on a peasantry rooted like rocks in the soil of the land—this is my object, as I hope it is yours ; and this, you may be assured, is the easier, as it is the nobler and more pressing enterprise. For Repeal, all the moral means at our disposal have been used, abused, and abandoned. All the military means it can command will fail as utterly. . . . A Repeal-war would probably be the fight and defeat of a single field-day ; or if protracted, it would be a mere game of chess—and England, be assured, would beat you in the game of chess. On the other question all circumstances differ, as I could easily show you. But I have gone into this portion of the subject prematurely and unawares, and here I stop—being reluctant besides to trespass too long on the time of her Majesty's legal and military advisers.

I would regret much to have my meaning in any degree misconceived. I do not desire, by any means, to depreciate the value and importance of Repeal, in the valid and vigorous sense of the term, but only in its vulgar

acceptation. I do not want to make the tenure question the sole or main topic or purpose of the *Felon*, or to make Repeal only secondary and subservient. I do not wish—far from it—to consider the two questions as antagonistic or distinct. My wish is to combine and cement the two into one; and so, perfect, and reinforce, and carry both. I, too, want to bring about an alliance and “combination of classes—an alliance more wanted and better worth, more feasible, effective and honourable, than any treasonable alliance with the enemy’s garrison, based on the surrender and sacrifice of the rights and lives of the Irish people. I want to ally the town and country. Repeal is the question of the town population; the land tenure question is that of the country peasantry; both combined, taking each in its full extent and efficacy, form the question of Ireland—her question for the battle-day.

The principle I state, and mean to stand upon, is this, that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre, is vested of right in the people of Ireland; that they, and none but they, are the land-owners and law-makers of this island; that all laws are null and void not made by them; and all titles to land invalid not conferred and confirmed by them; and that this full right of ownership may and ought to be asserted and enforced by any and all means which God has put in the power of man. In other, if not plainer words, I hold and maintain that the entire soil of a country belongs of right to the people of that country, and is the rightful property not of any one class, but of the nation at large, in full effective possession, to let to whom they will on whatever tenures, terms, rents, services, and conditions they will; one condition, however, being unavoidable, and essential, the condition that the tenant shall bear full, true and undivided fealty and allegiance to the nation, and the laws of the nation whose lands he holds, and own no allegiance whatsoever to any other prince, power, or people, or any obligation of obedience or respect to their will, orders, or laws. I hold further, and firmly believe, that the enjoyment by the people of this right, of first ownership of the soil, is essential to the vigour and vitality of all other rights; to their validity, efficacy and value; to their secure possession and safe exercise. . . . A people whose lands and lives are in the keeping and custody of others, instead of in their own, are not in a position of common safety. The Irish famine of '46 is example and proof. The corn crops were sufficient to feed the island. But the landlords *would* have their rents in spite of famine, and in defiance of fever . . . Were they a class of the Irish people the Union could be repealed without a life lost. Had they been a class of the Irish people that Union would have never been. But for them we would now be free, prosperous and happy. Until they be removed no people can ever take root, grow up and flourish here. The question between them and us must sooner or later have been brought to a deadly issue.—*The Irish Felon*.

James Fintan Lalor (d. 1849), a cripple, of frail health but fiery spirit, foreshadowed the Land League in the short-lived “*Irish Felon*,” to which he was the chief contributor. He wrote in the harrowing times of wholesale evictions and clearances which succeeded



EVICCTIONS ON THE VANDALEUR ESTATE,—II.

the Great Famine. John Mitchel fully supported Lalor's views, which were then considered too radical and extreme by most of the Young Ireland leaders.

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SIR JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY (1882)

LET us see of what various classes the Irish landowners are really composed. And at first sight, what strikes us as an element of weakness is their great variety. They differ in income, of course; but also in traditions, in religion, and in policy. No doubt this is one cause of their want of union. We have first of all the great territorial lords, who, whether they are Irish or not, spend much of their time in England and abroad. These are the principal absentees, who earn the scurrilous abuse of the patriot orators, for sending their sons to English public schools, for keeping residences in London, for “carrying off the money of the country,” as an Irish orator recently declared, “to spend it in Rotten Row and other low haunts of vice.” In spite of these denunciations, the so-called absentees of this class are the best landlords in Ireland. There are, no doubt, a few scandalous cases of men drawing £10,000 or £12,000 from Irish estates without having even a lodge upon them to



live in, and without ever thinking of the improvement of their tenantry. These people will have their reward; and it is highly unjust to extend the censure due to them over the whole class of absentees, who are really good and considerate landlords. The rich owner can afford large charities, he can make large outlays promising distant returns, he can make allowances in bad years. He generally has a home farm, which is a model to the surrounding country; the best kind of agriculture, the best breeds of cattle, the newest machinery, are to be found there. The people are taught by example to see what intelligence and thrift can produce on land. And yet this is the class called upon to sell, denounced as strangers and aliens, spoken of as the dark feature of Irish landlordism!

Compare them for a moment with the petty squireens, owning from £100 to £500 a year in land. These people live all their lives on or about their property; they have neither the means nor the desire to leave it. They are obliged to extract the uttermost farthing to keep themselves alive. If a bad year comes, or any sudden misfortune supervenes, they have no means to afford charity, no margin of income to forgive rent or make reductions. They are indeed resident, but like horse-leeches, on their estate. Would to Heaven they were absentees! And yet this is the class which is likely to increase in Ireland; this is the sort of man who will develop out of the tenant proprietor. The man who buys out his landlord may work; his son will turn petty landlord, and what kind of landlord will he make?

Intermediate between these extremes we have a large class of men with incomes varying from a modest competence to considerable wealth. But the proper distinction is not one of money. It is one of tradition. The majority have inherited their land, and with it a traditional way of managing it. Their tenants are personally attached to them, and they reciprocate the feeling. In most cases these men are indulgent in money matters, too indulgent in other respects; for they are not only ready to forgive rent and to tolerate arrears to a degree very mischievous for their dependents, they also condone and overlook all kinds of thriftlessness and idleness in their tenants. Hence it is that scandalously bad farming pervades the country. Possibly half the natural wealth of the country is lost by dirty and slovenly farming—I mean the tolerating of weeds, dilatoriness in sowing and ploughing, waste of ground in ditches, incessant church holidays, and the like. The whole nation is thriftless and idle, and desires to be at the same time rich and comfortable. It will puzzle even the present "Cabinet of talents" to devise laws for curing such a condition of things.

Together with this amiable, but not stirring and vigorous class, we find a smaller and more active class of landlords, who are commonly called "land-jobbers," because they have lately bought their estates from the decayed gentry, and bought them as a business speculation. In most cases they bought cheaply; they found the estates under-rented, or else they found people willing to pay a higher rent. They had their newly-acquired estates re-valued, and insisted on receiving the full return for their bargain. These are the men who have made the loudest outcry

against recent legislation, because they purchased on the security of the Government; they can state exactly what they laid out, and they can call any interference now a breach of contract on the part of the State. This clearness and definiteness of their case has made them seem to the English public worse treated than their neighbours, and yet they ought not to claim one tithe of the sympathy. They have come as strangers to the district, or have started up from the lower classes by successful dealing; they do not know, or they ignore, the traditions

of the estate; they have no old friendship or respect for the tenants. They are merely driving a hard bargain, and generally carrying out a very successful speculation.

If we consider the curious contrasts, the great divisions of class of sympathy and traditions among these various classes, it strikes us as natural that there should be little unity of action among them. The "ould stock" of the country look down with contempt on the newcomers, whose harshness and want of consideration has perhaps brought on the whole land question, but who at all events have afforded the Land League all their really strong cases. These people have evicted and expatriated in some cases the old tenants, and raised a storm of indignation against themselves by stoutly putting down idleness and debt. They have acted harshly, if not unfairly, and therefore the old squires hate them and will not join with them in any action. The great lord and the poor squireen are too far apart in fortune and interests to meet on a common ground. If the latter—as is rarely the case—has the stronger character, he will not assert it against the county magnate. It is not therefore natural that the Irish landlords should combine in joint action, unless one of two conditions supervenes. The first is a strong organization, started independently of them, and having its branches and emissaries all over the country. This method has been followed by the Land League, which has not only framed such an organization, but has carried it through by appealing to the most



FANNY PARNELL.

universal spring of action in the Irish peasant—the desire to keep his money for his own use—and by enforcing their behests through terrorism.

Sir John Pentland Mahaffy (1839-1918), famous in his day as a Greek scholar and historian, was equally well known in Ireland for half a century as a wit, controversialist and ardent Unionist. Himself a landowner, his analysis of the Land question in the "Contemporary Review" shows that the Irish landowners in character, outlook and circumstances were by no means all of one kind or class. Some were great noblemen, like the Duke of Devonshire, with large estates both in England and Ireland, some resident, some absentee, some of old Anglo-Irish or Gaelic descent, some speculators, who had acquired land by purchase in recent times. O'Connell, Parnell and John Redmond were landowners. Broadly speaking, however, the division between landlords and tenants in the Nineteenth Century corresponded with the political division between Unionists and Nationalists.

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#### FANNY PARNELL (1880)

**N**OW, are ye men, or are ye kine, ye tillers of the soil?  
Would ye be free, or evermore the rich man's cattle toil?  
The shadow on the dial hangs that points the fatal hour  
Now, hold your own, or branded slaves for ever cringe and cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust,  
Ye fill your mouths with beggar swill, ye grovel for a crust;  
Your lords have set their blood-stained hands upon your shameful heads,  
Yet they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your beds.

Oh by the God Who made us all—the seignior and the serf—  
Rise up and swear this day to hold your own green Irish turf.  
Rise up and plant your feet as men where now you crawl as slaves,  
And make your harvest fields your camp or make of them your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering round, the vultures wheel and swoop—  
They come, the coroneted ghouls, with drum-beat and troop—  
They come to fatten on your flesh, your children and your wives';  
Ye die but once—hold fast your lands, and, if you can, your lives.

The yellow corn stands blithely up; beneath it lies a grave—  
Your father died in "Forty-eight"—his life for you he gave—  
He died that you—his son—might learn there is no helper nigh  
Except for him who—saved in fight—has sworn he will not die.

But God is on the peasant's side, the God that loves the poor;  
His angels stand with flaming sword on every mountain moor;  
They guard the poor man's flocks and herds, they guard his ripening grain;  
The robber sinks beneath their curse beside his ill-got gain.

—Hold the Harvest.

Parnell's exhortation "Hold the Harvest" was made the subject of the above verses by his sister, Fanny, which attained immense popularity. They were first published in the "Boston Pilot" in 1880. Michael Davitt described "Hold the Harvest" as "the 'Marseillaise' of the Irish peasant." Fanny Parnell died in Boston in 1882.



THE LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

"The Land League of the Ladies of Ireland" was organised by Parnell's sister Anna in 1880-1. After the suppression of the Land League it carried on the work of aiding evicted tenants and boycotting. Michael Davitt says of Anna Parnell: "Her purpose was to render Ireland ungovernable by coercion, and this she and her lieutenants succeeded in doing." A meeting at the central offices, 39 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

MICHAEL DAVITT (1904)

A BAD harvest in 1878, following an indifferent one in 1877, and a marked falling off in agricultural prices, caused serious apprehension to Irish tenants in the spring of 1879 for their prospects should this condition of things not improve. The importation of food-stuffs from the United States, Canada, and elsewhere was also rapidly increasing in Ireland's only market for her surplus produce, Great Britain, and she was met in this market with meat, grain, butter, and eggs grown upon American or European soil for which little if any rent was paid. The owners of this foreign land were its cultivators. The rent-burden was no obstacle to the full exercise of their energies and enterprise in the industry of their calling. They were secure against every power, caprice, and exaction which discouraged and taxed the labour of the Irish food producer, and this fact brought home to the public mind again, what periods of depression had often done before, the great economic evil which the landlord system was to Ireland and the intolerable injustice that lay in the power of a landowner to impose an unfair rent upon a farmer's holding. It was the evidence of a great economic truth tendered by circumstance in support of a movement which the facts of the situation imperatively called for at the time.

The County of Mayo had suffered more from the manifold evils of the landlord system than any other Irish county. It had lost more of its population, had experienced more evictions, had witnessed more "clearances," possessed a greater number of people on the border-line of starvation, and had more paupers in proportion to the population than any of its sister counties. In a period of thirty years its inhabited dwellings had decreased over 25,000 in number, and yet there had been no corresponding improvement in the condition of the enormously reduced numbers of land-workers who remained. The explanation was this: cattle and not labour were placed on the lands from which the cultivators had been evicted since 1849, while the diminished population were crowded in upon the poorer soil of the county. This, however, was only half the evil. The reclaimed bog-land, or mountain-side onto which the people who could not emigrate were compelled to migrate, was rack-rented in defiance of all economic or equitable principles. Without the labour which alone reclaimed such soil and kept it in a state of cultivation, it could not produce a shilling of rent per acre. Rent for such land was, therefore, sheer robbery, sanctioned by law, and evictions carried out for arrears of such legal blackmail, in seasons of distress, differed in one sense only from the common crime of house-breaking . . .

The whole country was now watching with growing interest the progress of the "western meetings." The Dublin press began to abate its indifference and hostility. At our next large meeting, held in Claremorris, Mr. John Dillon joined the movement, and brought into it a sterling character, a fighting power, and a tireless energy which added probably more to the ultimate success of the new departure than the labour of any other single leader. Mr. A. J. Kettle, of Co. Dublin, a veteran land

# TO THE FARMERS OF IRELAND AND ALL INTERESTED IN THE Settlement of the Land Question.

Having addressed the call of our race in behalf of the movement which has been initiated for the redress of the land evils of our country, we now venture to appeal to you for practical assistance in the efforts we are making towards securing the soil of Ireland for those who cultivate it.

No more favourable opportunity has ever presented itself to our people for the settlement of a momentous national question than that which is now offered by circumstances, the most propitious for a radical reform, existing in conjunction with an extraordinary popular agitation demanding the justice of its conclusion.

The soil industry of our people is paralyzed. Foreign competition has supplemented the disastrous effects of bad harvests and produced a crisis which renders it almost impossible for farmers to meet their rental obligations. Agriculture has had to be evicted to demand reduction of rents which could not be paid. The price of land has also fallen in consequence of the lowering of farm produce, and the small which the farming classes have been compelled to make for reduced rents.

Rents will continue to be lowered until rents are brought to a proper level and land to its fair value.

Will the people of Ireland by a firm hold on this land question at the tide that is now approaching, and which will inevitably lead to a peasant proprietary, and thus ensure for our country that property and contentment which a free soil has produced in countries where landlordism has been abolished?

We earnestly hope that those whom we address will prove themselves equal to the occasion. We, at least, are resolved to do our best, but if our efforts are not seconded by Farmer and Labourer, Trader and Mechanic, and all others whom a vigorous spirit would benefit that would create and foster an industry which is the mainspring of a people's wealth and would prove the panacea for the social evils arising from unemployed masses, we are hopeless of success.

The best arguments for obtaining help from our fellow countrymen and other sympathizers will be the practical efforts we at home will make to show our earnestness in the cause for which we solicit their generous support.

We call upon all who desire the success of this movement to aid us by their subscriptions and assistance. We ask only for what will show the sympathy of those whose helping hands are required in the work.

The agitation for reduction of excessive rents must be continued, so that the operation of natural causes may be resisted in bringing land to a fair valuation in order to enable its cultivators to become the owners of their own farms upon terms within the means of every occupier.

For this and other purposes beneficial to the farming classes, organization is required among them; and to sustain this local movement and encourage such organization, as well as to render assistance when necessary to victims of landlord oppression, we have appealed for money to our kindred, and for these purposes, and these alone, we now appeal to you for whatever aid you can afford to render.

This is no sectarian movement, but one which, affecting alike the social well-being of Catholic and Protestant, should invite their emulative cooperation in efforts to achieve its success; nor is it exclusively concerned in ameliorating the condition of the farmer and agricultural labourer, but has for its scope the general advancement of every commercial interest and the encouragement of every occupation in the industrial ranks of our people.

The attention of the civilized world will be directed on Ireland to observe how she will work out this great social problem for the unfettering of land and labour, and the removal of those legal restrictions which prevent the soil of a country from producing the good for which it was created, thus making a struggle with poverty, through life, the penalty which the mass of mankind have to pay to evil laws for being born poor. Will Ireland be true to herself and equal to this task?

Signed,

CHARLES S. PARNELL,  
JOSEPH G. BIGGAR,  
W. H. O'SULLIVAN,  
PATRICK EGAN,  
A. J. KETTLE,  
MICHAEL DAVITT,  
THOMAS BRENNAN,

Executive  
Irish National  
Land League.

Committee Room, 42, Middle Abbey Street,  
Dublin, 5th November, 1879.

POSTER OF THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE, 1879.

reformer and lieutenant of Mr. Butt's, also strengthened the ranks. Mr. Matthew Harris, a local leader of conspicuous ability in County Galway, an old-time Fenian, had taken part in the Westport meeting, and became one of our leading organisers and speakers in Connaught. But our most valuable recruit, after Mr. Dillon, was the late Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert. He entered wholeheartedly into the spirit and aim of the agitation, and from his position and record afforded us an encouragement all the more valuable and welcome on account of the open or badly-concealed hostility of bishops and priests elsewhere. Nor did this warm and loyal support ever flag afterwards; always, however, given privately

and silently. In every crisis, whether caused by coercion or resulting from interference by Rome, his counsel and assistance were eagerly sought for and were always, and in either case, at the service of the League . . .

Returning to the position in Ireland in September, 1878, Mr. Parnell was again approached and urged to join in transforming the Land League of Mayo into the National Land League of Ireland. He consented; but on the understanding that the platform to be put forward should be a parliamentary one—that is, the planks should be such as could be advocated as freely in the House of Commons as at meetings in Ireland. All necessary discussions with Mr. Parnell having taken place, he consented to write a circular of invitation to representative Nationalists and land reformers to meet in conference in Dublin to form the Central Land League.

The invitation to this historic conference was worded as follows:

Avondale, September 29, 1879.

My Dear Sir,—Some friends have urged upon me the strong desirability of forming a committee for the purpose of appealing to our countrymen abroad, and more especially in America, for assistance in forwarding the new land agitation in favour of the ownership of the soil by the occupier and also for the purpose of upholding the tenants during this terrible crisis by the promotion of organisation. I enclose you a copy of the appeal that we have drawn up, and trust that you will permit yourself to be added to the committee, and allow your name to be appended to the appeal. I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

George Moore, the novelist, wrote: "I am a landlord to-day, but I recognise it as a great fact that had not Davitt organised the Land League a great clearance would have been made in '78" ("Parnell and his Island"). Among the economic and political consequences of the League Davitt included:

The Land Act of 1881, completely revolutionizing the system of land tenure upheld in Ireland for over two centuries by English rule.

The conversion of Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberal Party from the rule of Ireland by Dublin Castle and coercion to the framing of a constitution which would confer a Home Rule Government upon the Irish people.

The conversion of the English Tory Party to the Land League plan of reform of 1880—that the only true solution of the Irish agrarian question was to be found in the purchase of the landlords' interest in the land by the tenant, through the means of a state credit loaned at low interest.

The introduction by Mr. Gladstone and his party of a Home Rule Bill into Parliament in 1886.

The enactment of the Land Act of 1891, by the Unionist Government,

which provided £33,000,000 more, in additional state credit, for the further buying out of Irish landlords.

The creation of the Congested Districts Board of Ireland.

The passage of a Bill through the House of Commons in 1893, proposing to confer a Home Rule legislature on Ireland, by a vote of 347 members against an opposing vote of 304. The Bill was defeated in the House of Lords.

The enactment of a law in 1896, under a Unionist Government, which aided still more the elimination of the English rent system from the tenure of land in Ireland.

The enactment of a measure in 1898, also under an anti-Home Rule ministry, conferring a limited "Home Rule" upon each county in Ireland, in the form of elective councils for the management of rural affairs.

The passing into law in 1903, also under a Unionist Government, of a Bill by means of which £110,000,000 more of further state credit is to be employed in buying out what previous Purchase Acts have left of the English landlord system in Ireland.—*The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland or the Story of the Land League Revolution.*

Michael Davitt (1846-1906) was the chief founder of the Land League, which transformed the social and agricultural life of Ireland. The Davitt family, including Michael, were evicted from their homestead in Straide, Co. Mayo, and thrown on the roadside in 1852. They emigrated to Haslingdon, Lancashire, where he lost an arm, while working in a Cotton Mill. He became an active Fenian and secretary of the I.R.B. in Great Britain, and was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment for Treason Felony in 1870. Released in 1877, he visited America, and, in co-operation with John Devoy, organised the "New Departure"—the association of Land reform with Home Rule.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN (1922)

THE story of the Irish Land Conference of 1902-1903 may be said to begin with the Land Bill, introduced by George Wyndham, the best Chief Secretary Ireland had had for many years, in the spring of 1902. This Bill was not a very great advance upon earlier Land Purchase Acts. It did not provide for the completion of purchase on anything like an adequate scale, nor did it afford any remedy for the sufferings of evicted tenants. It did not recognise the pressing problems of the Irish Land system, and it was condemned by the United Irish League and the great majority of the people. . . .

During the summer of 1902 a great deal of agitation and violent disturbance took place in Ireland. Large portions of the country, including the cities of Dublin, Cork and Limerick, were proclaimed under the Crimes Act; public meetings were suppressed and a number of Members of Parliament were imprisoned.

It is probable that the Conference idea was saved from an untimely death by a bold appeal in a letter from Captain Shawe-Taylor, which



appeared in several of the leading Irish newspapers on September 3, and which after deploring the 200-year-long "land war," with its resulting paralysis of commercial enterprise, and its hatred and bitterness, and warning against the impending renewed conflict between the United Irish League and the Irish Land Trust, put forth a strong plea for the convening of an early Conference in Dublin, to which the Duke of Abercorn, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Lord Barrymore, Colonel Saunderson, M.P., the Lord Mayor of Dublin, The O'Connor Don, Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., should be invited, and at which an "honest, simple, and practical solution"—likely to prove acceptable to both landlord and tenant—would be submitted.

On December 18 it was announced in the Press that the arrangements for the Conference were complete, and that it would meet immediately in Dublin. The landlords' representatives were the Earl of Mayo, Colonel Hutcheson-Poe, Colonel Nugent Everard, and myself. The tenants' representatives were: Mr. John Redmond, Mr. William O'Brien, the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Mr. T. Harrington), and Mr. T. W. Russell.

Mr. Redmond and I had had many unofficial conversations in London; and they were very necessary, for feelings on both sides were very bitter. The representatives of both parties had come straight out of the firing-line. Mr. O'Brien especially had taken a very active part in the land war. After all, we met rather prematurely. I heard from Mr. Redmond that Mr. Dillon and Mr. Davitt had sailed from New York and that it was desirable for the Conference to be in session before they arrived. In that case they would not be likely to interfere; but otherwise, would certainly object to a Conference. So we hurried over to Dublin.

The first meeting took place at the Mansion House on December 20, kindly placed at our disposal by the Lord Mayor (Mr. T. Harrington, M.P.). A resolution, moved by Mr. Redmond and seconded by Colonel Everard, asking me to preside, was carried unanimously, and Captain Shawe-Taylor was appointed Honorary Secretary, a well-deserved recognition of his services to the movement. Subsequent sittings took place on December 22, 23, 24 and 31, and on January 3, 1903. All these meetings were in private, and practically no information was given to the Press.

As Chairman I prepared a draft Report, which was accepted as a basis for discussion. I assumed that a satisfactory settlement of the Land Question could be arrived at only by the substitution of an occupying proprietary in lieu of a system of dual ownership: that the transfer must be by purchase on equitable terms: that, as it was very desirable to avoid delay, settlement should be made, as far as possible, between owner and occupier without the interference of the State: that owners of land should not, as a result of a settlement, be expatriated: that purchase price should be based upon income, and that income should be second term rents or their fair equivalent: and that the State might reasonably be asked to bridge the gap, if any, between the price that owners could afford to take and the price that tenants could afford to give.

On January 4 we published a unanimous Report, having on the day before resolved that the Conference should *not* be formally dissolved.

A unanimous Report was certainly a great triumph for the forces of peace and conciliation. The two classes which had been divided and hostile for so many years had now combined to accomplish a common purpose and to realise a common ideal. A spirit and a temper all over the country were created that enabled any Irishman, whatever his creed or class might be, to help his country. Would to God that that patriotic spirit had prevailed in subsequent years. Had it done so Ireland might have satisfied all her legitimate ambitions without passing through tribulations that have left deep, though not indelible, marks upon her.

Our Report was received by the people of the country as a whole with immense approbation. The landlords, too, were well satisfied with the result. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Landowners' Convention on January 7, a resolution, moved by the Duke of Abercorn and seconded by The O'Connor Don, was unanimously adopted, recognising the Report as "a valuable addition to the various suggestions that have been made for removing the grave difficulties of the Irish Land Question by bringing the Land Purchase Acts into more general operation on the voluntary principle," and it expressed a hope that, in spite of certain points which invited criticism, "the whole Report will receive the serious consideration of the Government." The O'Connor Don also wrote to the *Irish Times* that, as one who had doubted the utility of holding a Conference, he rejoiced that his doubts had not been substantiated, and he defended the financial proposals of the Report.

T. Wyndham-Quin (1841-1926), 4th Earl of Dunraven, landowner, soldier, war-correspondent, yachtsman, a moderate Unionist, took a prominent part in the negotiations leading to the Land Purchase Act of 1903, which brought towards an end the Land War that, in one form or another, had convulsed Ireland for three centuries.

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ARRIVING IN IRELAND.

(Frontispiece by George du Maurier to "Round about the Islands," by Clement Scott, 1874.)





THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE MOVING THE REJECTION OF THE SECOND HOME RULE BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, 1893.

(From the *Illustrated London News*.)

## CHAPTER V.

# From Parnell to the Rising

(1891-1916)

OUR policy, in a word, is to lead our people to reliance in themselves and to establish in Ireland's capital a national legislature endowed with the moral authority of the Irish nation.—*Arthur Griffith at the First Annual Convention of Sinn Fein, November 28th, 1905.*

*There will be the danger and difficulties of trying to run a government of our own against the constituted authority under the Home Rule Bill. . . . I am told that it will be illegal. Of course it is illegal. Drilling is illegal. The Volunteers are illegal, and the Government dare not interfere with them. Don't be afraid of illegalities.*

—SIR EDWARD CARSON AT NEWRY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1913.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN (1912)

The congratulations which a Chief Secretary for Ireland receives, on his appointment, from his friends in England, are mingled with expressions of sympathy, and perhaps sometimes even of regret. He is congratulated, as a man who is promoted to an office on the Gold Coast is congratulated: for Ireland is the grave of many English political reputations. Perhaps the Chief Secretary himself expects sympathy from the Irish people; but he does not get it. Why should he? They do not want him. Of course, there are Chief Secretaries and Chief Secretaries. Some of them are less intolerable than others. There is the Chief Secretary who thinks that he has discovered Ireland, and comes to settle everything in a twelvemonth, and goes back at the end of a twelvemonth a sadder, though probably not a wiser, man. People say: "Serve him right"; for what Irish people hate most is the patronising, cocksure Englishman. Then there is the Chief Secretary who says: "I am going to Ireland; I don't know a damn about the country: the people know my ignorance, and there is that common bond of understanding between us." He will probably come to be called a good fellow, and when he goes away, people will say: "God speed you, and good luck to you." As a matter of fact, this man is not as ignorant as he pretends to be, and he may catch the spirit of the people more successfully than the philosopher or the doctrinaire. The Irish heart goes out to the man who is not a humbug.

Arrived in Dublin, the Chief Secretary dines probably at the Viceregal

Lodge. That may be his first introduction to what he calls Ireland. But, of course, the Vice-regal Lodge is no more Ireland than Park Lane is Ireland. It has been said that the population of Ireland "consists of the Irish people and English officials." Someone has added, "And carrion crows." At the Viceregal Lodge the Chief Secretary meets the officials and the "crows." Next day he goes to the Castle, curious, perhaps, to see that notorious institution of which he has heard so much. As he approaches the place he beholds, or may behold, a conspicuous building hard by, from which a green flag flies defiantly. "What the devil is that?" he may ask; for in his general ignorance he may take the building to be part of the Castle. However, he soon finds himself close to the Castle gates, and is perhaps consoled by seeing the Union Jack fluttering in the breeze.

"But," he asks, "what is this building which flies the emblem of Irish nationality at the very gates of the citadel?" He is told that it is the City Hall. If he is a typical Chief Secretary, he says, "Damned rebels," and takes shelter in the fortress. He is shown to his room in the Castle—a pleasant room in the upper yard facing south, and fronting the viceregal state apartments. *Physically*, the outlook is cheerful.

Of course, the first official who comes to him is the Under-Secretary, his sheet anchor. It may be that he looks curiously at the Under-Secretary, for he has heard a great deal about Irish officials, and the Under-Secretary may look curiously at him; for he has his own views of the men who are sent from England to rule Ireland. . . . Before the Under-Secretary takes his Chief in hand, he may perhaps show him the offices of the most important officials—a good way to begin. Well, the Chief Secretary's room opens into the Under-Secretary's, and the Under-Secretary's into the Assistant Under-Secretary's. In the passage outside to the right is the Council Chamber, where the Privy Council assembles as occasion demands. At the other end of the passage to the right are the Law Officers' departments. The Attorney-General and Solicitor-General sit in one room, and this opens into the Lord Chancellor's room. A short stone staircase, outside the Chancellor's room, leads to the apartments (opening into each other) of the Inspector-General and Deputy-Inspector-General of the Constabulary. In the same block of buildings in which is the Chief Secretary's room, the Commissioners of Prisons are housed. In the lower Castle Yard are the offices of the Chief Commissioner and the Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Thus it will be seen that the forces of law and order are geographically concentrated in the Castle.

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"THIS is the most queerly governed country, the most expensively governed country, and the most inconsistently governed country in the world." So said an English official in Ireland to me some months ago.

"I suppose," I asked, "that you mean by inconsistently governed, that practically you have neither the Union nor the Repeal of the Union?"

He laughed, and said, "Well, it is very like that. The Unionists called the Home Rule movement a Separatist movement, but is it clear that the Union itself was not a Separatist arrangement? I am neither a Unionist nor a Nationalist. I want good government and consistent government in Ireland, however it is to be brought about. We all know that the Union did not make the two countries one. There was a Legislative Union, but not an Administrative



JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.P.

Union. That was the mistake. Before the Union, Ireland was like a colony. She had a Parliament and a Governor. The Union took away the Parliament, but left the Governorship—left the Viceroyalty and the Castle. That is the inconsistency. If they wanted to make the Union consistent, they ought to have swept away the Castle as well as the Parliament, and put Irish affairs in the hands of a Secretary of State in London. That was not done. The Castle was kept. You have now two Executives: an Executive in Dublin, and an Executive in London. That is separation." . . .

But what is the Castle? Well, physically it is not a Castle at all. "When Americans come here," said an official, "they expect to see bastions and moats and draw-bridges and dungeons; and they are disappointed when they see that there is really no Castle at all." In fact the thing is more like a barrack than a Castle. It stands on an elevated piece of ground called Cork Hill. There are two large squares; in one—the Upper Castle Yard—you see the Viceregal apartments, and a number of offices; in the other—the Lower Castle Yard—you see more offices. In this yard there is a tower—the Bermingham Tower—the only relic of antiquity, and the only suggestion of a Castle.

Politically, the Castle is the Executive, and the Executive consists of the Lord Lieutenant, the Chief Secretary, and the Under Secretary. The Chief Secretary, who is generally in the English Cabinet, is really the captain of the ship, as the late Sir William Harcourt, who revelled in nautical phraseology, might have said. The Lord Lieutenant, who, as a

rule, is not in the English Cabinet, wears the insignia of command, but only signs the log. The Under Secretary is the man at the wheel. . . .

From 1841 to 1846 Peel, the Prime Minister, practically dominated the Administration. These were the Repeal years, and the country was in a state of crisis all the time. Peel took the wheel himself, and Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, "stood by." Lord Clarendon (1847-1852) was one of the few Viceroys who was a real force in the Government. He was, in fact as well as in name, the head of the Administration. The next strong man was General Sir Thomas Larcom, who was Under-Secretary between 1853 and 1868. In his day the Government was compendiously described as Larcom and the police. It was said :—

"Ireland is governed by a Colonel of Engineers. In the departments, Carlisle [Lord Lieutenant], does the dancing, Horsman [Chief Secretary], the hunting, and Larcom the work."

Mr. Burke was Under-Secretary between 1869 and 1882, and naturally during so long a period of service exercised a commanding influence in the Administration. Lord Spencer was also a real Governor. Sir Edward Sullivan was Solicitor-General (1865-1866), Attorney-General (1866-1869), Master of the Rolls (1869-1883), and Lord Chancellor (1883-1885). I have been informed by one who knew what he was talking about, that no person exercised more authority in the Administration of Ireland, in his day, than this able lawyer.

How often has the Attorney-General of the day, on his way to the Courts, dropped in to the Castle, to see if all is going well. How often, too, does the Lord Chancellor on his way back call to discuss high politics with the Under-Secretary or Assistant Under-Secretary.

"Do you mean to say," I asked one whose evidence on the point cannot be disregarded, "that the Lord Chancellor and the Law Officers go to the Castle, as part of their daily business, to discuss questions of Administration?"

"Unquestionably," he answered. "In fact these things are common knowledge."

I now come to the question, Who practically appoints the Irish Executive? The answer is—The Prime Minister of England, who, as I have before said, may defy, and often does defy the public opinion of Ireland. He appoints the Lord Lieutenant. He appoints the Chief Secretary. He appoints the Lord Chancellor, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General.

—Dublin Castle and the Irish People.

Richard Barry O'Brien in "Dublin Castle and the Irish People" attempted to answer the question "Who (or what) rules Ireland?" This book was described at the time by the "Manchester Guardian" as "an able and almost complete account of the amazing system under which Ireland is governed."

# POLITICAL CARTOONS.

Political cartoons were extremely popular in the 19th and early 20th centuries. The illustrated supplements to *United Ireland*, the *Weekly Freeman*, the *Weekly Irish Times* and other journals were eagerly awaited and often carefully preserved in Irish homes. The gifted artists of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic* and *Vanity Fair*, caught something of manner and expression in prominent political figures which brought them to life, just as people saw them in their prime.

*Punch* was savagely hostile to Irish nationality in all its forms for at least half a century. "It did not really help the cause of Unionism to portray Fenians and Land Leaguers with baboon-like faces," commented the *Spectator*. Sometimes, however, though very rarely, Mr. *Punch* could be generous, as in his "Address to Daniel O'Connell, Esq." (1843):

"If ever a man had an excuse for saying hard things, you had it, if ever a people had cause to be angry, it is yours; if ever the winning party could afford to be generous, I think we might be now; for we have won the rubber, and of what consequence is the stake to us? Though we may lock you up; yet for the life of me I can't see what good we can get out of you. Nevertheless, have no more of that talk of bullying John Bull. Keep the boys quiet, and tell them they can't do it. It's no use trying, we won't be beaten by the likes of you. But we have done you wrong, and we want to see you righted, and as sure as justice lives, righted you shall be."



JOHN EDWARD REDMOND, M.P.

(From *Vanity Fair*.)

A CARTOON BY LESLIE WARD ("Spy").



# Sinn Féin

SINN FÉIN

105 Vol 3 New Series.] [No 297 Old Series.] DUBLIN, FEBRUARY 3rd. 1912. Regd Irish Trade Mark No. 0421 [PRICE ONE PENNY]

## ARTHUR GRIFFITH'S NEWSPAPERS

**T**HE United Irishman" was founded and edited 1890-1906 by Arthur Griffith. Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty says: "The paper gave the movement expression, . . . and was very soon in touch with every club and every convinced separatist in Ireland." Griffith wrote most of the issues single-handed for a time, and even partly set them up in type. It was several times suppressed, and was wound up after a libel action. Griffith resumed it as "Sinn Féin" (1906-1914), which summarised the work of the National Council of Sinn Féin, the Gaelic League, the Gaelic Athletic Association, the Irish Industrial Development Association, "and all other bodies the object of which is the recreation of an Irish Ireland." "Sinn Féin" was suppressed on December 2nd, 1914. Griffith replaced it within a few days with "Scissors and Paste" (suppressed in February, 1915), "Nationality" (1915-17 and 1917-19), and "Young Ireland" (1919-21).

DOUGLAS HYDE (1892)

**W**HEN we speak of "The Necessity for De-Anglicising the Irish Nation," we mean it, not as a protest against imitating what is best in the English people, for that would be absurd, but rather to show the folly of neglecting what is Irish, and hastening to adopt, pell-mell, and indiscriminately, everything that is English, simply because it is English.

I shall endeavour to show that this failure of the Irish people in recent times has been largely brought about by the race diverging during this century from the right path, and ceasing to be Irish without becoming English. I shall attempt to show that with the bulk of the people this change took place quite recently, much more recently than most people imagine, and is, in fact, still going on. I should also like to call attention to the illogical position of men who drop their own language to speak English, of men who translate their euphonious Irish names into English monosyllables, of men who read English books, and know nothing about Gaelic literature, nevertheless protesting as a matter of sentiment that they hate the country which at every hand's turn they rush to imitate . . .

To say that Ireland has not prospered under English rule is simply a truism; all the world admits it, England does not deny it. But the English retort is ready. You have not prospered, they say, because you would not settle down contentedly, like the Scotch, and form part of the

## MAUD GONNE MAC BRIDE

*Photograph of Miss Maud Gonne (afterwards Madame Mac Bride), in her late twenties.*

Her memorable appearance in "The Countess Cathleen" and "Cathleen Ní Houlihan" by W. B. Yeats may be regarded as the beginning of the Irish Dramatic Movement. Her husband John Mac Bride was executed in 1916. *Photo.* [F. Czira]



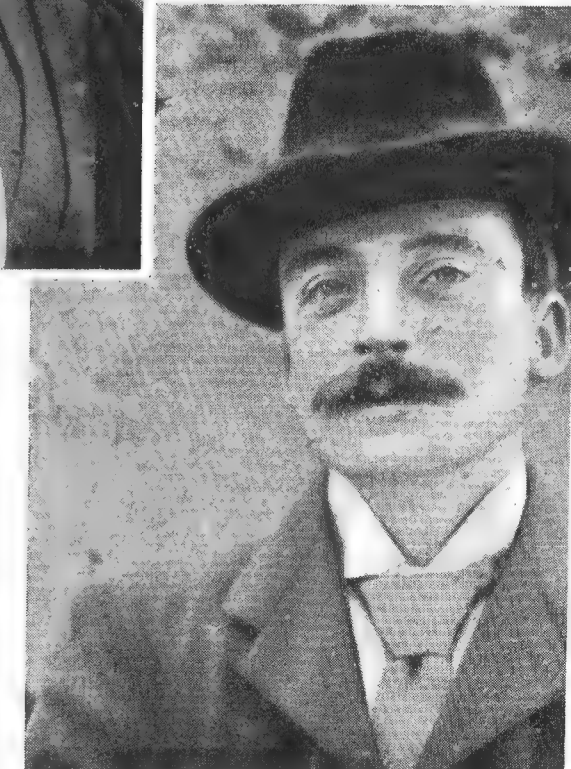
## ARTHUR GRIFFITH

*(Founder of Sinn Féin.)*

Editor of the "United Irishman" (1892-1906), "Sinn Féin" (1906-1912), "Nationality" 1915-1919, etc. Vice-President of the re-organised Sinn Féin movement 1917. Member of the Irish Republican Government (Dáil Éireann), 1919-1922. Chairman of the Irish Delegation which negotiated the Anglo-Irish Treaty, 1921.

*Photo.*

[F. Czira]



Empire. "Twenty years of good, resolute, grandfatherly government," said a well-known Englishman, will solve the Irish question. He possibly made the period too short, but let us suppose this. Let us suppose for a moment—which is impossible—that there were to arise a series of Cromwells in England for the space of one hundred years, able administrators of the Empire, careful rulers of Ireland, developing to the utmost our national resources, while they unremittingly stamped out every spark of national feeling, making Ireland a land of wealth and factories, while they extinguished every thought and every idea that was Irish, and left us, at last, after a hundred years of good government, fat, wealthy, and populous, but with all our characteristics gone, with every external that at present differentiates us from the English lost or dropped; all our Irish names of places and people turned into English names; the Irish language completely extinct; the O's and the Macs dropped; our Irish intonation changed, as far as possible by English school-masters, into something English; our history no longer remembered or taught; the names of our rebels and martyrs blotted out; our battlefields and traditions forgotten; the fact that we were not of Saxon origin dropped out of sight and memory, and let me now put the question—How many Irishmen are there who would purchase material prosperity at such a price? . . .

The bulk of the Irish race really live in the closest contact with the traditions of the past and the national life of nearly eighteen hundred years ago, until the beginning of this century. Not only so, but during the whole of the dark Penal times they produced amongst themselves a most vigorous literary development. The literary activity of even the eighteenth century among the Gaels was very great, not in the south alone, but also in Ulster—the number of poets it produced was something astonishing. . . . Every well-to-do farmer could read and write Irish, and many of them could understand even archaic Irish. I have myself heard persons reciting the poems of Donogha More O'Daly, Abbot of Boyle, in Roscommon, who died sixty years before Chaucer was born. . . . But it may be said, roughly speaking, that the ancient Gaelic civilisation died with O'Connell, largely, I am afraid, owing to his example and his neglect of inculcating the necessity of keeping alive racial customs, language, and traditions, in which with the one notable exception of our scholarly idealist, Smith O'Brien, he has been followed until a year ago by almost every leader of the Irish race.

When my father was a young boy in the county Leitrim, not far from Longford, he seldom heard the farm labourers and tenants speak anything but Irish amongst themselves. So much for Ulster and Leinster, but Connacht and Munster were until quite recently completely Gaelic. In fact, I may venture to say, that up to the beginning of the present century, neither man, woman, nor child of the Gaelic race, either of high blood or low blood, existed in Ireland who did not either speak Irish or understand it. But within the last ninety years we have, with an unparalleled frivolity, deliberately thrown away our birthright and Anglicised ourselves. . . . So much for the greatest stroke of all in our Anglicisation, the loss of our language. I have often heard people thank God that if the English gave

us nothing else they gave us at least their language. In this way they put a bold face upon the matter, and pretend that the Irish language is not worth knowing, and has no literature.

I have no hesitation at all in saying that every Irish-feeling Irishman, who hates the reproach of West-Britonism, should set himself to encourage the efforts which are being made to keep alive our once great national tongue. The losing of it is our greatest blow, and the sorest stroke that the rapid Anglicisation of Ireland has inflicted upon us. In order to de-Anglicise ourselves we must at once arrest the decay of the language.

*This is the famous lecture by Dr. Hyde to the National Literary Society which led directly to the foundation of the Gaelic League (1893).*

JOHN E. REDMOND (AUGUST 3, 1914)

I HOPE the House will not consider it improper on my part, in the grave circumstances in which we are assembled, if I intervene for a very few moments. I was moved a great deal by that sentence in the speech of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in which he said that the one bright spot in the situation was the changed feeling in Ireland. In past times when this Empire has been engaged in these terrible enterprises, it is true—it would be the utmost affectation and folly on my part to deny it—the sympathy of the Nationalists of Ireland, for reasons to be found deep down in the centuries of history, have been estranged from this country. Allow me to say that what has occurred in recent years has altered the situation completely. I must not touch, and I may be trusted not to touch, on any controversial topic. By this I may be allowed to say, that a wider knowledge of the real facts of Irish history have, I think, altered the views of the democracy of this country towards the Irish question, and to-day I honestly believe that the democracy of Ireland will turn with the utmost anxiety and sympathy to this country in every trial and every danger that may overtake it. There is a possibility, at any rate, of history repeating itself. The House will remember that in 1778, at the end of the disastrous American War, when it might, I think, truly be said that the military power of this country was almost at its lowest ebb, and when the shores of Ireland were threatened with foreign invasion, a body of 100,000 Irish Volunteers sprang into existence for the purpose of defending her shores. At first no Catholic—ah, how sad the reading of the history of those days is!—was allowed to be enrolled in that body of Volunteers, and yet, from the very first day the Catholics of the South and West subscribed money and sent it towards the arming of their Protestant fellow countrymen. Ideas widened as time went on, and finally the Catholics in the South were armed and enrolled as brothers in arms with their fellow countrymen of a different creed in the North. May history repeat itself. To-day there are in Ireland two large bodies of Volunteers. One of them sprang into existence in the North. Another has sprung into existence in the South. I say to the Government that

they may to-morrow withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland I say that the coast of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons, and for this purpose armed Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join arms with the armed Protestant Ulstermen in the North. Is it too much to hope that out of this situation there may spring a result which will be good not merely for the Empire, but good for the future welfare and integrity of the Irish nation? I ought to apologise for having intervened, but while Irishmen generally are in favour of peace, and would desire to save the democracy of this country from all the horrors of war, while we would make every possible sacrifice for that purpose, still if the dire necessity is forced upon this country we offer to the Government of the day that they may take their troops away, and that if it is allowed to us, in comradeship with our brethren in the North, we will ourselves defend the coasts of our country.

*The full text of his speech in the House of Commons, August 3rd, 1914, the day before Britain declared war on Germany.*

#### THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY (1915)

**T**HE following report of the Standing Committee was read by Mr Joseph Devlin, M.P., General Secretary, at the annual meeting of the National Directory of the United Irish League, held in the head office of the League, 30 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, 12th January, 1915, Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., presiding:—

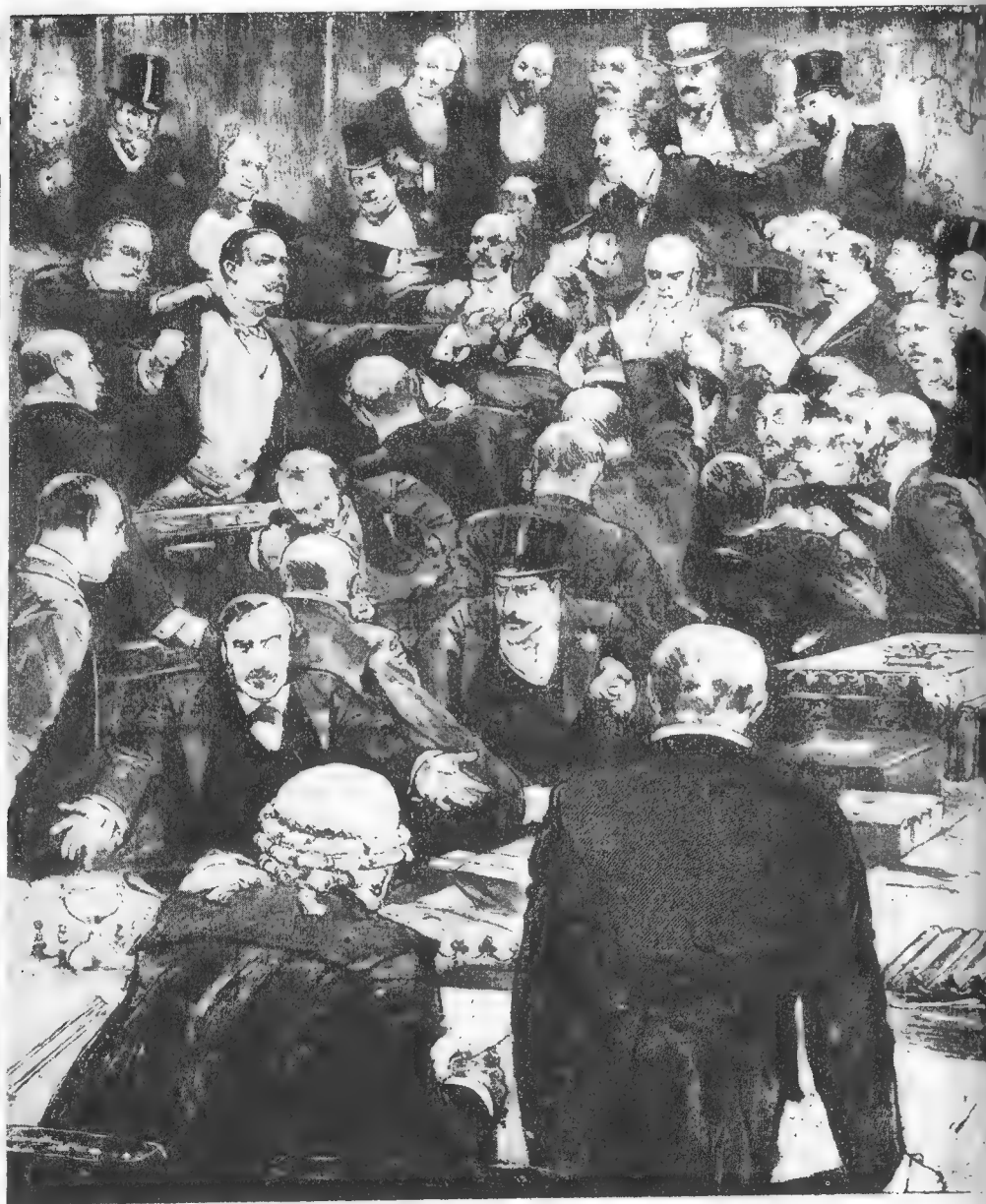
The annual meeting for the year just closed is held in presence of a great and epoch-making historical fact. That fact is that there has been placed upon the Statute Book an Act of Parliament making provision for the establishment in Ireland of an Irish Parliament, consisting of a Senate and a House of Commons, with a responsible Executive, for the management and control of purely Irish affairs. On the day the Royal Assent was given the Home Rule Act, the Act of Union of Pitt and Castlereagh was undone, the long and bitter and exhausting struggle for Irish national right was brought to a victorious issue, and a treaty of peace and friendship and goodwill was entered into between Ireland and the Empire. Ireland is no longer in the position of a province. The recognition of her distinct and separate nationality and of her right to national self-government is contained within the provisions of the Home Rule Act. . . . In last year's annual report the statement was made that, unless something very extraordinary happened, the Home Rule Bill would be the law of the land within six months' time, and that an Irish Parliament would be sitting in Dublin in the present year. . . .

The Home Rule Act represents not a "mere scrap of paper," but a solemn treaty between Ireland and Great Britain, the most far-reaching and important contract between the two countries since the Norman invasion. . . .

#### IRISH PARTY LEADERS IN AMERICA

JOHN REDMOND, JOHN  
DILLON, MICHAEL DAVITT  
WITH LEADERS OF THE  
UNITED IRISH LEAGUE OF  
AMERICA, BOSTON, 1903.





SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. UNIONIST PROTEST AGAINST THE SECOND HOME RULE BILL. (1893).

## FROM PARNELL TO THE RISING (1891-1916)

In 1886, and again in 1893, Home Rule Bills were introduced by Mr. Gladstone. The Bill of 1886 was defeated in the House of Commons. The Bill of 1893 passed the House of Commons, but was thrown out contemptuously by the House of Lords. The Bill of 1912, the greatest and best of the three, after passing three times through the House of Commons . . . became law under the provisions of the Parliament Act.

Beginning with the great Act of 1881, a series of Land Acts has been won which has revolutionised the Irish land system—the worst system with which any country was ever cursed. The system of tenantry at will and rack-renting was doomed when juridical tribunals set a fair rent as between landlord and tenant. . . .

John Redmond's pledge of unconditional Irish support to Great Britain and her Allies led to a split in the Irish Volunteers. The majority stood by Redmond; a minority, small but resolute, remained independent, opposed to recruiting and distrustful of British promises. The anticipation that a Home Rule Parliament would be sitting in Dublin in 1915 proved to be completely unfounded. Doubts were spreading as to whether the British Government really regarded the Home Rule Bill, now law but indefinitely suspended, as "a solemn treaty between Ireland and Great Britain." Meanwhile the revolutionary leaders had begun to plan and train for armed insurrection.

A. BIRRELL, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, 19TH MAY, 1916

THE spirit of what to-day is called Sinn Féinism is mainly composed of the old hatred and distrust of the British connection, always noticeable in all classes and in all places, varying in degree and finding different ways of expression, but always there, as the background of Irish politics and character. Dr. Newman on coming over to Dublin, as an English Catholic, in the very middle of the last century discovered it for himself, and he was amazed and disgusted at its virility and was very glad to get away from it. This dislike, hatred, disloyalty (so unintelligible to many Englishmen) is hard to define but easy to discern though incapable of exact measurement from year to year. You may assume it is always there and always dangerous. Reasons are often given for its persistency despite of efforts to obliterate it. Had Catholic emancipation accompanied the Act of Union, had Land Tenure Reform been ante-dated half a century, had the Protestant Church of Ireland been disestablished a little more to please the Irish people, and not so much to gratify the British Nonconformist, had the university question been earlier settled, it is possible, though not obvious, that this spirit of Sinn Féinism might by now have been exorcised. It has in point of fact been immensely weakened and restricted, and out of many Irish breasts it may perhaps have been removed altogether.

The last twenty years have worked transformation. The face of the country is changed. Self Government has been established in the counties on the most democratic plan and with the most democratic results ever devised or accomplished, even by Tories, and though the experiment was a risky one, it has on the whole succeeded. The Irish Local Government Board, though much exposed to criticism and coming in for a fair share of abuse, is essentially an Irish Board, and wholly outside what is called, often most uninstructedly, "the Castle influence." The Congested District Board, with enlarged statutory powers and a very considerable income, is



also essentially an Irish Board, and within its powers and within its income, supreme. "The Department," as it is called, of Agriculture and Technical Instruction is Irish in all its ways, quarrels, and pursuits. And yet, despite these things, and in the face of prosperity among the farmers, cottages for the labourers, and control over her most important affairs, no close observer of Ireland as a whole, during the last two years or so, could fail to notice that this Sinn Fein spirit was increasing.

For a number of years the Home Rule controversy, which seemed at last to be on its way to a Parliamentary solution, absorbed most of the energies of active politicians, whilst those who were out of real sympathy with a movement which seemed to them limited and unromantic, were content to allow the controversy to be conducted in Parliament by able leaders and to run its course, whilst they stayed at home and attended or at least supported the Gaelic League and other kindred and influential societies. This period was also marked by a genuine literary Irish Revival, in prose, poetry and the drama, which has produced remarkable books and plays and a school of acting, all characterised by originality and independence of thought and expression, quite divorced from any political party, and all tending towards, and feeding latent desires for, some kind of separate Irish national existence. It was a curious situation to watch, but there was nothing in it suggestive of revolt or rebellion except in the realm of thought. Indeed, it was quite the other way. The Abbey Theatre made merciless fun of mad political enterprises, and lashed with savage satire some historical aspects of the Irish Revolutionary. I was often amazed at the literary detachment and courage of the play-wright, the relentless audacity of the actors and actresses and the patience and comprehension of the audience. This new critical tone and temper noticeable everywhere, penetrating everything and influencing many minds in all ranks, whilst having its disintegrating effects upon old-fashioned political beliefs and worn-out controversial phrases, was the deadly foe of that wild sentimental passion which has once more led too many brave young fellows to a certain doom in the belief that in Ireland any Revolution is better than none. A little more time, and but for the outbreak of the war, this new critical temper would, in my belief, have finally prevailed, not, indeed, to destroy national sentiment (for that is immortal) but to kill by ridicule insensate revolt. But this was not to be.

There were a number of contributory causes which lately have created the utmost excitement of feeling among those ill-affected to constitutional methods and to increase their numbers. First: Growing doubts about the actual advent of Home Rule. If the Home Rule Bill had *not* been placed on the Statute Book there *must* have been both in Ireland and the United States a great and dangerous explosion of rage and disappointment, which when the war broke out would have assumed the most alarming proportions. In Ireland all (outside parts of Ulster) would have joined hands, whilst our reports from Washington tell us what the effect in America would have been. Still, even with Home Rule on the Statute Book the chance of its ever becoming a *fact* was so uncertain, the outstanding difficulty about Ulster was so obvious, and the details of the measure

misteabhar na gaeilge.

## THE GAELIC JOURNAL:

EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO THE PRESERVATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.  
FOUNDED, CONDUCTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE GAELIC UNION.AN CLÁIDEAM SOLUIS  
(THE GAELIC LEAGUE WEEKLY)

itself were so unattractive, and difficult to transmute into telling platform phrases, that *Home Rule* as an emotional flag fell out of daily use in current Irish life. People left off talking about it or waving it in the air. Second: But in Ireland, whenever constitutional and Parliamentary procedure cease to be of absorbing influence, other men, other methods, other thoughts, before somewhat harshly snubbed, come rapidly to the surface and secure attention, sympathy and support. The sneers of the O'Brienites, the daily "naggings" in the *Dublin Irish Independent*, also contributed to the partial eclipse of Home Rule, and this eclipse foretold danger. Third: The Ulster Rebellion, gun-running at Larne, the Covenant, the Provisional Government, and its members, its plan of warfare in Belfast, its armed Volunteers, and public drillings, and all the rest of the "pomp and circumstance" of Revolution, had the most prodigious effect upon disloyalists *elsewhere*. There was no anger with the Ulster Rebels: Catholic Ireland was very proud of them—"What they are allowed to do, we can do." This needs no elaboration from me. Fourth: Then came the war on the 4th August, 1914. This was the moment of the greatest risk. Nobody could foretell what would happen in Ireland, or what her attitude would be. It might easily have demanded 60,000

soldiers to keep her down. Mr. Redmond's spontaneous, patriotic, courageous, but British speech was a bold stroke, and bravely has it succeeded. One hundred and fifty thousand Irish Volunteer soldiers are fighting, as Irish soldiers know how to fight, on the side of Great Britain. To me it is marvellous. But there were in Ireland men and women who thought that Mr. Redmond had thrown away a great opportunity and that he should have struck a bargain with the Crown ere he consented to become a recruiting officer for it. These men were in a small minority. Ireland preserved an unbroken front with the rest of the United Kingdom and the Empire, and this she did to the bitter disappointment of Germany. But the minority were still there, and were shortly to be increased in numbers. Fifth: The Coalition Government with Sir Edward Carson in it! It is impossible to describe or ever-estimate the effect of this in Ireland. The fact that Mr. Redmond could, had he chosen to do so, have sat in the same Cabinet with Sir Edward Carson had no mollifying influence. If Mr. Redmond had consented he would, *eo instant*, have ceased to be an Irish leader. This step seemed to make an end of Home Rule and strengthened the Sinn Feiners enormously all over the country.—*Royal Commission on the Rebellion.*

Augustine Birrell (1855-1933), an accomplished writer and a lover of books, was Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and a member of the British Cabinet from 1907 to 1916. When he first held office it was anticipated that a Home Rule Government would soon be set up, and Birrell expected that he would be the last Chief Secretary. He resigned after the Rising of 1916.

The Royal Commission which was set up in 1916 was asked to enquire: (1) What system there was in force in Ireland to enable the officials to obtain information as to the movement which led to the present outbreak. (2) What information was obtained as to it. (3) To whom was that information communicated, and (4) What steps were taken upon the information received. The Commission concluded that "the Chief Secretary as the head of Your Majesty's Government in Ireland is primarily responsible for the situation that was allowed to arise and the outbreak that occurred."

#### SIR MATHEW NATHAN, UNDER SECRETARY FOR IRELAND (1916)

**T**HE insurrection in Ireland, which broke out in Dublin on the 24th April, 1916, was the work of the Irish Volunteers, the Citizen Army, and the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

The Irish Volunteers came into existence at the end of 1913, as an answer to the organisation of the Ulster Volunteers raised to resist the introduction of Home Rule into Ireland, and were at first under the control of a Provisional Committee, the majority of whose members were hostile to the Irish Parliamentary Party. Mr. Redmond, in June, 1914, demanded a reconstitution of the committee on representative lines, and suggested that 25 nominees of the Parliamentary Party should be added to the Provisional Committee. The Committee reluctantly agreed to this, but there is little doubt that the original members, who belonged to anti-British associations, not only dissented from Mr. Redmond's pronouncement on the war and in support of recruiting, but were determined to thwart him

Oglaigh na hEireann.

## ENROL UNDER THE GREEN FLAG.

Safeguard your rights and liberties (the few left you).

Secure more.

Help your Country to a place among the nations.

Give her a National Army to keep her there.

Get a gun and do your part.

JOIN THE

## IRISH VOLUNTEERS

(President: EOIN MAC NEILL).

The local Company drills at \_\_\_\_\_

Ireland shall no longer remain disarmed and impotent.

IRISH VOLUNTEER POSTER, 1914.

(From a copy in the National Library.)

in every way. Those anti-British associations were bodies like the Sinn Fein Society, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the Gaelic League, and the Gaelic Athletic Association.

On the eve of the Prime Minister's meeting of September 25th, 1914, in Dublin (where Mr. Redmond, spoke strongly in favour of recruiting), the members of the original Provisional Committee issued a manifesto attacking Mr. Redmond declaring that "Ireland cannot, with honour or safety, take part in foreign quarrels otherwise than through the free action of a National Government of her own"; and repudiating the claim of any man to offer up "the blood and lives of the sons of Irishmen and Irishwomen in the service of the British Empire, while no National Government, which could speak and act for the people of Ireland, is allowed to exist." The manifesto concluded by regretting that the absence of

Sir Roger Casement prevented his being a signatory. In a letter, dated 26th September, 1914, Mr. Redmond announced that owing to the publication of the Manifesto of the Minority he had taken steps to request the Majority of the Provisional Committee to meet and reorganise the Governing Body of the "National Volunteers," the name by which the loyal section was subsequently known as distinguished from the disloyal section or "Irish Volunteers." A Convention was accordingly held in Dublin on the 30th September, when a Provisional Committee was selected, with Mr. Redmond as President, for the future organisation and control of the National Volunteers. Of the numbers enrolled, previous to this split, viz. about 180,000, not more than about 11,000 adhered to the disloyal section of the original Provisional Committee, the vast bulk of the enrolled members declaring themselves loyal to Mr. Redmond and the Irish Parliamentary Party.

On the 25th October, 1914, a Convention of the Irish Volunteers, under the Presidency of Mr. John MacNeill, was held in Dublin, when the following declaration of their policy was adopted:—(1) To maintain the right and duty of the Irish nation henceforth to provide for its own defence by means of a permanent armed and trained Volunteer Force. (2) To unite the people of Ireland on the basis of Irish nationality and a common national interest; to maintain the integrity of the nation, and to resist with all our strength any measures tending to bring about or perpetuate disunion or the partition of our country. (3) To resist any attempt to force the men of Ireland into military service under any Government until a free National Government of Ireland is empowered by the Irish people themselves to deal with it. (4) To secure the abolition of the system of governing Ireland through Dublin Castle and the British Military power, and the establishment of a National Government in its place."

The Irish Republican Brotherhood was certainly in close communication with the Clan-na-Gael organisation in America, and received funds from them. Independently of this, the Irish Volunteers had from the outset funds at their disposal. Before the split between the National and Irish Volunteers considerable sums were coming from America and being paid into various banks in Dublin to the account of Mr. John MacNeill, President of the General Council and Executive Committee, and Mr. M. J. O'Rahilly, Treasurer, or to the joint account of these two gentlemen. Sums roughly amounting to £16,000, some in gold dollars, continued to be paid into the account of these two from the middle of September, 1914, to the following April, when the balances were withdrawn. After that, it was not found possible to trace the method of receipt in Ireland of the money coming from America, where a Defence of Ireland Fund was openly raised. In Ireland itself sums of money were passing through Mr. O'Rahilly's hands for the payment of arms. It was believed, however, that a large part of the funds available to the anti-British organisations was expended in the maintenance of the seditious newspapers and the circulation of seditious leaflets, and in the employment of organisers to travel over the country and win the people to join and drill with the Irish Volunteers, and become in their turn organisers of disaffection. . . .

The existence in any country of organised bodies of trained and armed men not under any control of Government, which in August, 1914, was a recognised state of affairs in Ireland, necessarily involves grave risks to the State. The idea put forward in the early days of the war that these Volunteers should come under control as part of the armed forces of the Crown for the defence of Ireland against a foreign enemy did not find favour with the Military Authorities, and while these Volunteers who would have accepted such control either enlisted in the Army or became inactive, the others turned from the Party hostility, which had brought them into existence, to a National hostility, which enhanced the danger they constituted to the Empire.

The declaration of policy of the Irish Volunteers was not in itself, having regard to what had gone before, such as to justify their suppression and when the increasing hostility due to various causes would have furnished such justification, there were other difficulties in the way of such a course which appeared insurmountable. Suppression meant, if not a complete disarmament, at any rate, strong coercive measures which to be effective would have had to go outside the Irish Volunteers and extend to the body from which they had seceded and were subsequently to some extent recruited. In the circumstances, especially if the Volunteers formed to resist Home Rule had been allowed to continue, nationalist opinion would have been completely alienated and with it that large body of Irish feeling which has been favourable to Great Britain in this war and since its commencement has sent some 55,000 Irish Catholics voluntarily to fight for the Empire and its allies.

As a matter of fact, there seems to have been a meeting of the leaders in Dublin on Saturday or Sunday, when it was decided (it is said by a majority of one) to start an insurrection on Easter Monday. Had information been obtained of this, the movable column would no doubt have been ordered at once from the Curragh—the first detachment arrived at 1.35 and the second at 2.45 p.m.—but whether this would have stopped the wild attempt is doubtful. Troops would have been concentrated earlier at the Castle, which it was reported had been the subject of mimic attacks in the course of Volunteer practices, but, even as circumstances were, the attack on the Castle was not pressed home and the actual concentration of troops there late in the day did not prevent the approaches being for some time commanded by the insurrectionists. Generally, the tactics which their numbers and armament forced them to adopt, while they made ultimate success hopeless, gave them mastery of the situation for some time, and would have done so had more troops been immediately available.

Concealed as much as possible in or on the top of these buildings they were able to inflict severe losses on the troops moving against them, and were only finally dislodged when an area was surrounded and the buildings in it destroyed, as in the attack of a hostile town. The only practical purpose such an insurrection could achieve was to retain a large number of troops in the city for a limited time, a valuable purpose if there had been a hostile force operating elsewhere in Ireland, but, in the actual

circumstances, entirely fruitless. It seems doubtful whether without a more complete knowledge of the details of the proposed attack than the Military Authorities could well have obtained from a study of the manoeuvres of the Volunteers and of the instructions printed in their official organ, these Authorities could have prepared an adequate scheme of defence, but it is regretted that there was not a strong guard on the Post Office.

Apart from its general ultimate futility, the planning and conduct of the insurrection showed greater organising power and more military skill than had been attributed to the Volunteers, and they also appear from all reports to have acted with greater courage. These things and the high character of some of the idealists who took part in the insurrection no doubt account for some of the sympathy which the beaten Volunteers have undoubtedly excited among a large—probably the larger part of the people of Dublin—and in many places in the country. There are also the deeper grounds of a passionate national feeling for Ireland and of a long hatred of England.—*Royal Commission on the Rebellion.*

#### PADRAIC MAC PÍARAIS (1915)

A SAEDEAL, DO HIARRAÐ ORM-SA LABAIRT INDIU AR SON A  
bhuil cruinnighe ar an látair so agus ar son a bhuil beo  
de Clannaib Saeéal, as molað an leomáin do leasamar  
i scé annso agus as sriosað meánman na scarað atá go bróna  
ina d'iair.

A cáirde, na bíod brón ar éinne atá ina seasaín as an uair so,  
aet bíod buirdeas asainn inár scroibéib do Dia na ngrás do  
cruaig anam uasal álainn Diarmuid Uí Donnabáin Rosa, agus  
tug ré fáda do ar an saogal so.

Da cáilma an fear tú, a Diarmuid. Is créan o'fearais cat ar  
son cirt do éine, is ní beas ar fuilings; agus ní déanfaid Saeéal  
dearmad ort go brát na breite.

Aet, a cáirde, na bíod brón orainn, aet bíod misneac inár  
scroibéib agus bíod neart inár scuisleannaib, óir cuinnigimis nac  
mbionn don bás ann nac mbionn aiséirge ina d'iair, agus surab as  
an uair so agus as na huasannaib atá inár dtimceall éireochas  
saoirse Saeéal.

#### PADRAIC PEARSE (1915)

IT has seemed right, before we turn away from this place in which we  
have laid the mortal remains of O'Donovan Rossa, that one among us  
should, in the name of all, speak the praise of that valiant man, and  
endeavour to formulate the thought and the hope that are in us as we  
stand around his grave. And if there is anything that makes it fitting  
that I rather than some other, I rather than one of the grey-haired men  
who were young with him and shared in his labour and in his suffering,  
should speak here, it is perhaps that I may be taken as speaking on behalf  
of a new generation that has been re-baptised in the Fenian faith, and that  
has accepted the responsibility of carrying out the Fenian programme.



THE HOWTH GUN-RUNNING, 1914.

Irish Volunteers marching from Howth after the Gun-running, 26 July, 1914. The  
untrained but earnest appearance of the men may be noted. The tall figure near the front,  
wearing a hat, is Lieut. Eamon de Valera.  
[Photo F. Czira]



I propose to you then that, here by the grave of this unconquered and unconquerable man, we ask of God, each one for himself, such unshakable purpose, such high and gallant courage, such unbreakable strength of soul as belonged to O'Donovan Rossa.

Deliberately here we avow ourselves, as he avowed himself in the dock, Irishmen of one allegiance only. We of the Irish Volunteers, and you others who are associated with us in to-day's task and duty, are bound together and must stand together henceforth in brotherly union for the achievement of the freedom of Ireland. And we know only one definition of freedom: it is Tone's definition, it is Mitchel's definition, it is Rossa's definition. Let no man blaspheme the cause that the dead generations of Ireland served by giving it any other name and definition than their name and their definition.

We stand at Rossa's grave not in sadness but rather in exaltation of spirit that it has been given to us to come thus into so close a communion with that brave and splendid Gael. . .

In a closer spiritual communion with him now than ever before or perhaps ever again, in spiritual communion with those of his day, living and dead, who suffered with him in English prisons, in communion of spirit too with our own dear comrades who suffer in English prisons to-day, and speaking on their behalf as well as our own, we pledge to Ireland our love, and we pledge to English rule in Ireland our hate. This is a place of peace, sacred to the dead, where men should speak with all charity and with all restraint; but I hold it a Christian thing, as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression, and, hating them, to strive to overthrow them. Our foes are strong and wise and wary; but, strong and wise and wary as they are, they cannot undo the miracles of God who ripens in the hearts of young men the seeds sown by the young men of a former generation. And the seeds sown by the young men of '65 and '67 are coming to their miraculous ripening to-day. Rulers and Defenders of Realms had need to be wary if they would guard against such processes. Life springs from death; and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations. The Defenders of this Realm have worked well in secret and in the open. They think that they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have foreseen everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools!—they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.—*Graveside Panegyric on O'Donovan Rossa.*

Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa (1831-1915), one of the earliest members of the Fenian organisation, business manager of "The Irish People," sentenced to imprisonment for life (1865), was released eight years later and went to America. He was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, on 1st August, 1915, the funeral having been organised by the I.R.B. and the Irish Volunteers. Pearse's oration was prophetic of the Rising of 1916, then in preparation. An eye-witness writes: "For some moments after Mr. Pearse had finished there was an intense, an all-pervading silence, then we who stand subdued in the home of Death gave forth round after round of cheers which surely must have gladdened the spirits of Rossa and his colleagues, O'Mahony, Stephens and O'Leary, who lie so near." Sean Macgadhra.)

## CHAPTER VI.

*The Ulster Problem*

FROM time immemorial there have been at least four provinces in Ireland, the most northerly of which is Ulster. . . . Generally speaking, its rulers played an important part in the history of Ireland. —*The Ulster Year Book, 1926 (Belfast, Government of Northern Ireland).*

I decided some time ago that if the G.O.M. [Gladstone] went for Home Rule the Orange card would be the one to play.

—*Lord Randolph Churchill, February 16th, 1886.*

On and after the appointed day there shall be in Ireland an Irish Parliament. . . .

SIR EDWARD CARSON: I beg leave to move in Sub-sect. (1), after the word "Ireland" to insert the words "except in the province of Ulster."

MR. SPEAKER: If the Amendment is carried it might be necessary to insert a definition of "Ulster."

—*The Third Home Rule Bill, Report Stage in the House of Commons, January 1st, 1913.*

Sir John sent for us at 1 o'clock. . . . Directly after, all Commanders-in-Chief and Divisional Commanders came into the Chief of the Imperial General Staff's room and told us that the Army was unanimous in its determination not to fight Ulster. This is superb.

—*Major-General Sir Henry Wilson: Diaries, March 23rd, 1914 (Director of Military Operations at the War Office, 1910-14, C.I.G.S., 1918-21).*

THOMAS MACKNIGHT (1898)

I WAS going to Ireland and to Ulster at a remarkable time [1866]. The Fenian organisation was believed to be growing in strength. Mr. James Stephens was represented, and indeed represented himself, as the head of a great conspiracy which involved the whole country in a network, and which was supposed to be ready when the signal should be given to appeal openly to arms. Ireland was not thought to be the most agreeable country for an Englishman, devoted to the peace and the unity of the kingdom and the empire, to enter upon the duties of a public in-

structor. Five years before, indeed, when my predecessor in the same journalistic enterprise, Mr. F. H. Hill, went to Belfast, a friend, as I was afterwards informed, presented him in a spirit of commiseration with a revolver. It was thought to be the most suitable gift for one going to be an Irish editor.

Since that time the country could scarcely be said to have in all respects improved. The termination of the war between the Northern and Southern States of the great Republic had let loose a number of restless spirits who had acquired military training and habits of adventure during the four years the American civil contest may be said to have continued, and some of those who had taken a part in defence of the union of the North American States were eager to do what they could to bring about a disruption of the United Kingdom by force of arms.

Thus, on the last day of January, 1866, when I crossed over by mail packet, the *Connaught*, from Holyhead to Kingstown, there were many elements of uncertainty in the immediate political future. The public mind had been deeply moved by the high-handed proceedings of Governor Eyre in Jamaica. The loss of the Australian steamer *London*, with the tragedian G. V. Brooke, was the subject of conversation among the passengers who watched the Irish mail steamer ploughing her way in the direction of the high hill of Howth, which gradually rose like a dark cloud from the waves. On arriving at the Westland Row Station in Dublin, I found that there was no train in conjunction with the Irish mail going that evening direct from Dublin to Belfast and the North of Ireland. This shortcoming has since been somewhat tardily remedied. It was my first experience of the Irish railway organisation, in which the accommodation of the public has not often been so much considered as it ought to be. In this respect during the last quarter of a century there has been some improvement; but there is still much that is desirable to be done. At that time, there were three separate companies working the line between Dublin and Belfast. The next morning as I made the journey between what may now be considered the two Irish capitals, I was astonished at the number of times passengers were asked to show their tickets. The three lines have now been amalgamated into what is called the Great Northern Railway; but until recently it could scarcely be said that either the travelling public or the shareholders reaped all the benefit of this amalgamation.

The air was bitterly cold and the snow was lying in drifts upon the ground. But the sun was shining brightly on that morning of the 1st of February, and as the train sped northward the landscape gradually improved. It began to show signs of energetic industry, of busy and prosperous life such as are painfully wanting amid the much more romantic scenery of the South and West. Linen was bleaching, rivalling the snow heaps in whiteness, and contrasting with the bright green of the fields. Mill after mill was passed. As we came nearer and nearer Belfast the indications of work and progress increased.

The train stopped for five minutes at Portadown. "Ah!" said a tall and solemn clergyman who had entered. "there was bad work here. Have



THE "IRISH BORDER."

The above photograph illustrates the Boundary line (shown by a black-and-white strip) between the two divisions of Ireland which were established by the British Act of 1920. The "line" runs through a house which is partly in the County of Cavan and partly in the County of Fermanagh. The dog is standing partly in "Southern Ireland" and partly in "Northern Ireland"—two descriptions, both novel and arbitrary, which were given to the "Twenty-Six Counties" and the "Six Counties" respectively by the British Government and Legislature in 1920.

Only in the extreme north-eastern corner of Ireland (omitted from the map on this page), including the city of Belfast and its immediate vicinity—an area little more than one-third of the "Six Counties" and one-sixteenth of All Ireland—could a solid bloc of Unionist population be found to afford a pretext for Partition, or to lend colour to Lloyd George's sudden "discovery" that Ireland consisted of "two nations."



you ever read Fox's *Book of Martyrs*?" I intimated that I had glanced over the work, but had not read it.

"Every Protestant ought to read it," was the sententious reply.

"How do you know that I am a Protestant?"

"I did not say you were," said my companion laughing, "all I said was that every Protestant ought to read Fox's *Book of Martyrs*."

"Perhaps I may not agree with you. It may be as well not to keep alive memories of evil deeds, when they foster religious animosities."

"Ah, I see, you are a Liberal. I am not ashamed to say that I am a Conservative and even an Orangeman."

"There are many Orangemen in the North of Ireland?"

"Yes, the bone and sinew of the people, sir."

"You are a gentleman of strong convictions."

"Very. We have strong convictions in the North of Ireland."

There was a pause of some ten minutes' duration. My companion then again suddenly addressed me:

"You seem a stranger here?"

"I am."

"Are you interested in the education controversy?"

"As it applies to the North of Ireland?"

"Of course as it applies to the North of Ireland."

"I have always understood that the national system worked very well on a non-sectarian basis."

"You have always understood so, have you, sir? You have been entirely misinformed. The Irish national system has never worked very well. How could it? It is an abnegation of God."

"I thought religion was allowed to be taught at certain hours and under certain restrictions in the national schools——"

"Yes, sir, at certain hours and under certain restrictions; that is what I complain of, and what the members of the Church Education Society complain of. Religion ought not to be taught only at certain hours and under certain restrictions. God is everywhere. His religion ought to be taught everywhere. An open Bible, sir, or nothing." "But," said my companion, checking himself, "I am not going to inflict upon you the speech I shall soon deliver in the Victoria Hall. Come and hear us if you like."

"I am afraid that I shall not be able. I have heard the Queen's College of Belfast well spoken of."

"I have nothing to say against the Queen's College. I cannot say that I approve altogether of the system, but the Roman Catholic Bishops have condemned the Queen's University, and I therefore, suppose, there must be some good in it."

"They say what you say of the national schools, that the education given in the Queen's Colleges is godless."

"Then I suppose it may not be so godless after all." The reverend gentleman laughed and added, "If you stay in Belfast for any time, you will hear a good deal about the education question. The Irish General Assembly is about to meet to discuss the question with especial reference

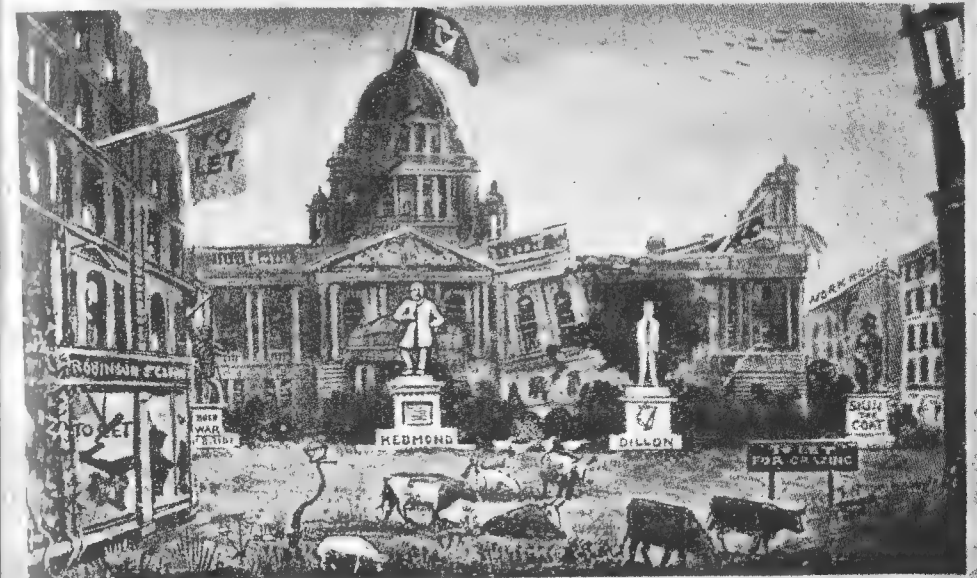
## Political Prophecy in Ireland.

WHAT THE UNION WAS TO DO IN DUBLIN, AND WHAT HOME RULE IS TO DO IN BELFAST.

"I," said Henry Grattan, "you cannot argue with a political prophet; you can only disbelieve him." — Grattan's reply to Castlereagh.



DUBLIN AFTER THE UNION. UNION STREET, LATE COLLEGE GREEN.  
Showing Daly's famous Club House, moss-grown and ivy-clad, and cow-sheds built within the portico of the Old Parliament House.  
"You will have grass growing in College Green after the Union," cried an anti-Unionist. "We'll all live in CLOVER THEN," retorted a flippant follower of Pitt.  
From a prophetic cartoon, published in Dublin, and dated May, 1799, now in the National Gallery of Ireland.



BELFAST AFTER HOME RULE. DONEGALL PLACE IN RUINS.  
The line graze along cratified busy Donegall Place. Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver's palatial warehouse falls into ruin, and the stately City Hall, like the cranium of H. J. Byron's cabin boy, is "cracked and won't shut to again."  
From the Picture Post Card published by Messrs. W. & G. Baird, Ltd., Belfast.

to the threatened changes by a Government acting as the tools of the Romanist Bishops."

In passing Lurgan there were several fine bleaching greens glistening in the morning sun. "This town," said my clerical companion, "was all but destroyed in the rebellion of 1641. That was a frightful time. It showed what Popery can do."

"But," I ventured to state, "Edmund Burke always maintained that the rebellion of 1641 had been provoked by almost unbearable tyranny."

"Oh, did he?" replied my reverend friend. "Well, he knew nothing at all on the subject." Then after a pause he added, "I am sorry to say that the present Lord Lurgan is a Liberal. So is Lord Dufferin, who ought to know better. It is a pity." We left Moira behind and soon afterwards approached Lisburn.

"This town too," said my fellow passenger, "was destroyed in the rebellion of 1641. The Huguenots who were driven out of France when the Edict of Nantes was revoked did much for the linen trade of Lisburn. You can yet see the tombstones of these Huguenots who were obliged to leave their native country. This will show you what the Roman Catholics are."

"It seems to me that in Ireland you have good memories."

"Yes, sir, we have. We forget nothing."

"Would it not be better sometimes to forget?"

"Not at all under such circumstances. Macaulay says: 'A people which takes no pride in the achievement of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants.' I have often quoted the sentence at our Twelfth of July meetings."

"But Macaulay was a Liberal, and I think he added some qualifying words."

"Such qualifications are of little consequence, but here we are in Belfast."

The train was now slowing, and steaming into a somewhat dingy station.

"Good-bye, sir," said my clerical informant, descending from the carriage,

"I hope we shall meet again."

"Thanks, goodbye."

During the visit Sir Walter Scott paid to Ireland in the summer of 1825, Mr. Lockhart wrote to his wife: "Belfast is a thriving, bustling place surrounded with smart villas, much like a second-rate English town." Since that time the town had steadily increased in population, wealth and industry. I had passed through it on an excursion a few years before, and was then struck with the contrast it afforded to most of the Irish cities I had seen. The handsome square in which the White Linen Hall is situated, Donegall Place, and High Street gave a very pleasing impression. The villas on both sides of the Lough, which has been compared, though perhaps not quite accurately, with the Lake of Geneva, and the promenade on the bank of the harbour by the side of the Queen's Island, which has since been covered with extensive shipbuilding yards, could not but please a stranger. During the forty-one years which had gone since Sir Walter Scott's visit, Belfast had become less of an Irish town, and more and more



RIOTS IN BELFAST (1886). POLICE CHARGING AN ORANGE MOB.  
(FROM *The Illustrated London News*.)

an English one. It could not now justly be considered to resemble a second-rate English town. It will bear favourable comparison with some first-rate English towns. For a great manufacturing centre it is singularly free from smoke, and has nothing of the depressing character of most large manufacturing places in Great Britain. Though its situation is low, it has to its left large hills which rise to the dignity of mountains, and across a river to the right is the undulating County of Down, which is far from being deficient in picturesqueness. Times have changed since Schomberg rode out of Belfast to meet King William at the White House, which was the solitary one between the then small town—almost a village—of Belfast and the larger Carrickfergus, with its Castle, which has seen such remarkable vicissitudes.

Round the White House there are many flourishing villas; the whole way indeed between Belfast and Carrickfergus is studded with villages and pleasant dwellings.

To people who knew the manufacturing towns of what is called the Black Country, and even of Lancashire, not excepting in some respects Liverpool and Manchester, the first appearance of Belfast a quarter of a century ago was more than prepossessing. It was in some degree a sur-



prise. In more recent years, as the town, now a city, has extended, Royal Avenue has been made, through what was a very wretched district of old houses, and nearly every house and shop in High Street have been rebuilt without much regularity, but in a gay and even fantastic style, of which the effect is agreeable. Scottish excursionists come over on their holidays in large numbers to Belfast, and especially from Glasgow. In the early morning hours when the steamboats arrive, I have often witnessed the astonishment of some of these visitors as they first entered High Street from the quay. "Belfast is very much like Glasgow, maun," I have often heard said, as well as in some instances the rejoinder "I think it looks finer."

At the census taken in 1841 the population numbered seventy thousand and twenty years later a hundred and twenty thousand. It is now nearly three hundred thousand without including the large number of inhabitants outside the city boundaries, which have not been recently extended as they are soon to be. Belfast is in fact very much like what Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow were in the year 1848, when Macaulay published the first two volumes of his history and dwelt with so much satisfaction on the astounding progress of the large British towns independently of London.

The valuation, which for years was steadily gaining upon that of Dublin, has now surpassed it. Belfast can boast of having the premier valuation in Ireland. It has increased by three hundred thousand pounds during a quarter of a century. Some two thousand five hundred new houses are now built every year. The sum collected by the Customs Department in 1892 amounted to more than two millions and a quarter. This is a larger return than not only any other Irish port can show, but more than any other port of the United Kingdom, except Liverpool and London. The Customs and Inland Revenue Departments together collected in the same year three millions two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This fact requires to be thoroughly understood.

At the time I made my acquaintanceship with Belfast, the linen trade showed signs of depression. That trade, regarded as the staple trade of commercial and manufacturing Ulster, had been excessively stimulated during the war between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union, when the cotton mills of Lancashire were unable to procure to any satisfactory extent the raw material of their industry. Merchants and tradesmen with capital at their command in this emergency threw themselves into the linen business. New mills were erected to meet the enormous demand for linen goods when cotton could not be procured, and Belfast advanced in prosperity at a rapidly increasing ratio. With, however, the return of peace between the Northern and Southern States of North America, the cotton industry revived, and as a consequence the demand for linen decreased. The Ulster mills were then thought to be too numerous for the ordinary demand. Many of them were turned into limited liability companies. All of them for a long time suffered from over-production.

It was the custom to say, "We have all our eggs in one basket." In recent years these words are no longer applicable. Linen is not the only



product of Ulster generally, nor of Belfast particularly. The energy and enterprise of the merchants and manufacturers have found other spheres of activity. The growing prosperity of Belfast is now established on a sounder, because a broader basis, than when it was thought to depend almost exclusively on the linen trade.—*Ulster as it is*.

*Thomas MacKnight (1829-1899), an Englishman, was the author of the fullest and possibly the best life of Edmund Burke (three vols. 1858-1860). He was a Liberal, and advocated a drastic reform of the Irish Land system, although he was opposed to Home Rule. He edited the "Northern Whig" (Belfast), one of the oldest newspapers in Ireland, from 1866 to 1898.*

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#### BELFAST RIOTS COMMISSION (1886).

**T**HE Warrant in the first place charges us with the duty of inquiring into the origin and circumstances and the causes of the continuance of the riots and disturbances which disgraced Belfast, in the months of June, July, August and September, 1886, and which, up to the time of our holding the inquiry, had caused a loss of at least twenty-nine lives, and a destruction of property, direct and indirect, which one witness estimated at £90,000, but the exact amount of which is at present impossible to calculate.

Belfast is a great manufacturing town, which in progress and wealth enjoys a foremost place among the centres of population of the United Kingdom. Its population in 1881, according to the Census returns was, 208,122, and since that time has probably increased to about 230,000. It has an area of 6,805 acres, and a valuation of £604,537. The town is, in its present proportions, of very recent growth, and the result is that the poorer classes, instead of as in other countries, occupying tenements in large houses, reside mainly in separate cottages or small houses. The western district of Belfast is covered with these small dwellings of the artisan and labourer; and this district was the main theatre of the riots of 1886.

The extremity to which party and religious feeling has grown in Belfast is shown strikingly by the fact that the people of the artisan and labouring class, disregarding the ordinary considerations of convenience, dwell to a large extent in separate quarters, each of which is almost entirely given up to persons of one particular faith, and the boundaries of which are sharply defined. In the district of West Belfast, the great thoroughfare of Shankhill-road, with the network of streets running into it, and the side streets connecting those lateral branches, is an almost purely Protestant district; and the parties referred to in the evidence as "the Shankhill mob" are a Protestant mob. The great Catholic quarter is due south of the Shankhill district, and consists of the thoroughfare known as the Falls-road, and the streets running south of it; and the parties referred to in the testimony before us as "the Falls-road mob" are therefore a Catholic mob. Due south of the Falls district is Grosvenor-street;

almost entirely inhabited by Protestants, so that the Catholic quarter lies between two Protestant districts. The Shankhill-road and Falls-road are both largely inhabited by shopkeepers who supply the wants of the population, and whose houses are sometimes large and comfortable. The streets running off these thoroughfares consist of long rows of cottages of artisans and labourers. The great points of danger to the peace of the town are open spaces in the border land between the two quarters; and two of those spaces—the Brickfields and Springfields—will be found to have been the theatres of some of the worst scenes of the riots.

The great number of working people who dwell in the districts we have described are, at ordinary times, a most peaceable and industrious community. But unfortunately a spirit has grown up among those people, which has resulted in that, on three previous occasions within the last thirty years, in 1857, 1864, and 1872, the town was the scene of disturbances and long-continued riots. . . .

The month of June, 1886, opened in Belfast upon a condition of great excitement and high party feeling. The Home Rule Bill was then before Parliament; and the measure evoked strong feeling in Belfast. The Catholics, as a body, supported the Bill. The Protestants, as a body, regarded it with hostility. The result was that this apparently political question evoked the spirit of sectarian animosity. A general election was regarded as inevitable; and in one of the Divisions of Belfast, parties were so evenly balanced, that a keen and close contest was certain. . . .

We now report to your Excellency that the origin of the riots and disturbances into which we have been directed to inquire may be traced to the unfortunate combination of the following circumstances: The strong political feeling generally prevailing in Belfast; the feverish excitement produced by the General Election in December, 1885, followed in January by the change of Ministry, together with the sudden and unexpected advance of the Home Rule question; The agitation for and against Home Rule, and the preparations for another General Election, which were carried on from January to July with great earnestness by both political parties; On the 3rd June, the Blakely and Murphy incident, trivial in itself, but a spark in the midst of combustible material; On the 4th June, the scandalous outrage committed by a section of the anti-Home Rule party on the Alexandra Dock labourers, causing the death of the young lad, Curran; On Sunday, 6th June, the demonstration and wanton rioting by a section of the Home Rule party, on the occasion of Curran's funeral; At the critical period prior to this, the want of effective preparation by any of the authorities in Belfast to anticipate these and like emergencies; the neglect to call together the borough magistracy, especially as the temporary absence of the Mayor only rendered the necessity for their meeting more imperative; On Monday, 7th June, the ill-advised display of a small force of both military and police at The Queen's Island yard; Lastly, the order issued on this date that a number of the police should carry their rifles and side arms when on duty in the streets of Belfast, an order which appears to have been contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter of the constabulary code, and which, in our opinion, whilst it certainly

impaired the efficiency of the police force, may have tended greatly to increase the excitement and restless distrust already stirred up in the anti-Home Rule party.—*To the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.*

\* \* \* \* \*

SIR EDWARD CARSON (1912)

**W**E who are Unionists believe first and foremost that the Act of Union is required—in the words, made familiar to us by the Book of Common Prayer—"for the safety, honour and welfare of our Sovereign and his dominions." We are not concerned with the supposed taint which marred the passing of that Act; we are unmoved by the fact that its terms have undergone considerable modification. We do not believe in the plenary inspiration of any Act of Parliament. It is not possible for the living needs of two prosperous countries to be bound indefinitely by the "dead hand" of an ancient statute, but we maintain that geographical and economic reasons make a legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland necessary for the interests of both. We see, as Irish Ministers saw in 1800, that there can be no permanent resting place between complete Union and total separation. We know that Irish Nationalists have not only proclaimed separatist principles, but that they have received separatist money, on the understanding that they would not oppose a movement to destroy whatever restrictions and safeguards the Imperial Parliament might impose upon an Irish Government.

The first law of nature with nations and governments, as with individuals, is self-preservation. It was the vital interests of national defence that caused Pitt to undertake the difficult and thankless task of creating the legislative union. If that union was necessary for the salvation of England and the foundation of the British Empire, it is assuredly no less necessary for the continued security of the one and the maintenance and prestige of the other. . . .

If there were no other arguments against Home Rule, the paramount necessities of Imperial defence would demand the maintenance of the Union. But the opposition to the proposed revolution in Ireland is based not only on the considerations of Imperial safety, but also on those of national honour. It was the existence of a separate Parliament in Dublin that made Ireland, for so many centuries, alike a menace to English liberty and the victim of English reprisals. Miss A. E. Murray has pointed out that experience seemed to show to British statesmen that Irish prosperity was dangerous to English liberty. It was the absence of direct authority over Ireland which made England so nervously anxious to restrict Irish resources in every direction in which they might, even indirectly, interfere with the growth of English power. Irish industries were penalised and crippled, not from any innate perversity on the part of English statesmen, not from any deliberate desire to ruin Ireland, but as a natural consequence of exclusion from the Union under the economic policy of the age. The very poverty of Ireland, as expressed in the lowness of Irish wages, was a



SIR EDWARD CARSON.  
(From *Vanity Fair*.)



SIR EDWARD CARSON ON HIS WAY TO SIGN THE ULSTER COVENANT IN BELFAST CITY HALL, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1912.

convenient and perfectly justifiable argument for exclusion. Mr. Amery shows that the Protestant settlers of Ulster were penalised even more severely than the intriguing Irish chieftains against whom they were primarily directed. . . .

It is perhaps necessary to point out again that the Roman Catholic Church is a political, as well as a religious, institution, and to remind Englishmen that it is by the first law of its being an intolerant and aggressive organisation. All Protestants in Ireland feel deep respect for much of the work which is carried on by the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. They gladly acknowledge the influence of its priesthood in maintaining and upholding the traditional morality and purity of the Irish race. They venerate the memories of those brave Irish priests who defied persecution in order to bring succour to their flocks in time of need. But they are

## THE ULSTER PROBLEM

bound to deal with the present political situation as they find it. They are determined that no Church, however admirable, and no creed, however lofty, should be forced upon them against their wills.

*The above passages are selected from an essay by Carson in a collection of papers by leading members of the British Unionist Party (1912). It is a reasoned, and even temperate, defence of the case for British ascendancy and Imperial interests in Ireland, and differs considerably in tone from some of his impassioned harangues also quoted in this chapter.*

\* \* \* \* \*

THE TIMES, September, 1912

YOU will never hear an Irishman say, "I am going to Leinster," or "I am leaving Munster." Neither is the word Ulster used in this sort of connexion. Even the Northern Unionist speaks of his home as being in Antrim or in Down, in Armagh or in Londonderry, as the case may be; and it is only when you engage with him in political conversation that he lets you know how proud he is to be an Ulsterman. Then you know that he is thinking about Home Rule. Thus the meaning of the word has become, for all practical intents and purposes, merely political. It is therefore really irrelevant for Home Rulers to point out that the county of Donegal, which is in the historical province of Ulster, returns four Nationalist members to Parliament, and that there are numbers of Nationalist electors in Antrim, Down, and Derry. The term has come to connote, for reasons of general convenience and by mutual consent, the driving force of Protestant opposition to Nationalist aims; and to say that one is an Ulsterman is just to say that one will not have Home Rule at any price.

To speak for myself—I have never, for instance, been able to remark anything un-Irish in the look of Ulster, or even in the look of its industrial districts. These mountains around Belfast seem to me to convey the whole spirit of Celtic legend. Coming up from Dublin by train on Tuesday, we had long ago crossed the border line and were still amid a scenery that I would call the finest in Ireland, because the most typically Irish. We reached Portadown, whose view of the Pope is a traditional subject for Nationalist jests; we saw chalked up in great letters on the walls the words "No Surrender, 1690."; and I remembered that it was September and that we were in Ulster. We passed other towns of industrial consequence, yet the landscape continued to be Irish: Belfast itself in its outward aspect seems to me, as it has always seemed to me, as Irish a town as Cork, or Waterford, or Limerick. Only, unlike these towns, it has experienced and turned to account the industrial revolution. But it has their ready-made look, their want of historical atmosphere. In the streets, despite all evidences of prosperity, I am always a little disappointed. I must always go outside the town and see it in perspective from its magnificent surroundings to realize that the place has permanent greatness.

The mental outlook of the Protestants of Ulster, poor and rich, differs, however, not only from the mental outlook of the Irish Roman Catholics;



it differs from that of the Southern Protestants. I feel this very strongly when I talk about the actual political situation to prominent Unionist leaders in this town. They do not argue about Home Rule, which, indeed, since everything has been said on the subject that can be said, has ceased to be a matter for argument. They keep to the facts, which they state lucidly and directly. And they make you share their simple conviction that their policy is the fact of facts in the situation. These are the two things which they chiefly wish to impress upon the inquirer: first, that there is complete unity among the Protestants of Ulster: secondly, that the movement which will finally declare itself on Ulster Day this month is of an absolutely spontaneous and democratic character. That is to say they come directly to the points which should chiefly interest their visitors. At this time of day the question of the strength and nature of Ulster's resistance to Home Rule is far more important than the question of its cause and origin.

The enemies of the Union in Belfast aver that there can be no permanent alliance between the Conservatives, the old Liberals, and the Orangemen of Ulster; and, indeed, the position may well seem incredible to Nationalists, in whose ranks fissures appear at the slightest provocation. That an alliance between these various elements, which socially and psychologically must have often little enough in common, exists and prospers is, however, only another of the indubitable if strange "facts" presented by Ulster. It is true that there are a great number of Northern Unionists who could not by any manner of means be induced to enrol themselves in an Orange organization. Such Unionists dislike to hear the present movement described as Orangeism. There are farmers who look down upon Orangemen because the local lodge is usually composed of their labourers. This no more prevents the labourers from linking with the farmers against Home Rule than it prevents the farmers, descendants of the old Tenant-Righters, from linking with the landlords in the same cause. The Orange hand in the Belfast factory is at one with his Conservative or Liberal Unionist employer on this subject, whilst some big employers, such as Mr. George Clark, of Messrs. Workman and Clark, are themselves Orangemen. Mr. Joseph Devlin is right to think that Ulstermen are democrats; only the argument whereby he concludes that democrats must be potential Irish Nationalists is not yet clear to his fellow-citizens outside the Falls-road district. . . .

I have been particularly anxious to ascertain what kind of opinion the active Northern Unionists hold of the comparatively passive Unionists of the Southern provinces. It is an interesting point, on which little enough has hitherto been said. The Unionists here, both leaders and men of the rank and file, when asked what they think of the Loyalists in the South, always reply that they think well of these latter, who no doubt are doing the best they can in the circumstances. "But," they add, "this [meaning the actual movement of resistance] is Ulster's matter." I remarked to the secretary of a small Unionist club near Belfast that the Northern Protestants were perhaps in their attitude and impulses what is known as Colonial, whereas you seldom or never found the Colonial type among the descen-



## Ulster's Solemn League and Covenant.

**B**eing convinced in our consciences that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster as well as of the whole of Ireland, subversive of our civil and religious freedom, destructive of our citizenship and perilous to the unity of the Empire, we, whose names are underwritten, men of Ulster, loyal subjects of His Gracious Majesty King George V., humbly relying on the God whom our fathers in days of stress and trial confidently trusted, do hereby pledge ourselves in solemn Covenant throughout this our time of threatened calamity to stand by one another in defending for ourselves and our children our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom and in using all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland. ¶ And in the event of such a Parliament being forced upon us we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognise its authority. ¶ In sure confidence that God will defend the right we hereto subscribe our names. ¶ And further, we individually declare that we have not already signed this Covenant.

The above was signed by me at  
"Ulster Day," Saturday, 28th September, 1912.

God Save the King.

dants of the English settlers in the South and West of Ireland, or even in Dublin. The idea appeared to gratify him, and he developed it by saying that Colonials were energetic, confident people who, except in moments of crisis, cared little or nothing for politics. This indeed is the continual theme of the members of the Unionist clubs of the North. The Ulsterman is not by instinct a politician. Only on the question of Home Rule has he yet been truly roused. One accounts thus for the unity of the movement. I am meeting a few Protestants in Belfast who may with reservations be called Home Rulers; these are the only people here who care for argument on political subjects for the sake of argument, and even these are agreed that the official policy of Ulster is the right policy from the Unionist point of view. Southern Unionists are naturally in sympathy with Ulster's policy, in so far as it has been disclosed, and in so far as they want to kill the Home Rule Bill. At the same time, they are keenly aware that there is a difference in temperament between themselves and their allies. The Southerner, for instance, has a dread of making himself seem ridiculous, which the Northerner does not share. The Northerner's lack of this feeling gives him the advantage in a crisis like the present. Again, the Northerner often fails to realize that historical circumstances and native surroundings have made the Southern Unionist's view of Irish life necessarily somewhat different from his own.

We are now not far from Ulster Day and the opening at Enniskillen of the great programme of loyalist demonstrations. Meanwhile everything is quiet in Belfast. The winter season has begun, and the clubs in the town and neighbourhood meet every second night, and the stranger is always welcome to watch the members drill and march. I was present yesterday evening at a meeting of the Fortwilliam Club, and was particularly struck by its friendly and democratic spirit. About 40 or 50 men were out, mostly skilled artisans earning about £2 a week. Of the seriousness of these people one could have no doubt. At the same time, the temper of the Belfast crowd is for the present good-humoured and anything but provocative, and this is what the leaders of the movement desire. The quiet is born of confidence in success. Two Constabulary men accompanied the club on its march, but their services were not required. It was amusing to watch the face of the sergeant who surveyed the proceedings in the drill-yard. The man was a Roman Catholic from Mayo, but he took the most sympathetic interest in everything that happened. He had telephoned about the band, and hoped it might come in time; he conversed with the secretary, and let the men joke with him about their possible and less pleasant relations in the future.

At the Unionist headquarters in the old City Hall the same good temper and cheerfulness prevail. Here are situated the offices of the Unionist Council and of the Unionist Clubs' organization. The secretaries greet all visitors gladly, but no secrets of policy are divulged. Not until the meeting of the Ulster Unionist Council on 23rd September at Belfast will the actual terms of the Covenant be made known. Meanwhile the work at headquarters is very heavy. A glance at the big map of Ulster shows how rapidly the Unionists' arrangements are being strengthened.



MAP OF IRELAND, PARTITIONED AREA SHADED (1921).

Map showing the area (shaded) described as "Northern Ireland" in the British Government of Ireland [Partition] Act of 1920. The Province of Ulster, as delineated in every map showing the counties published from the 17th century to 1921, comprises the Nine Counties of Donegal, Derry (at first "Coleraine"), Antrim, Down, Armagh, Monaghan, Fermanagh, and Cavan. Each of the Five Counties, Donegal, Monaghan, Fermanagh, Tyrone, and Cavan returned a majority of Nationalist representatives in every Parliamentary election held from 1885 to 1921.



WINSTON CHURCHILL IN BELFAST, FEBRUARY, 1912.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, came to Belfast in 1912 to address a Home Rule meeting in the Ulster Hall. Permission to use the Hall was refused by the Municipal Council, but the meeting was held in Belfast Celtic Football Grounds. Strong indignation was expressed by Unionists, and, as Mr. Churchill drove out of Belfast through thousands of hostile Orangemen, his car was at one time "poised on the rear wheels." "It seemed to me," wrote an observer, "that Mr. Churchill was running a graver risk than ever he had expected. But he never flinched, and no harm befell him."

H. H. ASQUITH, JANUARY 1ST, 1913

**W**HAT is Ulster? I have here a very useful map in which Ulster is coloured. By looking at that map, I see that, dividing Ulster according to its representation—leaving population for the moment—between those who are in favour and those who are against Home Rule, the whole of the North-West, the whole of the South, the larger part of the middle—by the middle I mean the County of Tyrone—are almost unanimously in favour of Home Rule. That is a geographical fact; there can be no dispute about it whatever. Under this Amendment the whole of Donegal, which returns a united Nationalist representation, the whole of Tyrone, of which three divisions as compared with one return a repre-

sentation in favour of Home Rule, the whole of Monaghan and Cavan, part of Fermanagh, part of Armagh, and part of Down, although they have a preponderatingly Nationalist population and are represented in this House by Members in favour of Home Rule, would be excluded from the benefit of the Home Rule Bill. That cannot be disputed. It is not disputed by the right hon. Gentleman. In point of fact, as was clearly indicated in Committee, there are only two counties in Ulster which return a uniform Unionist representation— Londonderry and Antrim.

If you look at the population, how does the matter stand? In what I will call, for convenience and brevity, Unionist Ulster—that is, the part represented in this House by Unionist Members—the population is, roughly speaking, 690,000 Protestants, 270,000 Roman Catholics. On the other hand, if you look at Home Rule Ulster, that part which is represented here by Nationalists or Members in favour of Home Rule, the Roman Catholics, there are 436,000, and Protestants, 194,000. If you take the province of Ulster as a whole, roughly speaking—I do not pretend to precise mathematical accuracy—there are in it nine Protestants to seven Catholics. Anxious and most anxious as he may be to conciliate all reasonable opposition, and above all, to give such effect as he can to whatever is reasonable, to whatever can be given effect to in the apprehensions and susceptibilities of Protestant Ulster—how is it possible, in the face of figures such as these, for anyone who accepts the principle of this Bill, to justify the exclusion of the whole province of Ulster from the operation of the Bill. . . . It is indeed, as I have said, a claim which I do not think you will find the people of Great Britain will ever recognise.

—Report Stage of the Third Home Rule Bill.

Herbert Henry Asquith, 1st Earl of Oxford and Asquith (1852-1928) Prime Minister, 1908-16, speaking in the House of Commons.

\* \* \* \* \*

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. P. CROZIER (1932)

**T**HE Ulster Volunteer Force, commanded by a retired Lieut.-General (Sir George Richardson), who received emoluments for his work, possessed a staff presided over by Colonel Hackett Pain, and was divided into territorial regiments on the county plan which were, in turn, possessed of battalions, according to population. Almost every male Protestant capable of bearing arms had enlisted. In densely populated Belfast four regiments were formed in the four Parliamentary constituencies—north, south, east and west—each with their allotted strength of battalions, and, in addition, a Special Service Section of shock troops, attested men, in uniform. The Belfast U.V.F. district itself was commanded by a retired colonel (Colonel Couchman) who also received pay from U.V.F. funds, with a staff officer to assist him as well as a retired colour-sergeant for his office and four retired regular officers (of whom I was one) to organize the regiments, supervise the drill and generally assist the local commanders who were mostly business men with much to do in

the daytime, but who, nevertheless, invariably put in many extra hours of work in carrying out their volunteer duties.

I had had no time to study the tactical situation in Belfast, much less the various problems of race, religion, prejudice, bigotry, opposition attitude of the British army to us, or the military value of "Carson's army" itself as an entity, as I had had to become my own commander, second-in-command, drill instructor, quartermaster, clerk, everything in fact save medical officer, not excluding provost marshal, for the lure of liquor and the fumes from the many public-houses on the Shankill Road used to play havoc with my parade states. . . .

Meanwhile, while Brigadier-General Hubert Gough and his officers at the Curragh had "mutinied" in their refusal to march on Ulster for her coercion and Colonel Seely, the War Minister, had handled the whole situation in the most incompetent manner possible—from the military point of view (I know nothing about the political minds of those times), we were in a state of siege at Craigavon where the U.V.F. headquarters staff and certain political leaders, including Lords Londonderry and Castlereagh (the present peer), Charles Craig, M.P., and, for a brief space, F. E. Smith, sheltered from the storm.

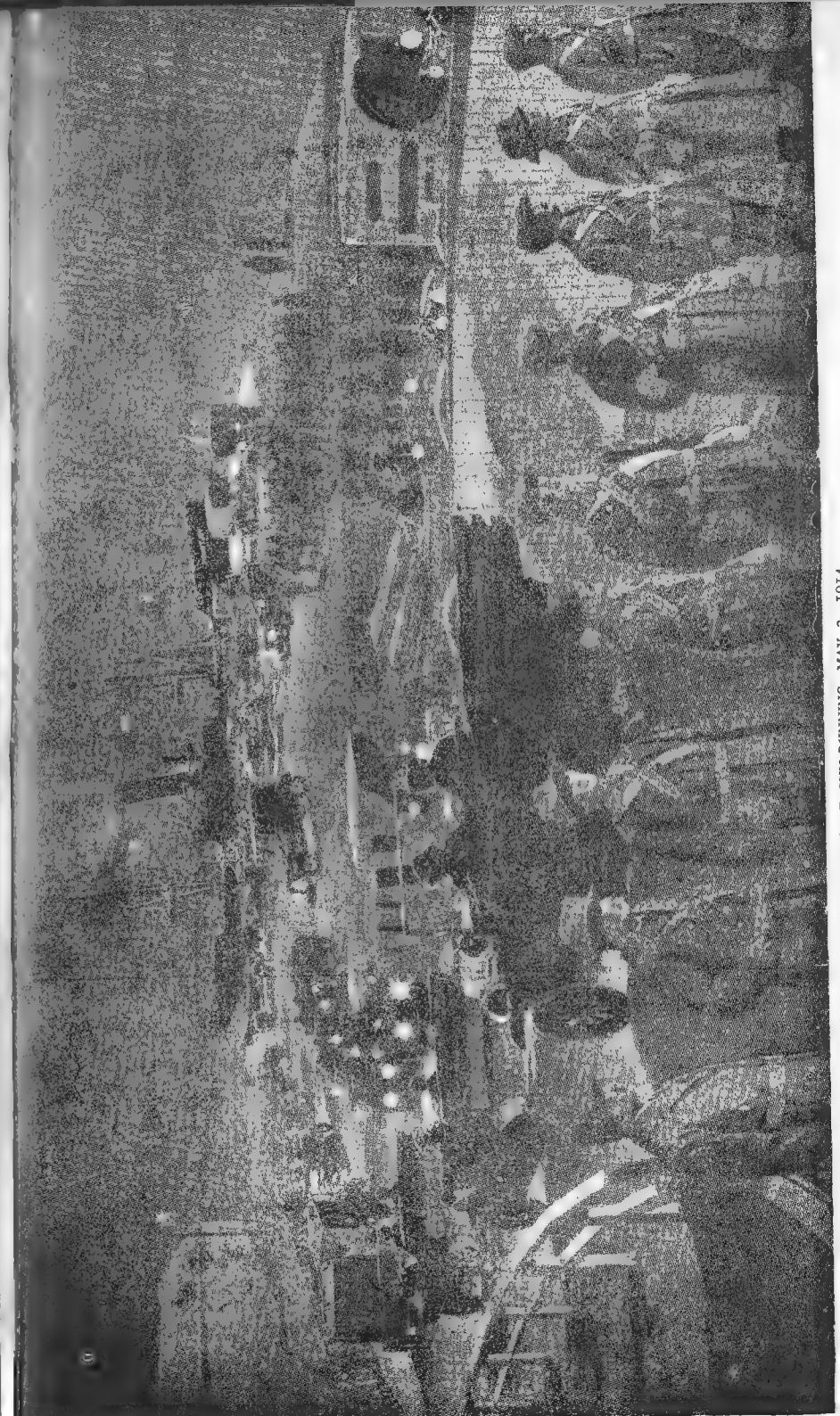
We were kept in news from the Curragh by certain people at the Sand's soldiers' home, and eventually a War Office-cum-Cabinet-cum-political representative of the Government, in the person of Major-General Nevil Macready, walked on to the stage as his actor father had so often done before in many distinguished and well-played parts.

I had constantly been brought into close touch with Sir Edward Carson and Captain James Craig during the two weeks' sojourn at Craigavon and had formed the opinion that if the U.V.F. military hierarchy (at the very top) had had a little of the tenacity, courage and acumen of the two political leaders, things might have been better. As it was, saved by their chief "Q" man, Captain W. Spender (now Lieut.-Col. Sir W. Spender), chief of the Civil Service of Northern Ireland, they lived in daily dread of arrest, forfeiture of pensions or assassination. Cold feet like cold ice keep down the temperature. In Belfast, in March, '14, we required a reserve of red rags.

While carrying out ordinary military routine at Craigavon my precise target began to emerge from a sea of uncertainty. Conversations with the leaders, attentive sittings at the feet of the gods and mixing with other military men from the counties helped to fix a point of view—the task was becoming clarified.

The coming into force of Home Rule appeared inevitable; all that could be hoped for was some form of exclusion for Ulster compatible with local Irish requirements of an ultimate United Ireland under some scheme of local autonomy and general co-ordination. In their heart of hearts Ulster leaders thought in these terms, while a few saw power, pomp and a local parliament falling at their feet and only waiting to be picked up.

A great meeting of military leaders of the "rebel" army having been arranged to be held in secret, it afforded me great interest to watch the various types as they stood round the billiard table in the huge billiard



THE LARNE GUN-RUNNING, MAY 2, 1914.  
(From *The Illustrated London News*.)



room at Craigavon catching each word as it fell from the lips of Sir Edward Carson. The efficient if verbose Captain Ricardo (later a brigadier in France), the childlike but polite Smylie, once a lancer and now a lost politician, Charles Craig, soldier-like although a civilian and practical though a member of parliament, Bob Wallace of the Orange-men, a typical Harrovian of the jovial school, various dug-out regulars and well dug-in time servers, they all stood round lapping up the words of wisdom. . .

Enquiry had satisfied me that the British Army stationed in Belfast was, on the whole, sympathetically disposed towards us, while the Protestant portion of the police could be relied upon to surrender their barracks and submit.

The military commander of the British army in Ulster, Count Gleichen, an honorary member of the Ulster Club and a frequent visitor at the country homes of the "nobility and gentry", favoured our fortunes, but, as a soldier, he would do his duty to the best of his ability. . . .

One of the best kept military secrets concerning operations was consummated on April 25th, 1914, when the whole of the U.V.F. was mobilized for an unknown task (so as to bamboozle the authorities and "tie down" troops and police) on that night, to cover the landing of arms and ammunition in the s.s. *Fanny* at Larne and Bangor (County Down) while the police in Belfast were kept busy arguing the point with Colonel Couchman about opening the hatches of a mysterious collier in the harbour which was thought to contain rifles but turned out to be carrying coal.

The smuggled arms and ammunition were distributed throughout the North by motor convoy under the nose of the authorities, the Royal Navy watching the harbours, the army and the R.I.C. having heard of Lord Nelson's blind eye to say nothing of his telescope. The co-operation of the Crown Forces with us convinced us that on the day of "test" they would stand aside—a very bad thing for discipline, but, alas, politicians never hesitate to risk morale for their own selfish ends. . . .

Later, after the gun-running operations had been completed the news leaked out in certain hostile circumstances that a representative from Buckingham Palace had been closeted with the G.O.C., U.V.F., during the night of that performance. This was true, but it was not realized that the official in question was acting on his own authority and without His Majesty's knowledge. Still it was a most regrettable incident which drew unnecessary odium on the Crown.

A grand march through Belfast of the four regiments, fixed bayonets and colours flying and the Lieutenant-General at our head; the smuggling of tens of thousands of rounds of S.A.A. (Small Arms Ammunition) into Belfast through the customs with the knowledge of the German government and the connivance of a local Protestant official (in the dawn of each morning I waited round the corner with a hundred men lest the police should seize the "butter") and finally the "disciplining" of the Nationalists in the shipyards and factories, and an unwise utterance to the effect that the rule of the Kaiser would be preferable to the rule of the Pope, induced the former to risk his all to test that pious phrase, and thus on August 4th, 1914, the sword fell, but, although the service of every able-bodied man was required for the defence of the land it was not till a month later, after Mr. Bonar Law had wrung an undertaking in writing from



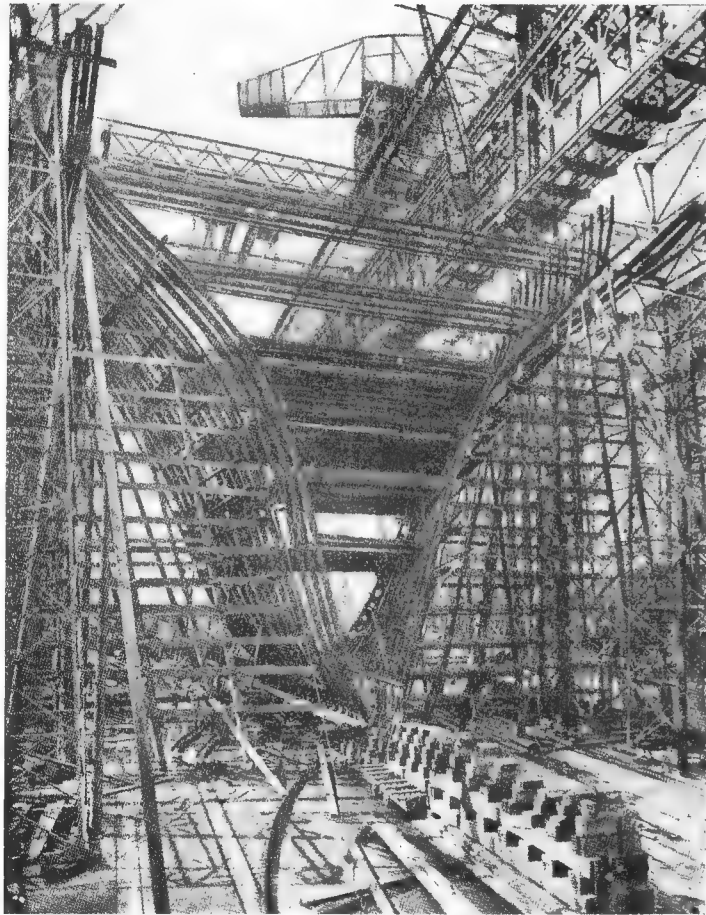
Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, to the effect that four counties would be excluded from the Irish Parliament (the Home Rule Bill having received the Royal assent thereon becoming law, concurrently with an act suspending its operation till after the war) that the Ulster Volunteer Force was placed at the service of the Crown by Sir Edward Carson.

The raising of the Ulster Volunteer Force by Sir Edward Carson, the signing of the Covenant by Ulstermen (sometimes in their own blood—they perhaps would rather it had been the blood of the Papists!), the gun-running and the distribution of the proceeds from Germany (the mausers were shipped from there and transhipped to another vessel at sea) without interference, the "legal" illegal drilling, the known fact that Sir Edward Carson had actually drawn up a proclamation heralding in the Provisional Government, and the knowledge that the King's representative without His Majesty's knowledge had actually been present at the gun-running, led to an inevitable result . . . the raising of the National Volunteers in the South, under the nominal leadership of Mr. Redmond.

Men cannot usefully drill without arms or kill without ammunition (which may be anything from a "kidney" from the pavement to a gas cloud) still less can *esprit de corps*, morale and recruiting be maintained without equipment, uniform and lip service, to say nothing of propaganda. So the Nationalists drilled and ran guns into Howth with this difference: in Ulster the Volunteer movement had the blessing of the army, the navy, the police, the Protestant churches, the ruling class and "gentry"; in the South the volunteering was opposed by the same forces. The former, dubbed "loyal" by the people who mattered, the latter dubbed "disloyal" by those who cut little ice at the time outside the division lobbies of Westminster, stood for two trains of thought as divergent as are the poles, and, alas, owed their peculiar positions, largely, to a misunderstanding of the task—the common task—of mankind.—Ireland forever.

Brigadier-General F. Perry Crozier (1879-1937), an Irishman, served in the British Army, and, after retiring, took an active part, as he tells in his reminiscences quoted above, in the organisation of the Ulster Volunteers. He rejoined the army in 1914, commanded a brigade in France, and was military adviser to the Lithuanian Government in 1919. He was appointed Commander of the Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C. in August, 1919, but disapproved of the methods which the force was encouraged to employ, and resigned in February, 1921.

EOIN MACNEILL (1922)



A BELFAST SHIPYARD.

[R. J. Welch.

*Here is a richer beauty than you know  
Among the willow-meadows, where you flow . . .  
The hooting sirens call ; the rattling winch  
Shrieks as it lifts its load slow inch by inch  
With anguish and with sweating, till at last  
Armoured, athrob with power from keel to mast,  
Alive and wonderful, the Ship shall slide  
Down the steep ways, and float upon your tide.*

—RICHARD ROWLEY : *The Lagan.*

I SPEAK as an Ulsterman, if you please, but that makes me no less an Irishman. There are those who do not agree with me. In more than one section of Ireland they still talk about "the Outlanders of Ulster." There are folk who look upon the Black North as a diseased limb which should be cut off from the Irish social body. But the actual method proposed is as illogical as the wearing of a spiked bracelet in the case of a diseased hand. A mere artificial barrier—the most the proposed Boundary Commission could accomplish—would be no remedy if the limb were actually diseased. But, heart and soul, I am opposed to this theory of a diseased limb.

Let an Ulster Outlander speak for that part of Ireland from which he comes. Here in Dublin there seems to be no question that I am an Irishman. Am I then an Outlander when I am among my kith and kin in the North-East? Or if my claim to be Irish is graciously conceded, must I believe that my father and mother, my brothers and sisters down in the North are not of my nationality?

It is significant to note that the Boundary Commission was proposed by the English Government. Incidentally, the Ulster Government has flatly announced that it will pay no attention to the Commission's findings. Once again history repeats itself. It was not so long ago—in 1886—that Lord Randolph Churchill made a special expedition to Ulster to assure the stalwarts of high state sympathy in England. It was then he produced the memorable phrase, "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right"—in resisting the contemplated law laid down by the British Government.

But let us assure Sir James Craig that Southern Ireland has no intention of cutting the country in two. We don't intend to do it, even if England believes it to be the one sure way of preventing a united Ireland. That is the spirit of the people of Southern Ireland. What of the people of Ulster?

Why, the glens of Antrim from Glenarm to Ballycastle, and the whole mountainous district at their back, are more Nationalist than County Dublin. The Ulster Unionist, even, is not the demon incarnate of anti-Nationalism that some raw Southerners imagine. It is a pity I am not at liberty to name business men and farmers whose confidence I have shared in trips through Ulster. Their reason for insisting I spare them publicity is self-evident. . . .

In Ulster England has spared no pains to foster the feeling that the Ulster Unionist is a full-blooded Teuton and his Catholic neighbour a full-blooded Celt. She has taught both to adopt the notion that Celt and Teuton are as oil and water. But if we take the Celt to mean the race inhabiting Britain and Ireland before the Saxon and Norse invasions, and Teuton to mean the subsequent immigrants, it is absolutely certain that the descendants of the Ulster Planters are vastly more Celt than the Catholic Nationalists of a great part of Leinster. . . . It is not a fact of race but an illusion of race, that makes Ulster Unionists pro-British and anti-Irish.

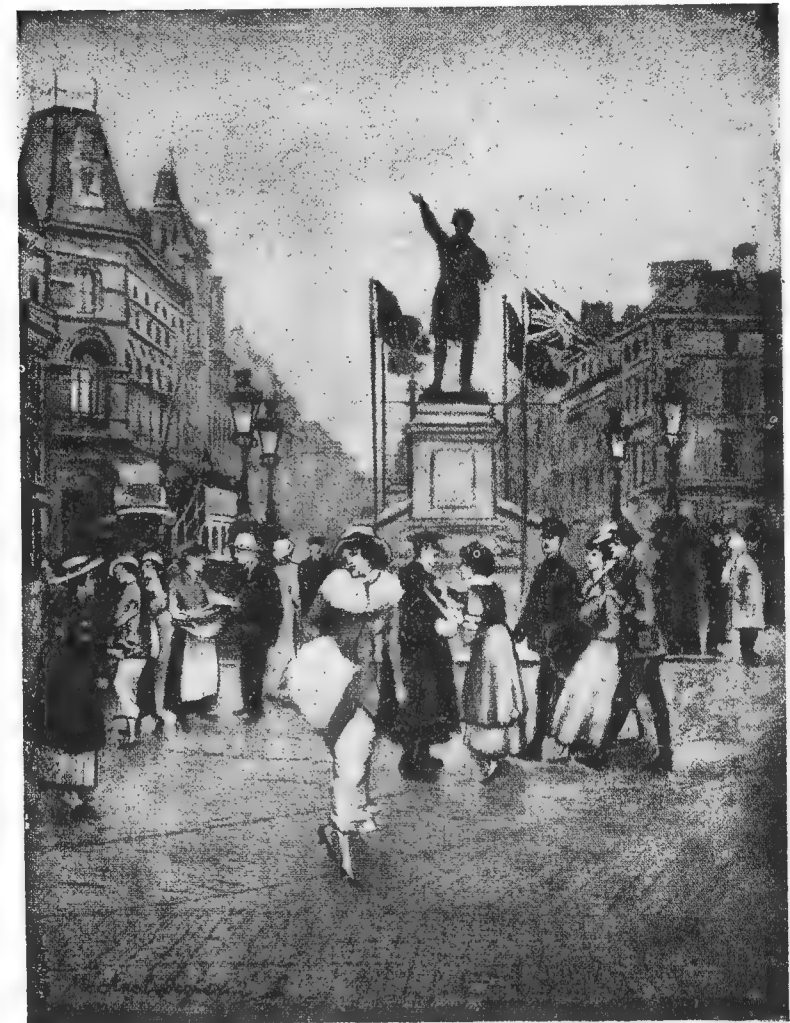
It is a common delusion in the South of Ireland that the Planters were all English. The fact is they were mainly Scotch. The Old-Irish Ulsterman is hardly less grave, sedate, unresponsive, taciturn, laconic, keen at a bargain, tenacious of his own, critical towards others, than the typical Ulster Presbyterian. Nor is either variety a whit more un-Irish in qualities of this kind than the Catholic Nationalist, the "absorbed" semi-Norseman of *Fine Gall*. Is it not ridiculous to exact uniformity of type from all parts of a nation?

There are not two Irish nations. A foreign faction—it is the happy phrase of an Ulster Presbyterian, John Mitchel—is a familiar feature in many a national history. We have in the Irish nation today a foreign faction. . . . The Nationalist trend in Protestant Ulster reached its extreme point of intensity in the period of the United Irishmen. The English Government became greatly alarmed at the rapid growth of a national bond of union between the Old-Irish Catholics and the Protestants of British descent. Catholics and Protestants alike enrolled themselves in great numbers in the United Irishmen. England accordingly took steps to work up religious animosities in Ulster, and with great success . . .

This policy of England's has been continued with short interruptions ever since. In 1886 the English Government withdrew the whole authority of the Empire and all the forces of law and order for a period of many weeks from a riotous quarter of Belfast—establishing then the precedent which Sir James Craig adopted in 1920—on a vastly larger scale. . . . The fostering of religious feuds in Ireland by England is as much a part of the solid and irrefragable facts of history that it is surprising to find it not so universally recognised. The Catholics, as a rule, have been too ready to walk into the snare, the Catholic mob habitually ready to play into the hands of these skilful manipulators. I wish I could say only the mob was responsible for the creation of the Ulster difficulty. Unfortunately, representative Catholics and Nationalists have been largely contributory to the intensity of anti-Nationalism in parts of Ulster. They have furnished precisely the evidences required to prove that Ireland is a hopelessly divided country.

But is there no other policy towards the Ulster Unionists except to revile and disown them? Suppose we Nationalists begin by putting our house in order, by calling off our dog? Suppose we declare every man who uses anti-Protestant cries to be the worst enemy of his country's cause? Suppose that in view of our own share in aggravating their fanaticism in the past we resolve to abstain from all acts and words of an exasperating kind in the future?

Eoin (John) MacNeill, an Ulsterman, a founder (1893) and President (1915) of the Gaelic League, held the Chair of Ancient Irish History in University College, Dublin. He was President of the Irish Volunteers, 1913-16 (see Chapter VII), and a member of the Irish Government, 1922-25. His views on the Ulster problem, from which some passages have been quoted above, were expressed in an interview with an American journalist, Hayden Talbot, early in 1922.



COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN, 1915.

From "The Lady of the House," an illustrated journal of Irish social life, is depicted above a typical scene from the centre of the Irish capital during the First World War. A British Army recruiting post is shown at Grattan's statue. The indefinite delay of Home Rule, and the presence of Sir Edward Carson in the British Government, had already checked Irish enthusiasm for the Allied cause. "The Great War has much changed the aspect of affairs" in Dublin. A few months later the Easter Week Rising was destined to change it still further.

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**PICTAIL ON PRINCLESAM, INSISTS T. R.**

**HEAD OF NEW IRISH REPUBLIC SURRENDERS; CHIEF OF REBEL FORCES IN DUBLIN KILLED; REVOLT REPORTED ON VERGE OF COLLAPSE**

**AMERICAN COMMENTS ON THE RISING.**

## CHAPTER VII.

## The Easter Week Rising, 1916

**W**E are going to exhaust constitutional methods of protest first. If those fail, then we will have to fall back on other methods, and we are not going to be caught unprepared.—The Marquess of Londonderry (Ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 12th December, 1913).

Since the wise men have not spoken  
I speak who am only a fool.

PADRAIG PEARSE: *The Fool* (1910).

Sons of the Gael, Men of the Pale  
The long-watched day is breaking.

—*The Soldier's Song*.

LIAM O BRIAIN (1923)

**M**Y story may start with the landing in Ireland from America of Thomas J. Clarke, ex-convict and dynamitard, in 1907. Sent by John Devoy—"greatest of the Fenians," as Pearse called him—Tom Clarke, from his little shop in Parnell Street, gave the last dozen years of his life to one thought only—that of preparing once more to engage the old foe in the old way. His main energies were devoted to remoulding the Republican Brotherhood. The old Fenian force, though it had not died since the 'sixties, was in nerveless hands. Young zealots now gathered round the old warrior, and in a few years and after a few struggles they renewed the spirit of the old organisation. From Belfast, where *The Republic* was edited with the help of Roger Casement, came Bulmer Hobson and Sean MacDermott; these became leaders of the Brotherhood in Dublin. As organiser for Sinn Féin, about 1907-08, MacDermott toured the country and, with his matchless charm and fervour, made countless converts.

So we come to 1912-13. The new organisation had spread through all Ireland, luring ardent young men. Its secret nature forbade any attempt at military training. The eyes of the people were upon Westminster and the journey of Home Rule to the Statute Book. Something spectacular was wanted to bring our people back to their old ideals, and to prevent them becoming "loyal British subjects." The directing hand of Providence soon provided the very means, for Sir Edward Carson himself revived the Fenian methods in the North of Ireland.



The Asquith Government looked on—either helpless or in secret complicity. But in Dublin the event gave hope and joy to two parties. In 1913 came the Labour upheaval in Dublin, led by Larkin and Connolly. Of Larkin it is incontestable that he revived an almost extinct flame of Nationalism in thousands of Dublin workmen. James Connolly—a far more intellectual man, a profound thinker, and an ardent Irishman—had already adopted the theories of direct military action.

Dublin Castle was to Connolly not only the symbol of Ireland's foe, but also the buttress of the whole system of class-enslavement. Both of these appeals he combined in a call to his followers to arm themselves. So the Citizen Army was founded. . . . The other party which hailed Carson's movement was the Republican Brotherhood. Here was the chance to "come into the open" that they had sought. For some months the whole position was carefully considered by Clarke, MacDermott, and the others—one of whom now was Padraig Pearse, since his return from America a year or two before, where he had met John Devoy. These conferred, and had Arthur Griffith's approval.

The one difficulty was lack of a leader for the new project: a man who was a public figure, yet one so unidentified with political parties as to be objectionable to none. Again Providence seemed to provide a solution. At this point, in the autumn of 1913, an article appeared in the organ of the Gaelic League entitled, "The North Began." The writer approved of defiance of England such as was going on in Ulster. Why should not the rest of Ireland do likewise? The author of that article was Eoin MacNeill, Vice-President of the Gaelic League, Professor since 1909 of Ancient Irish History in University College.

Dr. MacNeill was respected throughout Ireland as one of the most scholarly and original of its savants; in politics a possible supporter of the Irish Party, on whose Dublin platform he had spoken, along with Pearse. Here was the very man. A few private meetings, a quick understanding—and the Irish Volunteers were launched with unparalleled enthusiasm, at an enormous public meeting, in the Rotunda Rink, in December, 1913. The country quickly followed Dublin's lead, and in a few months there was—on paper, at least—a membership of 150,000 men.

All this alarmed the leaders of the Irish Party. Already out of touch, John Redmond feared embarrassment to his unchallenged position as spokesman of the Irish people in the British House of Commons. Dillon, who had kept in much closer contact with Young Ireland, saw in the Volunteers the revival of that Fenianism with which he had been familiar in his youth. Most of the old politicians held that physical force could only lead to disaster, and out of that doctrine the Home Rule movement had sprung. Redmond demanded an equal voice in the control of the new Volunteers in an ultimatum which had in it a threat to crush the movement. The Irish Party was still dominant in the country. A split would throw the physical force advocates back on the handful of young men who already were partisans of Sinn Féin. On the whole, it was argued, would it not be better to accede, so as to give the movement a

chance to grow, and then, when strong and armed, trust to the national instinct to assert itself among Ireland's reawakened manhood? . . .

After the Howth affair the Joint Committee was doomed. The outbreak of a World War, Redmond's stand with England, and his offer of Ireland's manhood, merely hastened the end. In September, 1914, in the evening of Mr. Asquith's speech in the Dublin Mansion House, the original founders of the Volunteers issued a statement declaring that the (Irish Party) "nominees" were no longer members of the Executive, and calling on the rank and file to stand by them. At last we had a real body with a real purpose. Organisation was improved by able leaders, like Thomas MacDonagh, of the Dublin Brigade, and Brigade-Adjutant, Eamon de Valera; Ned Daly and Piaras Beaslai in the First Battalion; Tom Hunter, Eamon Price, and Richard Mulcahy in the Second; Eamon Ceannt and Cathal Brugha in the Fourth. . . .

What a thrill it gave in the dusk of a Sunday evening after a long march to hear the martial chorus, since sung wherever Irishmen are in the remotest corner of the globe:

"Soldiers are we  
Whose lives are pledged to Ireland."

We must now deal with inner developments. The Republican Brotherhood were in touch with Germany, through America, from the beginning of the Great War. The time for action had come. The Supreme Council of the I.R.B. was now superseded by the Military Council—a small body of four—Clarke, MacDermott, Pearse and Plunkett—who proceeded calmly to plan the enterprise. Communications were established through sailors and passengers on ocean liners with the Clan-na-Gael of America, that is to say, with John Devoy, and through him with agents in Germany and the United States. The part that Sir Roger Casement played is told elsewhere.

Towards the end of 1915 Joseph Plunkett reached Germany by way of Spain, Italy, and Switzerland, and had long discussions there. He arranged for the shipment of arms to Ireland, and went to America to report to John Devoy. What was the nature of these plans? The main idea was that of Robert Emmet, which also was based on a dramatic seizure of Dublin Castle as a means of firing the whole country into action. Simultaneously, a landing of arms in Kerry would arm the South and West, and we would have had in 1916 the guerilla warfare of 1920-21. . . . It was agreed that a cargo of rifles and machine guns would be off the Kerry coast, near Fenit, from Good Friday to Easter Sunday, April 21st and 23rd.

At all company parades that last week the men were told to be ready for anything on Sunday. Confessionals were crowded on Saturday night; many a Dublin church on Easter morning saw lads in full kit, with rifles, waiting their turn at the Communion rails. Yet when they went home and read the papers, all were aghast to see the order: "To all Volunteers"—that no Easter manoeuvres or parades whatever were to be held. With still greater amazement they saw the signature of "Eoin MacNeill, Chief of Staff." What had happened? The inevitable clash between the

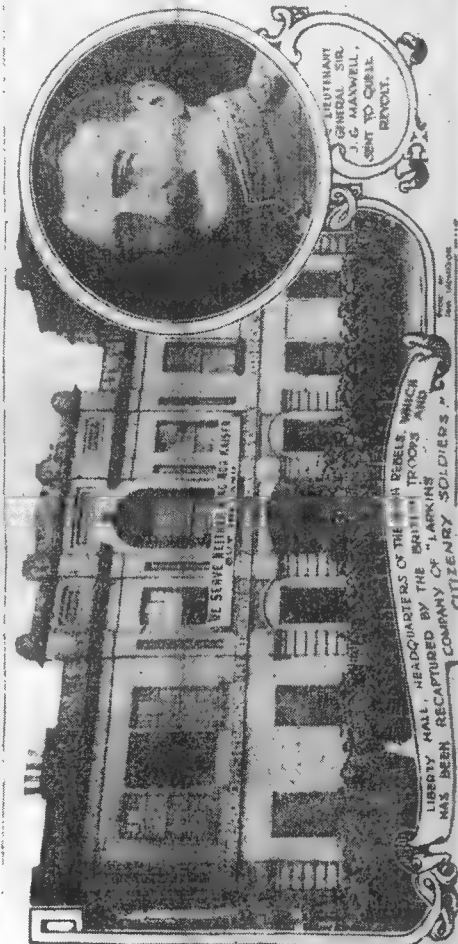
# THE NEW YORK HERALD.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1916. TWENTY PAGES.

## IRISH REVOLT SPREADS TO SOUTH AND WEST; KAISER SENDS FOR AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

EXPOSES PLOT  
TO POISON THE  
NATION'S MIND



ALL IRELAND IS  
PLACED UNDER  
MARTIAL LAW

Lieutenant General Sir John Bulluck, C.B., D.S.O., D.C., D.P., D.M.S., D.M.C., D.M.A., D.M.F., D.M.G., D.M.H., D.M.I., D.M.J., D.M.K., D.M.L., D.M.M., D.M.N., D.M.O., D.M.P., D.M.Q., D.M.R., D.M.S., D.M.T., D.M.U., D.M.V., D.M.W., D.M.X., D.M.Y., D.M.Z.

THE NEW YORK HERALD OF APRIL 28TH, 1916.

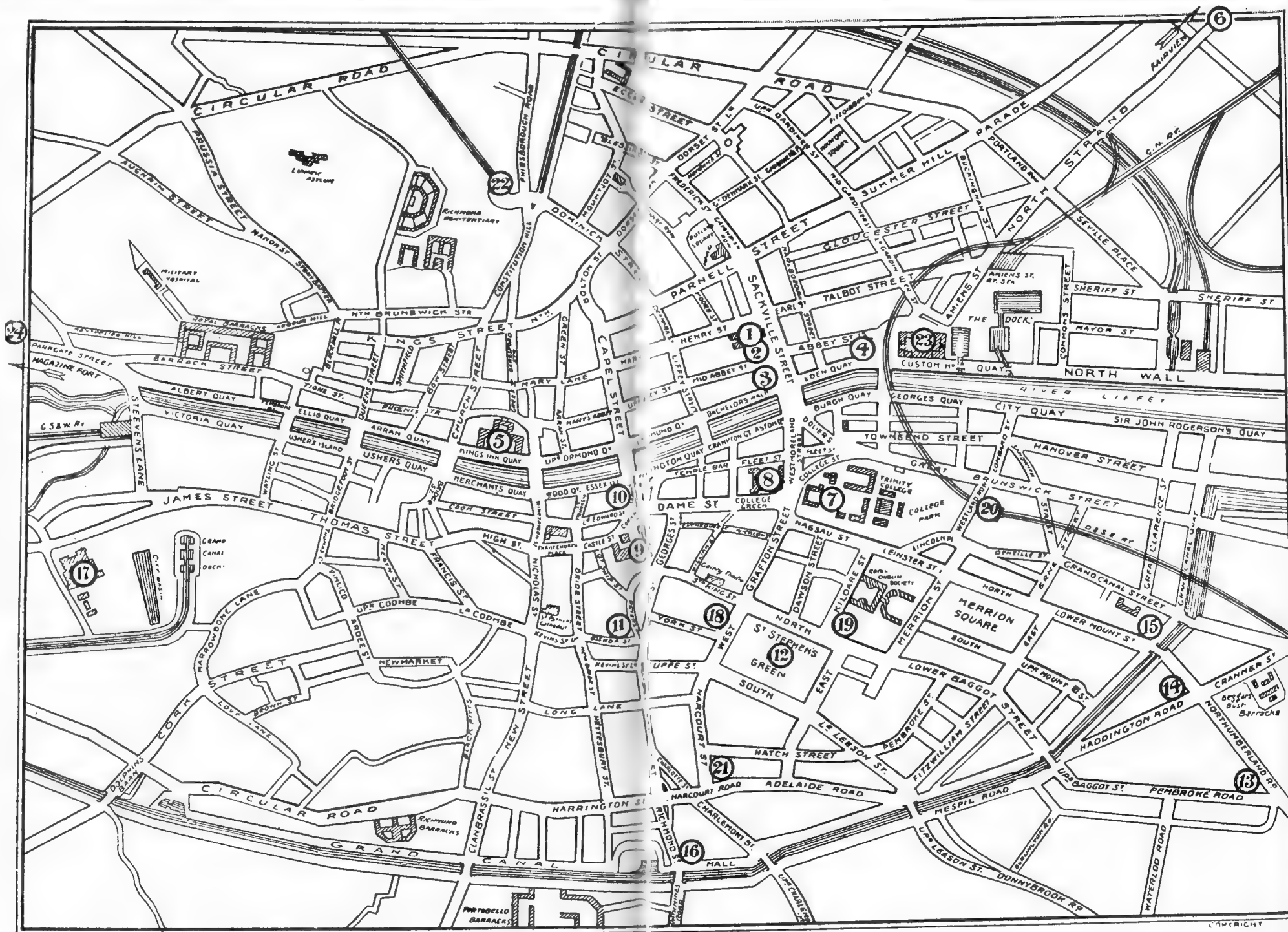
THE EASTER WEEK RISING



REPRODUCTION OF IRISH REPUBLICAN BOND ISSUED IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, 1921.

inner and the outer Executives—between the I.R.B. chiefs, who had planned all with secrecy, and the rest of the Volunteer Executive, who had been left in the dark. The inner chiefs did not take MacNeill into their full confidence. They knew him opposed to a rising. On his side, MacNeill was not blind to what was going on. He began to ask questions, and was answered evasively. Only on the Thursday of Holy Week did he learn of orders for the Sunday of the blowing up of bridges and railroads.

Now fully aware, Eoin MacNeill charged Pearse and the revolutionary leaders with preparing an Insurrection without his knowledge. They admitted it, adding that it had gone too far to stop it. MacNeill declared that he would do all he could to do so, and they parted in confusion. . . . Thus, up to Good Friday, all went smoothly and with marvellous secrecy. But from now on disaster fell on us. Strange things happened on a wild stretch of coast near Tralee on that fatal Friday morning. A collapsible boat from a German submarine threw up three half-drowned men on the beach. One of these was Sir Roger Casement, the second was Captain Monteith, the third an Irish soldier, who had been a prisoner of war in Germany. Leaving Casement in a cave, Monteith pushed on to Tralee, and got in touch with the Volunteers. Austin Stack, the local commandant, with Con Collins, who had been sent from Dublin to assist him unload



MAP OF DUBLIN ILLUSTRATING THE RISING OF 1916

KEY 1. PLAN

- 1) G.P.O. (2) HOTEL METROPOLE. (3) KELLY'S GUN STORE. (4) LIBERTY HALL. (5) FOUR COURTS. (6) FAIRVIEW. (7) TRINITY COLLEGE. (8) BANK OF IRELAND. (9) DUBLIN CASTLE. (10) CITY HALL. (11) JACOB'S FACTORY. (12) STEPHEN'S GREEN. (13) & (14) NORTHUMBERLAND ROAD. (15) CLANWILLIAM HOUSE. (16) PORTOBELLO BRIDGE. (17) SOUTH DUBLIN UNION. (18) COLLEGE OF SURGEONS. (19) SHELBOURNE HOTEL. (20) WESTLAND ROW STATION. (21) HARBORQUE STATION. (22) BROAD STREET. (23) CUSTOM HOUSE. (24) MAGAZINE FORT.

the expected cargo of arms, went out in a motor to pick up Casement. But the local police were already inquisitive, and Stack, Collins and Casement were arrested in the simplest way. Brought into Tralee, Casement—who had concealed his name—showed great anxiety to get news through to Dublin. A message from him reached the I.R.B. leaders very early on Saturday morning. It was an agonised appeal to stop the Rising at all costs, as he was convinced that the Germans would leave us in the lurch, and only wanted to use Irish blood in a cynical way for their own ends.

Casement had acted in Germany as agent of the I.R.B. and Devoy's Clan-na-Gael. He had long known the plan, and had himself arranged for the transfer of arms. But he was not secretive enough—a poor conspirator, who took the wrong men into his confidence. Devoy, angered at this and relentless towards any man who stood between him and the dream of his life, asked the Germans to deal no more with Casement, but to keep "putting him off." They obeyed. This explains all the tragic outcries of Casement in his published diary.\*

The German ship, with all its arms on which we depended, was now gone. When final touches were being added to the plans, a message from Dublin asked that the "Aud" should not approach the Kerry coast till Easter Sunday at midnight, when Volunteers would be at Fenit Pier for the unloading. This message, brought from America by a passenger, never reached the German ship. The rest we know.

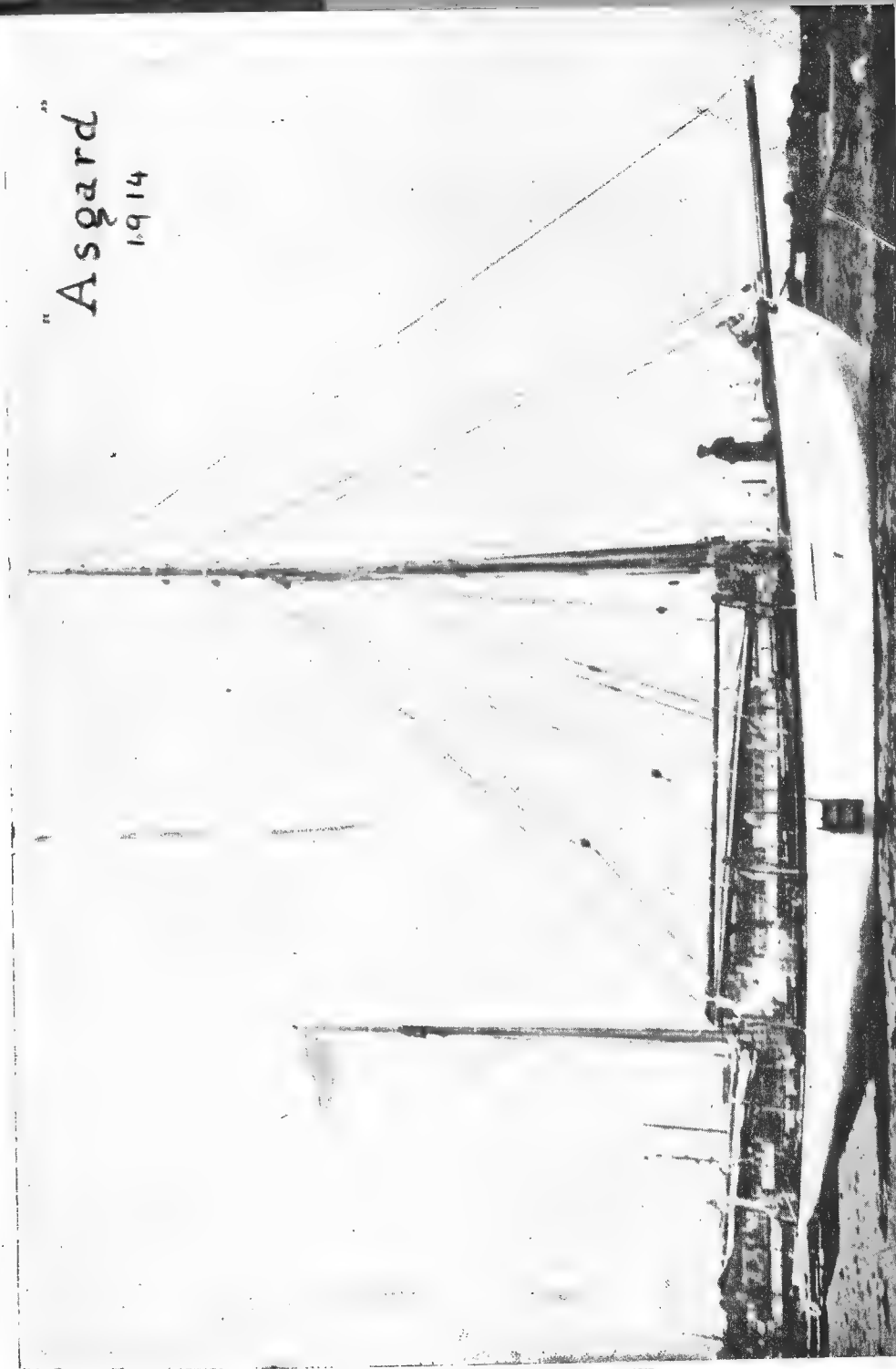
With all hopes dashed, Pearse and MacDermott visited MacNeill early on Saturday morning. And for the first time this patriot-scholar learned of the "Aud" debacle. This altered MacNeill's views. Protesting that he had been unfairly dealt with he now feared the British would come down on us with all their might. . . .

As the day wore on and nothing happened, Dr. MacNeill changed his mind. He thought the situation might be saved if a clash with the British could be averted, but knowing it useless to put this view to the others, he decided to issue the order cancelling operations on the following day on his own responsibility. In so doing, MacNeill had in mind the almost unarmed state of the Volunteers over the greater part of the country.

With MacNeill on the Saturday evening was Arthur Griffith. He, too, had cause of complaint. He had been asked to join the Supreme Council of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, but had declined, promising to help by his pen, his influence and personal example. In return he had asked to be kept fully informed, and this promise was given him. It was not kept, and Griffith fully approved of MacNeill's action.

The fighting leaders were now bewildered. They knew what had been done, for both Plunkett and MacDonagh visited MacNeill and saw the cancelling order being taken away to Limerick and Kerry by the O'Rahilly. Meanwhile, their own staff-officers—one of whom was Michael Collins—were still busy on the last details of Sunday's blow in Dublin.

\* Casement, knowing that the Germans could not or would not provide military aid on an adequate scale, and foreseeing that an insurrection without such aid would certainly be crushed, came to Ireland to stop the Rising, well aware that his own life was forfeit. Some who knew him have questioned this.



THE SHIP THAT RAN THE GUNS TO HOWTH.  
(Erskine Childers' Yacht "Asgard." From the Irish Maritime Survey.)



It was clear that MacNeill's order would be accepted by the mass of the Volunteers, who had no suspicion of any disagreement between the leaders.

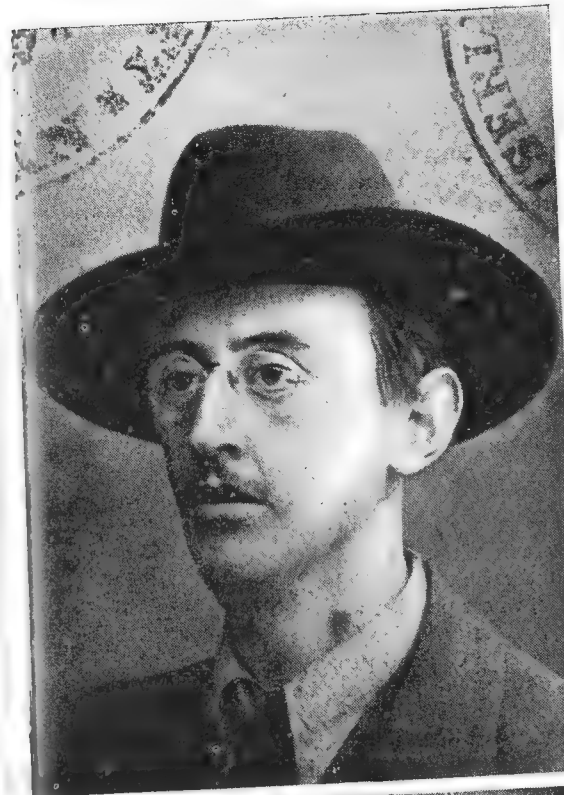
Very few details survive of the Sunday conference at Liberty Hall, for the chief participants were dead within three weeks of it. But no doubt their decision was unanimous. Consider the men: Tom Clarke with his thirteen fearful years in English gaols, and his one life-thought to deal a blow before he died against the hated foe. Flame-like ardour burned in the soul of Sean MacDermott, who, a week later, as a prisoner in Richmond Barracks, remarked to me: "The only failure in Ireland is the failure to strike." Recall also the brooding mind of Pearse, who had written: "There are worse things than the shedding of blood, and one of them is slavery." Above all, there was the impetuous James Connolly, who yearned for a fight over a year before this. So set was he on "going out," even with his own handful of citizen levies, that he was arrested for a few days and let into all the inner secrets.

So the great decision was taken, and Thomas MacDonagh of the Dublin Brigade was ordered to mobilise for active service on Monday morning at ten o'clock. Word was sent out to undo the work of MacNeill's messengers. This time there was no pretence of consulting Eoin MacNeill. MacDonagh justified this in a letter written before his death, saying that he was bound not to reveal the secret of his own organisation. Meanwhile, the cancelling order threw the Castle authorities off their guard. They had no suspicion of any dissension, and assumed that events in Kerry had put an end to all.

So the gathering Volunteers on Monday morning excited no comment. The First Battalion, under Ned Daly, marched into the Four Courts; the Second, under MacDonagh himself, with Commandant Hunter and Major MacBride, occupied Jacob's biscuit factory; the Third, under De Valera, went to Boland's Mills; the Fourth, led by Eamonn Ceannt and Cathal Brugha, into the South Dublin Union. The military staff and revolutionary leaders—Clarke, Pearse, MacDermott, Plunkett, and Connolly (who was in active command of Dublin)—seized the General Post Office in O'Connell Street.

The main body of the Citizen Army, under Michael Mallin and the Countess Markievicz, occupied the Stephen's Green area. Another body, under Sean Connolly, marched up to the gate of Dublin Castle. These drew first blood by shooting the policeman at the gate and trying to enter. The rest seized the *Evening Mail* office opposite, and the City Hall overlooking the Castle, where the brave Sean Connolly was shot an hour later. The Rising had begun.

The mobilisation that morning was very poor—little more than a third of the possible muster. There were barely 800 Volunteers—most of them members of the I.R.B.—and less than 200 of the Citizen Army. This left the total engaged at well under a thousand men. So the occupation of the city was incomplete from the start. Trinity College and the Provost's House should not have been neglected. Shortage of men forbade the occupation of the commanding Shelbourne Hotel in the Stephen's Green area. With more men, De Valera could have occupied the stretch of the



JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT.

From a passport photograph taken in Switzerland, 1915. Travelling from America through Spain, Italy and Switzerland, he went to Germany on a mission from the inner Executive of the Irish Volunteers.

[F. Czira  
Photo]



THOMAS AND MURIEL  
MACDONAGH  
WITH THEIR SON, DONAGH.

From a photograph taken a few months before the Rising of 1916. Thomas MacDonagh was among the first three signatories of the Proclamation who were executed.

[F. Czira  
Photo]

canal on either side of the Mount Street Bridge, instead of only a house or two, and so on.

Yet among us all was a vast elation. We seemed to breathe a purer air and dwell in sublime heights. It was a unique experience to feel that once again, after a hundred years or more, the foreign yoke had been cast off, and that men in their own capital, with their own flag above them, should be standing at bay before the foe of their race.

The Post Office was shelled from at least two points—the southern side of O'Connell Bridge, and from the Parnell Monument. On Friday afternoon the roof took fire, and that evening the big building had to be evacuated. Padraig Pearse was the last man to leave. James Connolly, badly wounded, had been taken to hospital the day before. The O'Rahilly made a gallant though hopeless attempt to charge down Moore Street at the head of a few men. The street was swept with machine-gun fire, and he had only made a few paces when this gallant gentleman (he had opposed the Rising, but joined it on the outbreak) found a glorious death facing the enemy.

The end was near. Cooped up in a few houses of Moore Street, with many wounded, and an iron ring of thousands round them, Pearse, Clarke, Plunkett, and MacDermott were forced to surrender on the Saturday morning. A nurse carried out the white flag. The British insisted on unconditional surrender. Pearse, whose position was that of Commander-in-Chief for the whole country, wrote an order for the surrender of all positions in Dublin for the sake of the city and people, and for a general surrender all over Ireland, as no further object could be gained.

Our positions on the south side of the Liffey only received Pearse's order on Sunday. The outcry among the men was frenzied. It needed all the efforts of officers to prevent the wilder spirits from rushing out and seeking death in a last onset in the streets.

There was much confusion in the country. In Enniscorthy the Volunteers rose under Robert Brennan so as to prevent the transport of men and material from Rosslare to the capital. In north County Dublin a small band of well-armed Volunteers, under Thomas Ashe and Richard Mulcahy, controlled the district. In a smart engagement at Ashbourne, against twice their number of constabulary, these inflicted heavy loss and forced all the survivors to surrender. This fight was important, as it was the model for all the ambush warfare of 1920-21.—*The historic Rising of Easter Week, 1916.*

#### IRISH TIMES (1916)

ON Easter Monday, 24th April, at noon, the storm burst in Dublin, and for the following six days the city and the suburbs were the scene of grave loss of life and destruction of property. The Irish (or Sinn Fein) Volunteers organised the revolution, and with the Citizen Army carried it out. The object of the movement, as stated in a proclamation (printed in full in another page) issued on the day of the outbreak was to "proclaim an Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State."



THE WRECKED INTERIOR OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, DUBLIN.

Preparations for the insurrection had been active for months previously; large quantities of arms and ammunition were known to have arrived in Dublin, and an unusual activity in the way of "bluffing" the police had been going on. "Let sleeping dogs lie," was the policy of the Executive authority, and no visible effort was made to deal with the situation that was developing in the city. Then came Easter Monday, when the minds of most people were directed to holiday-making. No one took more than a passing interest in the Sinn Fein Volunteers as they passed along the streets in twos and threes to their appointed positions. Twelve o'clock in the day was the hour fixed for the beginning of the operations, and at that time or shortly afterwards bodies of armed Sinn Feiners quietly entered the buildings to which they had been assigned, turned out the occupants, and took possession. Anyone who resisted was promptly shot. In this way the principal buildings in the city were captured, and the rebels at once set about erecting barricades, and taking precautions against attack.

The General Post Office in Sackville Street proved to be the central fortress of the rebels. It was here that P. H. Pearse, the "Commandant-in-Chief of the Army of the Republic and President of the Provisional Government," made his headquarters and issued his orders. All corner houses commanding the approaches were garrisoned with snipers, who



NORTH CORK FLYING COLUMN, 1921.  
By John Keating, R.H.A.

December 11th, when the Regent Street of Cork was destroyed by incendiaries. By this date the Commission had returned to Dublin, but it was decided to send two members of the Commission to Cork to make immediate investigations. The newspaper reports of the Cork fires conveyed but a faint impression of the terrible havoc wrought in the city. The most valuable premises were utterly destroyed, large business houses and massively fronted shops were reduced to piles of smouldering debris, charred woodwork, and twisted iron girders. . . .

The honour of our people has been gravely compromised. Not only is there a reign of terror in Ireland which should bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every British citizen but a nation is being held in subjection by an Empire which has proudly boasted that it is the friend of small nations. Let the people of Britain raise their voices in a united demand for the rescue of the Irish people from the rule of force and for the establishment of peace and freedom and a new brotherhood between the peoples of the British Isles. Only by repudiating the errors of the past and the infamies of the present can the democracy of Great Britain recover its honour. Only by granting to Ireland the freedom which is her due can we fulfil our great responsibilities towards our sister nations.

—ARTHUR HENDERSON (Chairman); WILLIAM ADAMSON; J. BROMLEY; A. G. CAMERON; F. W. JOWETT; J. LAWSON; W. LUNN; C. W. KENDALL; C. B. THOMSON; ARTHUR GREENWOOD (Secretary).

*The Parliamentary Labour Party appointed three members to the Delegation; the Executive of the Labour Party appointed its Chairman and Vice-Chairman, and other members included M. W. Adamson, Brig.-Gen. Thomson (Military Adviser), Captain C. W. Kendall (Legal Adviser), and Arthur Greenwood (Secretary).*

*The members of the Commission were supplied with travel permits throughout Ireland, and acknowledged assistance to the British civil and military authorities. The photographs published in the Report show numerous shops, factories and streets destroyed by the forces of the Crown in the unofficial reprisals carried out at the time. The system of "official" reprisals did not begin until January, 1921.*

\* \* \* \* \*

EAMON DE VALERA, MARCH 30, 1921

"THE Army of the Republic is a recognised state force under the civil control of the elected representatives of the people, with an organisation and discipline imposed by these representatives, and under officers who hold their commissions under warrant from these representatives. The Government is therefore responsible for the actions of this army. These are not the acts of irresponsible individual groups therefore, nor is the I.R.A., as the enemy would have one believe, a pre-torian guard. It is the national army of defence."

"Do you consider the ambushing of British forces justifiable?" the interviewer asked.

"Certainly," answered the President. "If the Irish nation and the Irish Republic as a state directly founded upon the will and the consent of the people is not entitled to use force to defend itself, then no nation

No. 8. *This page is substituted for page 8C 220*

# DIVISIONAL PROCLAMATION

By the General Officer Commanding 6th Division and  
Military Governor.

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WHEREAS, Martial Law has been declared in the Counties of CORK, TIPPERARY, KERRY, LIMERICK, CLARE, WATERFORD, WATERFORD CITY, WEXFORD, and KILKENNY, and WHEREAS the Generals or other Officers Commanding 6th Division 16th, 17th, 18th, and Kerry Infantry Brigades, have been appointed Military Governors for the Administration of Martial Law in the above Counties; and all persons ordered to render obedience to their Orders in all matters whatsoever.

NOW, I, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR E. P. STRICKLAND, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding 6th Division, and Military Governor, do hereby give Notice and Order that—

- (a) The collection for any purpose whatsoever of SUBSCRIPTIONS or DONATIONS of money, or valuable securities, in any street or public place, or by house to house visits, or by post, is forbidden, unless the permission in writing of the Military Governor has previously been obtained.
- (b) Any person who, without such permission, collects or receives or solicits any such SUBSCRIPTION or DONATION shall be guilty of an offence, and shall be liable to prosecution.
- (c) Any person who subscribes, pays or remits any such SUBSCRIPTION or DONATION to anyone not duly authorised by the written permission of the Military Governor shall be guilty of an offence, and shall be liable to prosecution.

This Order shall come into force on the 21st February, 1921.

*Signed this 16th day of February, 1921.*

**E. P. STRICKLAND, Major-General**  
Commanding 6th Division, Military Governor.

and no state is entitled to use force. The English forces are in our country as invaders, on a war footing as they themselves have declared, in fact waging war upon us, not only an unjust but a barbarous war. Protected by the most modern war appliances, they swoop down upon us and kill



and burn and loot and outrage—why should it be wrong of us to do our utmost to see that they do not do these things with impunity?

"If they may use their tanks and steel-armoured cars, why should we hesitate to use the cover of stone walls and ditches? Why should the use of the element of surprise be denied to us apart from the fact that we are a nation unjustly attacked and defending a most sacred right—every army uses it. For us not to use it if we purposed defending ourselves at all would be stupid. If German forces had landed in England during the recent war, would it have been wrong for Englishmen to harass the invader by every means in their power? If not wrong for Englishmen why wrong for us?"

Mr. de Valera, speaking for the Irish people and Government, gave an interview to the representatives of the "International News" and the "United Service." It is an explanation of the activities of the Irish Volunteer Army or I.R.A., which was widely represented abroad as an irresponsible force, acting without any national or governmental authority. Anglo-Irish hostilities by this time had reached a critical phase, and Mr. de Valera, President of the Irish Government, as well as Michael Collins, Minister of Finance and Director of Intelligence, Cathal Brugha, Minister of Defence, and other leaders were "on the run," somewhere in Ireland.

\* \* \* \* \*

FRANK GALLAGHER (1930)

**T**HE *Irish Bulletin* was the daily organ of the Irish Government during the War of Independence. It was first published (in the cyclostyled form it always kept) in November, 1919. It seems to have originated with a typewritten sheet issued to the press about once a fortnight in the spring and summer of 1919 from the Dáil Éireann Publicity Department, giving a summary of British acts of aggression. This was first compiled under Laurence Ginnell's Directorship of Publicity. I was then his assistant. In November, 1919, the Director of Publicity for Sinn Féin, Robert Brennan, planned an organ for the Government, and the *Irish Bulletin* was the result. At first it took the form of listing acts of violence and aggression by the British, and was not daily in its publication. Afterwards it became the daily organ, and published elaborate statements of the Irish case, and a full history of the contemporary growth and development of the Republican Government. Later still it published a regular weekly supplement called the *Weekly Review*, which gave a running history of the guerilla war, compiled from the official reports of the I.R.A. Commandants in the field.

The *Irish Bulletin* was published under the general editorship of whoever was Director of Publicity—first Desmond FitzGerald and then Erskine Childers. In the main it was compiled by me. When Erskine Childers became Director (February, 1921), the *Bulletin* was a joint work, except in the case of numerous brilliant issues which were written by him alone. At first only a few hundred copies were printed, but as the war continued and the interest in the struggle grew abroad the number increased until at the end over two thousand copies went out daily to the British, Irish, and

foreign press, to Heads of States and leading politicians in England and America, to writers everywhere who showed any sympathy at all with freedom, and to heads of Churches. It also went to all the Republic's foreign representatives, being translated into the language of the particular country, and circulated in

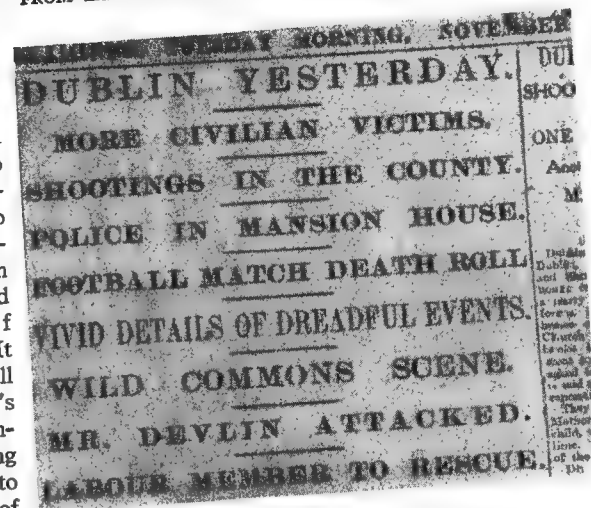
large numbers. Its main circulation was, of course, to the Press in London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Berlin, etc., and to every national paper in America. Most of the critics of the Black-and-Tan régime in the British Parliament, platform, and Press received their information through the *Bulletin*. Its last number appeared about a week after the Treaty was signed. There is a full file of the *Bulletin* in the National Library, and I have heard of other complete files in private hands, but it is now exceedingly rare and of prime historic value. In March, 1921, the *Bulletin* office was discovered by the British, and its whole extensive plant and files carried off. There was a staff of seven. Dublin Castle afterwards issued forged editions to those named on lists captured in the same raid. The genuine *Bulletin* continued without missing an issue.—*The Irish Book Lover*.

This is a brief account of the history of a remarkable "underground" journal, issued by the Irish resistance movement in 1919-21, when the liberty of the published press in Ireland was greatly restricted. Mr. Frank Gallagher, the main contributor to the "*Bulletin*," was head of the Irish Government Information Bureau before and during World War II. He is now Chairman of the Research Committee on the Partition question. The "*Irish Book Lover*" is published by Mr. Colm O Lochlainn, a specialist in fine printing and himself a veteran of the Insurrection of 1916.

\* \* \* \* \*

COL. J. J. O'CONNELL (1943)

**W**HEN reviewing the struggle which began in Easter Week, 1916, and ended in July, 1921, the role of Dublin is very commonly misunderstood—doubtless, because this was the first time in the history of the Irish wars that the national military effort was directed from



CORK EXAMINER HEADING, NOVEMBER, 1920.

Dublin. In the Confederate War Kilkenny was, in effect, the Irish capital and centre of government; in the Jacobite War Dublin was in Irish occupation only at the beginning; and it was not until the time of the United Irishmen that the importance of holding Dublin was fully realised. Emmet grasped the significance of this point completely; and that he did so is his truest claim to recognition as a military leader.

The importance of Dublin was always great and varied. It was the main centre of national life and material resources; and it was by far the most important communication centre in the country. It was also the place where military intelligence could best be organised. With modern technical developments this natural advantage tended to increase; so that in the latest period the importance of the capital was relatively greater than at any earlier time.

Now, whereas in the earlier conflicts the English rulers could enjoy undisputed control of Dublin's resources; and even in 1796-8 could only challenge them tentatively; by the period 1916-21 the pendulum was definitely swinging the other way. English control of the resources of Dublin—in every sense of the word "resources"—was from the beginning stoutly disputed, and in the end wrested away. It was a long-sustained and gradual effort, and its real significance has often been missed—even by people who should know better.

A very common assumption is that Dublin shot its bolt in 1916; and that the rest of the country bore the subsequent brunt of what is popularly, and quite wrongly, called the Black-and-Tan "War." Without in any way detracting from the merits of the country generally, it must be stated right off that such is not the case. It is the aim of the present short sketch to correct the misapprehension in general and to put the work of the Dublin Volunteers, as such, into the proper perspective. . . .

It has been said earlier that in 1916-21 for the first time military operations on the national side were directed from Dublin. For the first time a real G.H.Q. staff, located in Dublin and in great part employing the capital's resources, organised and directed the efforts of the country as a whole. The whole national military effort was based on, and controlled from, Dublin. This was particularly the case during the vital—and forgotten—period of reorganisation after Easter Week, 1916—i.e., the all-important years: end of '16-'17-'18. That reorganisation was very largely carried out in and through Dublin.

When, under the first Dáil in 1919, a regular G.H.Q. staff began again to function, it was located in Dublin, and continued so all during the pre-Truce period. This Staff was able to "carry on" uninterruptedly—though at times hard pressed. This was due to the continued vigilance and efficiency of the Dublin Brigade, on which complete reliance could always be placed. And this consideration very naturally leads us to review the story of the Dublin Brigade during the years in question, somewhat more fully.

Dublin had, of course, been organised as a Brigade Area long before anywhere else—indeed, almost from the start of the Volunteers. It could, thus, at all times dispose of a personnel better organised and better trained

than most of the men down-country. It thus afforded a ready instrument for immediate operations and a vital link in the matter of co-operation with the rest of the country. Let us consider briefly these two aspects.

And first as to actual operations in Dublin. In this respect it can fairly be claimed for the Dublin Brigade that it elaborated a quite new technique for guerilla fighting in a large city—and it applied that technique with far-reaching effect. During the two last years prior to the Truce—especially during the vital last year—the influence of Dublin's activity was very important indeed. The Dublin Brigade held pinned in and around the city at least one-fourth of all the British armed forces in Ireland—military and police. The Brigade thus fulfilled the role of a Containing Force in a singularly effective way. Had the additional forces immobilised by it been at any time available down-country, the British could at one time or another have concentrated an overwhelming strength for some sudden operation—say in Cork, Tipperary, or elsewhere. Such sudden concentrations were bound sooner or later to meet with important successes. There would, in that case, have been grave danger of seeing the down-country Volunteers beaten in detail. The persistent "Holding Attack" of the Dublin Brigade frustrated all attempts at concentrations of the kind in question.

The very vital role of the Dublin Brigade was not fully realised at the time by the down-country Volunteers—nor even by the rank and file of the Dublin men. But it was fully realised by G.H.Q., and recorded in the form of a "Situation Map," prepared for the Director of Intelligence, the late General Collins. Incidentally, it was also implied, if not expressed, in British Reports and Orders; although, naturally, they were only seldom and partially available for reference.—*Dublin Brigade Review*.

Col. J. J. O'Connell, the author of many valuable contributions to Irish and Continental military history, was one of the chief organisers of the Irish Volunteers in 1915-16. He was Deputy Chief of Staff of the I.R.A. in 1921, and afterwards on the Headquarters Staff and Quartermaster-General of the Irish Army.

COLONEL CHARLES DALTON (1929)

IN late April, 1921, I was instructed one evening by the Assistant D/I to report to the Plaza Hotel in Gardiner's Row. This building was being used as the offices of a Trade Union body, and one of the offices was now our Brigade Headquarters.

When I walked into the room I saw several Staff Officers assembled. Among them was the Director of Intelligence, Michael Collins.

I knew Michael by sight, but this was the first occasion on which I met him face to face. He was sitting at a table, and he gave me a friendly nod when I reported to him.

I felt very important to be in such company, but at the same time the presence of Michael completely overawed me. I was very vexed with



THOMAS WHELAN, I.R.A., HANGED IN MOUNTJOY PRISON, MARCH, 1921.

*Photograph of an Irish Republican prisoner, with two guards of the Auxiliary Police, taken shortly before his execution.*

myself not to be able to be at my ease, as I was most anxious to make a good impression.

He told me that the Superintendent of the Corporation abattoir (who was also a Volunteer Officer) had reported to him that an armoured car called to the abattoir each morning at six o'clock to escort supplies of meat to the military barracks.

Sean MacBoin was a prisoner in Mountjoy Jail. He was a fine chivalrous soldier, having conducted the campaign in Longford with brilliant success and great humanity. But he had been captured after an ambush, and was awaiting his court-martial at which he was certain to be sentenced to be hanged. Michael Collins was determined to rescue him, and with the help of an armoured car there was a chance. I was to take up residence in the Superintendent's house, and to make my observations over several mornings. . . .

After a week I was summoned to another meeting at Brigade Head-  
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quarters. On this occasion we met at Barry's Hotel, a few doors from the Plaza, where to my surprise and gratification I again saw Michael Collins.

We sat around a table. Michael asked me to tell him what I had seen, and what my opinion was in view of my observations.

I described the arrival of the car, the several journeys it made, and the conduct of the crew. I produced a sketch of my own showing the position usually occupied by the car when in the abattoir.

They heard me out without interruption.

When I had finished, Michael Collins addressed me.

"I take it from your report you consider it possible to capture the car?"

"I do, Sir," said I, "but our success depends upon the exact arrival of our men at the opportune moment, which may only occur very occasionally."

I had already explained to the meeting that during the dozen or so times I had had the car under observation only on one occasion did the whole crew leave it. Until such another occasion arose we could not capture it. When it did arise, it would be necessary for our men to be at hand to seize it instantly.

This seemed to satisfy Michael.

"Since they left it once, they will probably do so again," he said.

He then addressed the others in turn.

He first questioned Pat McCrea.

Pat is a County Wicklow man, about forty years of age, an older man than most of us. He was out in the Larkin Strike, and took part in the Rising, and was always to be found wherever there was any hard fighting to be done. Of a gentle disposition, and charming manner, he endeared himself to everyone who ever had the pleasure of serving with him. Meeting him, it would not occur to you that he was a soldier, on account of the mildness of his address. Only, if you were observant, you might notice a directness in his glance which corrected your impression of his entirely peaceful disposition. He was our crack driver, and took part in practically every action in Dublin.

In reply to Michael Collins's question, Pat said that while he had never driven a car of this make—a Peerless—he was sure he could get it to go.

I could see that his assurance was quite enough for Michael, who immediately proceeded with the rest of the business.

Two gunners had to be found, a spare driver, and two other Volunteers to make up a complete crew.

Michael then unfolded his plans.

The car was to be captured by a swift and, so far as possible, silent attack. This was necessary as the Marlboro' Barracks was close at hand and no alarm must be raised. The soldiers were to be held up while the car was driven off. The car would proceed from the abattoir to the North Circular Road, where two Volunteers would join it. These two men were my brother Emmet (whom I had introduced into the Volunteers on his return from the European War) and Joe Leonard, my friend of the dispensary.

Emmet and Joe would be ready waiting, each dressed in one of Emmet's

British officer uniforms. They were to be taken into the car which was then to be driven direct to Mountjoy Jail.

Michael described in detail the plan for gaining admission to the prison. He instructed Emmet and Joe in the steps they were to take—in their role of British Officers obeying orders from Dublin Castle—to secure the custody of Sean MacEoin. He produced duplicate keys which he had had made from the wax impressions he had received from friendly warders inside the prison.

I listened with the keenest interest to this recital, observing with the greatest admiration the way in which Michael Collins considered every detail, explored every aspect of the job, and overlooked no possible flaw.

Another meeting of the key men was held the following night, when final arrangements were made and last instructions given.

I returned to my post behind the blind.

Our plans for concerted action were now complete. The Volunteers who were to hold up the soldiers and to seize the car, were to gather unostentatiously in the neighbourhood of the abattoir. One man was to lie concealed in a spot from which he could see the window of one of the rooms in the Superintendent's house. From my vantage point I was to watch for the first occasion when all six men would leave the car. When this occurred I was to give a signal—I would raise the blind in that room which was visible to the waiting Volunteer. The moment he saw the blind go up he would signal to the others who would appear at once upon the scene of action.

All of us were in our respective positions on the following morning.

But only four of the soldiers left the car, and, greatly disappointed, I saw there was again no chance. As soon as the car had moved off I slipped out by the back and getting on my bicycle I made my way to Headquarters. The waiting Volunteers, seeing me depart, moved away, knowing the job was off for that morning.

On the next morning, 14th May, 1921, we made a slight change in our plans.

As usual I was at my observation post at 6 a.m. When the car arrived I formed the opinion that the crew were in a not over-zealous mood. They seemed to be less vigilant. That was my impression.

As soon as they drove off escorting the first delivery of meat I made my way on my bicycle to a stable in Abbey Street which was used as a rendezvous and place-of-waiting by the Active Service Unit.

Here were assembled all the men on the job waiting for my message. Michael Collins was with them and I made my report.

MacEoin's days were now numbered, and Michael, fretted by the continual delays and disappointments, was most anxious that the attempt should be made at once. I told him I was optimistic, and thought there would be a chance later in the morning when the armoured car returned. I based my hopes on that appearance of carelessness in the mood of the crew.

Hurrying back to the house once more I took up my position behind the blind.



RAMON DE VALERA, 1917.

I was not long there when I saw the car return. It drew up outside the window. I saw four of the crew get out and wander away through the slaughter houses.

They had not locked the door of the car!

I became excited and hopeful. With my eyes glued to the door I wished with my whole being to see the remaining two soldiers step out.

For a whole ten minutes I waited.

Then I saw the door swing open. It had happened! I had got my wish!



On stepping out, they lit cigarettes and one of them shut the door, locking the padlock and putting the key in his pocket.

Nearly suffocating with excitement I rushed into the room from which my signal was to be given, and *I raised the blind*.

That was the most awful decision I have ever had to make. Those few moments were the longest of my life, while I waited to see the approach of our men up the avenue which led to the abattoir. From that window I could not see the car. It was possible that during those two minutes the soldiers had got in again, and I would see the massacre of my comrades, men whose places could never be filled, and feel myself responsible for their loss.

While I waited I shouted to Mrs. Lynch to get the children out of the way. We had arranged together that she should take them to a back bedroom where they would be safe from stray bullets in the event of any firing.

Then I saw two Volunteers pass by the window. I recognised Tom Kehoe.

Dashing back to my post of observation at the other window I was in time to see the two soldiers with their hands up, while our men were taking their revolvers. All my anxiety was now over. I was full of joy and relief.

The other Volunteers were scattering through the buildings, searching for the rest of the crew, who had gone to watch the animals being slaughtered.

Our men were getting ready to take over the armoured car. From my window I watched Pat McCrea, with a benign expression on his face, struggling to get his legs into a pair of dungarees. The other members of our crew were doing the same, while the soldiers were kept covered. They had brought dungarees in parcels, ready. They were dressing up for their new parts. I saw Pat take the cap off one of the Tommies and put it on his own head. It was too small for him. He jammed it on his head anyhow, so that it had a rakish look; while he still struggled to get his foot out through the leg of the dungarees. I found myself laughing as I watched him, and I waited to see him search the soldiers for the key of the padlock and, finding it, unlock the door of the car. . . . Jumping on my bicycle I hurried to the house where Joe and Emmet were waiting. It was round the corner in the North Circular Road. They were ready, dressed in the British uniforms. I had just time to notice that they looked very well in them.

"Come on," said I, still breathless with excitement, "the car will be along any minute."

They came out into the street. At the same moment the car appeared. We saw it turning out of the avenue and coming towards us.

I saw Emmet and Joe picked up. And then, the happiest young man in Dublin that morning, I cycled away to the stable in Abbey Street.

There I found Michael Collins waiting. His look searched mine for an answer to the question there was no need to ask. He was overjoyed, and my satisfaction was unbounded to be the bearer of such good news to him. He was all smiles.

"I hope the second part will be as successful," he said.

The next day being Sunday I went to find Pat McCrea to hear the rest of the story.

I had already read the newspaper versions of the "Daring Attempted Rescue of MacEoin," but I wanted to hear the true account. I was fortunate enough to find Emmet in his company.

Pat began: "When we left the abattoir," he said, "I had a lot of trouble with the car. I only succeeded in keeping it in motion. I was afraid every minute the engine would stop running. I knew if it did I would never get it going again. There was no self-starter, and as the spare driver had not turned up there was no one available to swing the car.

"When I turned up the avenue leading to the prison I was greatly worried to see how narrow it was. I did not know how I was going to turn the car in it, and drive away again when the job was over.

"At the gates Emmet put his head out of the turret. A warder had come forward at once at our approach.

"I have an important order for the Governor," he said, holding an envelope bearing the letters O.H.M.S. in his hand so that it could be seen. 'Open the gates at once to admit the car.'

"The warder consulted somebody whom we could not see, and to our joy we saw the outer gates being opened. Then I drove in.

"I drove in," repeated Pat, "and I was unpleasantly surprised to see two more gates inside, barring our way. They shut the outer gate before they opened the two inner ones. As the sentry with his key opened the third and innermost gate he said to me, 'Will you be coming out again soon?' 'I will,' said I, while at the same time I turned round the car between the two inner gates, which were close together, in such a way that neither of them could be closed.

"Emmet opened the door of the car, and he and Joe Leonard jumped out, and I saw them, accompanied by a warder, disappear into the prison to see the Governor.

"Tom Kehoe got out at the same time. There was a sentry standing inside the gate, and Tom meant to see that he didn't interfere with the gates.

"When our two British Officers, Emmet and Joe, had passed into the prison I thought I had better try and complete the turning round of the car in the narrow courtyard where we were between the gates. I succeeded. I don't know how I did it. I know I could never do it again. Somebody was saying a Hail Mary for me, I suppose.

"There was yet the outer gate which was still shut. We had made arrangements about that; but if they failed, we were all trapped, as there was a sentry on the roof with a machine gun trained on the gate.

"Well, you know what the plan was, Charlie? Some of our men were to come with parcels, pretending they were relatives of some untried prisoners inside, but really to see that the gates were kept open for our escape, and at that moment I saw a warder open the wicket gate in response to a knock from outside. There, sure enough, was one of our fellows with a parcel in his hand. But the warder was in no mood that morning

for a little friendly conversation to pass the time, and he went to close the wicket again.

"I saw the visitor draw a revolver and with the help of two or three of our men who were suddenly beside him, also with parcels (and also with revolvers), they held up the warder, and taking the keys off him they opened the outer gate.

"That was a very happy moment, but my joy was short-lived.

"The sentry inside the gate had seen what had happened. He immediately fired on our men with the parcels, slightly wounding one, and raising the alarm.

"As soon as the firing started Tom Kehoe shot the sentry, and at once I drove forward the car so that the outer gate could not be shut. There I waited, while shots were raining on us from the machine gun on the roof, until I heard one of our men shout, 'Drive on! Joe and Emmet are on the back of the car.'

"I did not need any second bidding. I 'drove on' as I never thought I could have driven that car. The other Volunteers who had been acting the part of the visitors, also jumped on behind; and I don't know how they were not all killed, as the machine gun kept up a continuous fire upon us the whole length of the avenue.

"Once on the North Circular Road again we were safe, as we were out of the line of fire. But we had not MacEoin. You know that."

"No, we failed," said Emmet. "It was hopeless from the moment the firing started. If it could have been delayed for a couple of minutes we might have got him."

"What happened was this. It was plain sailing at the beginning. Joe and I followed the warder first through the outer iron gate and then through an inner door also of iron. These were locked behind us. We were taken to the Governor's office. It is just inside the prison, in the circular vestibule from which the corridors of the cells radiate. It was rather awful the sort of labyrinth we had got into.

"When we entered, we saluted.

"I told the Governor, in my best English accent acquired in Flanders, that I had an order to receive MacEoin who was to be taken to Dublin Castle, while I showed him the forged order we had prepared. I thought it was all right, and that he would send for MacEoin to be brought to the office. But, unfortunately, he was not prepared to do so at once. He must telephone to the Castle, he said, to get our instructions confirmed.

"So there was nothing to do but to seize him, and we had him gagged before he had time to call out. Then, binding him, I told Joe to keep guard over him while I would get the Chief Warder to take me to MacEoin's cell. I thought he might raise no objection seeing I had just left the Governor's room.

"But at that moment the firing burst out. The game was up. Fortunately the two prison doors were opened for us, our connection with the shooting outside not yet being suspected. Once outside we dashed through the courtyard. I saw a sentry lying dead with his rifle beside

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 98. IRISH BULLETIN. FRIDAY, 27th MAY 1921.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE DUBLIN CUSTOM HOUSE.

### ITS CAUSE AND RESULTS.

#### Military Operation Ordered by Dail Eireann.

In accordance with a decision arrived at after due deliberation by the Ministry of Dail Eireann, a detachment of the Dublin Brigade of the Irish Army was ordered to carry out the destruction of the Dublin Custom House. The operation, a most hazardous one, was carried out with complete success at 1 p.m. on May 25th. The building was rushed, and within the space of twenty minutes, its occupants having been arrested and massed in the central hall, the offices and rooms throughout the three floors of the immense edifice were set on fire. At one moment a misunderstood signal caused a premature cessation of work, but so exact was the discipline that the men were at once recalled, and the operation completed although hostilities had already begun outside, and there was grave risk of the capture or death of the whole party. British forces rapidly reached the scene and were engaged by Irish patrols posted in the vicinity. In the fighting both at the doors of the building and outside it there were casualties on both sides, the exact number of which it is not yet possible to ascertain.

#### Blow at British Civil Government.

The destruction of the Custom House reduces the most important branches of the British Civil Government in Ireland — already gravely disorganised — to virtual impotence. The building was the seat of nine departments including the Local Government Board, the Inland Revenue and Customs, the Estate Duty Office, the Company Registration Department, the Assay Office, the Stamp Office, and His Majesty's Stationery Office. These offices and departments work mainly from records, and the great bulk of these records is now in ashes. The most serious British loss is that of the Local Government records, and the files and documents of the two great taxing departments, — Customs and Inland Revenue.

#### The Local Government Board.

The Local Government Board was already partially paralysed by the refusal of the elected public bodies to recognise its authority. It has been engaged for the last eighteen months in an unsuccessful attempt to compel the Urban and Rural Councils to submit to its decrees, and in a vindictive effort to cripple them for their contumacy by withholding public funds which are due to them. It is directly due to the information supplied by this Board from the documents and files which have been destroyed that many councillors and officials have suffered arrest and imprisonment and the destruction of their homes. But the Irish Councils had, immediately after election, declared their intention to recognise only the Local Government Department of Dail Eireann, and to this Department, instead of to the British Board, they have since sent their records and appealed for advice. The British Board, now that its records are destroyed, has lost, not only its authority, but the machinery through which it operated.

FACSIMILE OF "THE IRISH BULLETIN."

The Irish Bulletin was the newsletter of Sinn Fein and the official organ of Dail Eireann and the "underground" Irish Government. For an account of its history see pages 204-5.

him. Picking up the rifle, we jumped on to the back of the car, which was now in motion, and we got away."—*With the Dublin Brigade.*

Charles Dalton took part in the 1916 Rising when he was still a schoolboy. He was a member of the I.R.A. in Dublin in 1919-1921, and participated in some of the most prominent operations of the "Active Service Unit." His narrative of the attempted rescue of Commandant Sean MacEoin, then under sentence of death in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, is worthy of record as an example of the courageous and resourceful spirit of the time. Commandant, afterwards Major-General MacEoin is Minister for Justice in the Irish Government (1950).

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN (May, 1921)

AS I write, O'Connell Bridge and the Quays of Dublin are crowded with spectators of the burning of the Dublin Custom House. This beautiful building, designed by James Gandon at the end of the Eighteenth Century, was one of the sights of Dublin, and its fine dome was a landmark for all ships entering the Liffey. It was destroyed to-day by the Irish Republican Army. It is feared at the moment that the destruction will be complete, and that the Custom House will share the fate which Gandon's other building, the General Post Office, shared in 1916.

The attack was made at one o'clock this afternoon, and it was the Republican Army's largest and most daring operation in Dublin. Some hundreds of men took part in it. They entered the Custom House, held up the staffs, and, having imprisoned them in the cellars, set fire to the whole place with bombs and petrol. Troops and Auxiliary Police soon reached the scene. They were attacked with bombs as they approached, but they drew a cordon round the building, and, entering it, removed some 200 persons. It is said that some rebels fired on soldiers within the building and were shot dead. . . .

The principal offices of several Government Departments, including the Local Government Board and the Customs and Excise were in the building, and this fact probably was the cause of the attack. While a regular battle was raging, some lorries filled with soldiers arrived unexpectedly on the scene, probably attracted by the smoke and flame which was already soaring from the roof of the Custom House. Rifle and machine gun fire was immediately opened, and the streets in the neighbourhood of the burning buildings were swept by bullets. Several people were killed or wounded. Owing to the intensity of the rifle and machine gun fire, the City Fire Brigade was unable to reach the Custom House for a considerable time after the alarm had been raised, and the flames had gained a complete hold of every part of the building before the firemen could get to work.—*Special Correspondent in Dublin.*

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P. Ó CONCHUUBHAIR AND P. RIGNEY (ACTIVE SERVICE UNIT)

ON the 25th of May, 1921, the company came together in a store in Little Strand Street. A plan was chalked on a blackboard, and when the company was assembled the captain went into the details of the coming action. The plan was that of the Custom House. The

action of each man was laid down. Numbers 1, 2 and 3 sections were detailed for positions inside, and Number 4 was outside, along with some companies of the Brigade, with the duty of holding off any enemy that might approach or attempt to interfere with the burning of the place.

To criticism of the plan the captain replied that he had no responsibility, that the plan was there to be carried out and that the Brigade Staff, who were responsible for the operation, were convinced that the job would be completed and the men dispersed before the enemy received any information of the affair. The men moved off to be prepared to occupy their allotted positions at zero hour, which was 12.55 p.m. Prompt on time the operation commenced, the inside staff proceeding about their allotted tasks, preparing the building for firing, collecting the employees and taking the necessary steps to prevent communication with the outside. It had been calculated that the operation would take half an hour, which meant that the dispersal would take place about 1.30 p.m.

It was twenty-five minutes past one; the work was proceeding to schedule; the men outside on guard watched the minute hand of the Custom House clock as it slowly moved towards the half-hour. It looked as if the staff calculations were right—that it would be a bloodless victory. A Rolls Royce armoured car dashed down Eden Quay and along to the front of the Custom House facing the river. The car pulled up. An officer leaped down revolver in hand. The sentry outside retreated along the quay, turning now and again to engage the officer who was in hot pursuit. Almost simultaneously two loaded lorries of Auxiliaries and another armoured car drove rapidly from Gardiner Street and pulled up under the Custom House facing Liberty Hall. This party had the Brigadier and Captain P. O'Daly (O.C. of "The Squad") on the steps outside the door under their levelled rifles. The outside party advanced from the pathway in front of Liberty Hall and Brooke Thomas, and a shower of grenades fell in and around the lorries. Taking advantage of the confusion, the Brigadier and O'Daly ran through the Auxiliaries and joined the attackers outside Liberty Hall. The armoured cars opened fire and mingled their dread double tap with the dull boom of the grenade and the sharp crack of the rifle. A further reinforcement arrived, debouching at Eden Quay, and rushing to join their comrades under the railway bridge in front of the Custom House. When the attack opened some person inside blew a blast on a whistle. This was the prearranged signal to withdraw. There was some confusion. The place had not been fired. The O.C. ordered them back to finish the job, detailing others to hold back the enemy, who were trying to force their way in. The fighting outside became fiercer as the Vickers Maxims from the armoured cars sprayed bullets like water from a hose on any point that seemed to offer resistance. Flesh and blood could not stand up to such a fire. They were forced to give ground. Their position was impossible. No. 4 section was stationed at Butt Bridge. It was not long in action when the parties were located by the crew of one of the armoured cars, and a large body of Auxiliaries changed front and from the cover of some barrels on the quayside, brought them under a heavy fire. For a quarter of an hour the fight was main-

tained, and finally they were forced to retire at 1.50 p.m., their ammunition exhausted. At that time, the columns of black smoke announced that the men inside had done their part.

On the following day the company assembled in their store in Little Strand Street. . . . It was decided that the unit should get into action again as soon as possible in case the enemy would get an idea that the losses suffered at the Custom House had incapacitated or broken the morale of the army.—*Dublin Brigade Review*.

From January 1st, 1921, the British Government gave official sanction to the policy of "reprisals" in Ireland against the civilian population in neighbourhoods where armed attacks were carried out against the Crown forces. On the same day the "Active Service Unit" of the Dublin Brigade, a small body of picked men whose duty it was to engage in hostilities against British military and Auxiliary Police patrolling Dublin, met in a hall in Seville Place, near Amiens Street Station. They were addressed by Oscar Traynor, Commander of the Dublin Brigade, and afterwards Minister for Defence in the Irish Government. The above narrative, which describes one of the most hazardous operations, in which the "A.S.U." took part, is quoted from a detailed description of the unit's activities, by two of its surviving officers, published in the "Dublin Brigade Review" by the National Association of the Old I.R.A.

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#### IRISH BULLETIN (30th May, 1921)

**A**T Tourmakeady, Co. Mayo, on May 3rd, a party of 60 officers and men of the South Mayo Brigade, I.R.A., engaged an enemy patrol travelling in two motor lorries. After an action lasting thirty minutes four of the enemy were killed and four wounded, one mortally. The remainder of the patrol took refuge in a neighbouring hotel, and the Republicans, after an unsuccessful effort to dislodge them, withdrew. Having dismissed half of his force, the Republican Officer Commanding retired with thirty men to the neighbouring hills where the column rested. An hour later the outposts reported the advance of large parties of British troops. It was then about 2.30 p.m. Scouts were sent out to ascertain the enemy's numbers. They reported that the party first sighted consisted of twenty-four lorries of soldiers and that this force had been distributed to the South, South-East and South-West of the Republican position, and were advancing upon it. Acting on this information, the Officer Commanding ordered a retreat towards the North. Using the natural cover to great advantage, the Republican forces had traversed a distance of four or five miles when their advance guard sighted a large party of British troops holding the line of their retreat. The British immediately opened fire with Lewis guns. It was then 4 p.m.—six hours before nightfall. The O.C. ordered his men to take cover, and after consultation with them, decided that the column, though now obviously surrounded by overwhelming forces, would not surrender on any terms. The British forces kept up a continuous fire on the Republican position which was replied to only at long intervals. The Irish troops had little ammunition and used it in concentrated fire whenever the enemy attempted a forward movement. These tactics had the desired effect. For six hours the

exchange of fire continued, but the enemy never attempted to close in. When darkness came the Republican forces decided to break through the cordon, which at nightfall was greatly weakened by the withdrawal of the main body of the British troops. Although Very lights were thrown up frequently by the remaining troops, the Irish party succeeded in passing through the British lines and escaping, carrying with them two of their number who were wounded. The total Republican casualties in these actions were one killed, two wounded and two captured. Enemy casualties in the fight on the hills as observed by the Officer Commanding, were, one officer and one constable killed and one officer and two soldiers wounded. It is believed the enemy suffered many other casualties. A short time after the Republican columns had broken through the enemy's position two flying columns of the West Mayo Brigade, I.R.A., arrived in the district. They had come many miles by forced marches in order to relieve the invested column. Their assistance was, however, not needed.

Above is from a report of operations of the I.R.A. in Mayo, 1921, circulated in the official "Irish Bulletin," which says: "The following are recent incidents of the war in Ireland. They are extracted from reports forwarded to General Headquarters, Dublin, by Brigade officers of the I.R.A."

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#### MAJOR FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE (1946)

**D**IVISION Headquarters was established first near Drishane, north of Millstreet, and soon afterwards at its permanent location until the Truce, near Coolea, west of Ballyvourney. The owners of the farmhouse set aside one room for use as an office and another for sleeping accommodation. A member of the Cumann na mBan from Ballingearry was personally engaged as housekeeper, and except for the abnormal amount of cooking, the comings and goings of visiting officers and despatch riders at all hours of the day and night, and the almost ceaseless clatter of typewriters, the normal life of the farmhouse went on much as it had always done before the demands of guerilla warfare imported this unfamiliar bustle to disturb its peace. Food available at the farm was supplemented under an arrangement with Cork No. 1 Brigade, whose main column was in an adjoining area, and for the rationing of which such items as flour, tea and bacon were purchased. There was of course no secrecy and no need for secrecy in this area. The people were loyal, steadfast and trustworthy. There were no enemy posts in the battalion area. It had some of the best I.R.A. companies in the whole army. One felt a sense of absolute security on entering it.

From this isolated spot lines of communication were quickly established to all the Brigade Headquarters and to G.H.Q. by runner to the points where they led into the Cork and Kerry Brigades communication systems, and thereafter by all the varied means used, railway workers, lorry drivers, and so on, to their destinations. In a short time a considerable volume of daily correspondence developed. The constant dangers to be anticipated from captured documents and the lack of facilities for any except the barely essential correspondence, acted as a constant check on the normal tendency



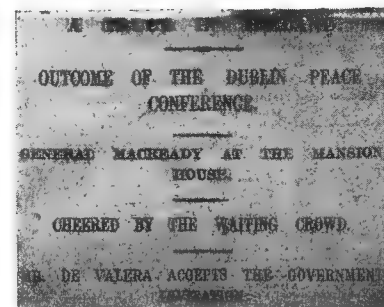
to initiate and accumulate written orders and directions. That and the general security practice of destroying documents has incidentally resulted in the almost complete disappearance of any written records of the Division.

Local security measures were undertaken by the Coolea Company. Scouts, with good binoculars, were always posted during the hours of daylight. While accommodation for Division Headquarters was being prepared at Coolea, Lynch with the Division Adjutant started on his first tour of inspection of the Brigades within a week of the establishment of the Division. Cork No. 3, Kerry No. 1, Kerry No. 2, and West Limerick Brigades were visited in a journey, partly on foot, in pony trap, on horseback and by boat which lasted fifteen days. Battalions were not visited this tour, but conferences of Brigade staffs and Battalion and Column commanders were held in each Brigade. . . .

The guerilla idea had come to be accepted; to it we owed the fact that the initiative was firmly in our hands. But that was a situation which could easily have been lost. If activity became reduced to the operation of three or four Columns in the Divisional area, whose general location would inevitably become known to the enemy, he could at any moment muster sufficient force to annihilate them if he could bring them to action. Therefore, the tactics to be employed had to combine the elements of speed, surprise and success. They must not be confined to any small number of localities. When evasion was essential to survival, evasion was the correct policy. The Columns had to be kept in the field, their training improved and their morale stiffened in the undeveloped areas, more columns had to be ready when arms became available, the cleared areas had to be maintained and extended by the further driving in of the smaller enemy posts, it had to be assured that the enemy ventured into these areas only in strength and at his peril. Local initiative had to be such that every unforeseen opportunity was snapped up on the instant; that there was no time and no area in which the enemy would not feel that threat of potential damage so damaging to his nerves and morale. . . .

These were the ideas which Lynch impressed upon the Brigades and Battalions. That summer (1921) the best organised and most thorough efforts were made by the enemy to surround and annihilate the Columns by sheer weight of numbers and material. In a special general order, General Strickland, Commanding the Sixth Division, which covered most of Munster, defined their mission as that of seeking out the I.R.A. Columns, bringing them to action and annihilating them. His Order was in Lynch's hands almost as soon as it reached his own Brigade Commanders. The weather was eminently suitable to the enemy's mission, but broken bridges and trenced roads deprived him of rapidity of movement and the ever present menace of the isolation and destruction of his small parties forced him to adopt cumbersome sweeps with large forces. Moreover, in the considerable tracts of country now entirely cleared of enemy forces, he moved blindly and was compelled to reconnoitre every step of the way. . . .

The longest days of the finest summer in the memory of anyone then living were passing. The columns had successfully evaded the most thorough and well-worked out scheme for their destruction. Kilmichael



HEADINGS FROM

*The Times*, JULY, 1921.

**IRISH TRUCE  
ON MONDAY.**

**SINN FEIN READY**

**DE VALERA TO MEET  
PREMIER.**

**"GENUINE DESIRE  
FOR HARMONY."**

had broken the morale and checked the arrogance of the Auxiliaries, who were the enemy's best fighting material and potentially the greatest danger to the I.R.A. Enemy troops and police were cooped up in strong posts from which they could emerge only in force to face the ever present possibility of attack. His intelligence organisation had broken down. His regular troops, mostly youths recruited after the war, were of poor quality, their nerves were affected by the (to them) unorthodox methods of their opponents, the sense of uncertainty made them see enemies everywhere, the elusive obliquity of the I.R.A. gave them nothing substantial at which to strike. They had been carried by motor transport over such a long period that their marching endurance had deteriorated.—*An Cosantoir*.

*Liam Lynch (1892-1923), Commander of the North Cork Brigade and later of the First Southern Division of the I.R.A., was generally regarded as the ablest and most resourceful Irish Republican commander in the field. These extracts are from a detailed account of operations in the South-West in 1920-21 by one of his chief assistants, Major Florence O'Donoghue, Adjutant and Intelligence Officer of the First Southern Division.*

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**JUNE 24th.**—Premier D. Lloyd George to President E. de Valera: The British Government are deeply anxious that, as far as they can assure it, the King's appeal for reconciliation in Ireland shall not have been made in vain. Rather than allow yet another opportunity of settlement in Ireland to be cast aside, they feel it incumbent on them to make a final appeal to the spirit of the King's words for a conference between themselves and the representatives of Northern and Southern Ireland.

I write, therefore, to convey the following invitation to you, as the chosen leader of the great majority in Southern Ireland, and to Sir James Craig, the Premier of Northern Ireland.

(1) That you should attend a conference here in London, in company with Sir James Craig, to explore to the utmost the possibility of a settlement.

(2) That you should bring with you for the purpose any colleagues whom you may select. The Government will, of course, give a safe conduct to all who may be chosen to participate in the conference.

We make this invitation with a fervent desire to end the ruinous conflict which has for centuries divided Ireland and embittered the relations of the peoples of these islands, who ought to live in neighbourly harmony with each other, and whose co-operation would mean so much not only to the Empire but to humanity.

We wish that no endeavour should be lacking on our part to realise the King's prayer, and we ask you to meet us, as we will meet you, in the spirit of conciliation for which His Majesty appealed.

June 28th—De Valera to Lloyd George: I have received your letter. I am in consultation with such of the principal representatives of our nation as are available. We most earnestly desire to help in bringing about a lasting peace between the peoples of these two islands, but see no avenue by which it can be reached if you deny Ireland's essential unity and set aside the principle of national self-determination.

July 5th—General Smuts visits Dublin and confers with President de Valera.

July 11th—The Truce. Cessation of Anglo-Irish hostilities. The terms as published in the *Irish Bulletin*:

"On behalf of the British Army it is agreed as follows:

(1) No incoming troops, R.I.C. and Auxiliary Police, except maintenance drafts.

(2) No provocative displays of forces, armed or unarmed.

(3) It is understood that all provisions of this Truce apply to the martial law equally with the rest of Ireland.

(4) No pursuit of Irish officers or men or military stores.

(5) No secret agents noting descriptions or movements, and no interference with the movements of Irish persons, military or civil and no attempts to discover the haunts or habits of Irish officers and men. This supposes the abandonment of curfew restrictions.

(6) No pursuit or observance of lines of communication. There are other details connected with courts martial, motor permits to be agreed to later.

On behalf of the Irish Army, it is agreed that—

(1) Attacks on Crown forces and civilians to cease.

(2) No provocative displays of forces, armed or unarmed.

(3) No interference with Government or private property.

(4) To discountenance and prevent any action likely to cause disturbance of the peace which might necessitate military interference.

July 14th-21st—Conversations between Lloyd George and De Valera

in Downing Street, London. It is announced that "a basis for a formal conference has not yet been found."

July 20th—"Proposals of the British Government for an Irish Settlement" sent to Dublin. The Proposals are described as an offer of Dominion status, but the recently-established Partition of Ireland is maintained, Britain is to have Air and Naval bases in any part of the island as required, the number of Irish armed forces is to be restricted, Ireland is to make a financial contribution to British Imperial Defence, no protective duties are to be imposed by either country against the other, Ireland is to share responsibility for the British National Debt and War Pensions, negotiations are to be opened between Northern and Southern Ireland.

August 17th—At a meeting of Dáil Éireann De Valera says: "We cannot and we will not on behalf of this nation accept these terms."

August 24th—De Valera to Lloyd George: I laid the proposals of your Government before Dáil Éireann, and by a unanimous vote it has rejected them.

August 30th—De Valera to Lloyd George: The British Government and Parliament claim to rule and legislate for Ireland, even to the point of partitioning Irish territory against the will of the Irish people, and killing or casting into prison every Irish citizen who refuses allegiance. The proposals of your Government submitted in the draft of July 20th are based fundamentally on the latter premises. We have rejected these proposals and our rejection is irrevocable. They were not an invitation to Ireland to enter into "a free and willing" partnership with the free nations of the British Commonwealth... Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand are all guaranteed against the domination of the major State."

*After numerous exchanges of Notes during the months of August and September, 1921, which led to no further progress in the Anglo-Irish negotiations, the following letter was despatched by Lloyd George from Gairloch, Scotland:—*

September 30th—The proposals which we have already made have been taken by the whole world as proof that our endeavours for reconciliation and settlement are no empty form, and we feel that conference not correspondence is the most practical and hopeful way to an understanding such as we ardently desire to achieve. We, therefore, send you herewith a fresh invitation to a conference in London on October 11th, where we can meet your delegates as spokesmen of the people whom you represent with a view to ascertaining how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire may best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations.

September 30th—De Valera to Lloyd George: We have read your letter of invitation to a conference in London on October 11th "with a view to ascertaining how the association of Ireland with the community of Nations known as the British Empire may best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations."

Our respective positions have been stated and are understood, and we agree that conference, not correspondence, is the most practical and hope-

ful way to an understanding. We accept the invitation, and our Delegates will meet you in London on the date mentioned "to explore every possibility of settlement by personal discussion."—*Official Correspondence relating to the Peace Negotiations.*

The above extracts are taken from the "Official Correspondence relating to the Peace Negotiations, June–September, 1921," published under the authority of Dáil Éireann in Dublin, October, 1921. The Anglo-Irish Conference met in London on October 11th, 1921. The Irish Delegation were: Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, Robert Barton, Eamonn Duggan and George Gavan Duffy; the British Delegation were: David Lloyd George, Austen Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead, Winston Churchill, Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Sir Hamar Greenwood, and Sir Gordon Hewart. After protracted discussions, and when it seemed that the Conference was about to break down, the delegates signed the Anglo-Irish Treaty for the establishment of the Irish Free State on December 6th, 1921. The Treaty was opposed by Mr. de Valera, but, after a long and critical debate, was approved in Dáil Éireann by 63 votes to 57 on January 7th, 1922.

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WINSTON CHURCHILL (1929)

THE Parliament which met in 1919 was in its composition overwhelmingly Conservative. The pressure of eighty deadly foes might have destroyed its debates or even have led to violence in the Chamber itself. . . . Mercifully the Sinn Feiners themselves spared us these squalid-tragic experiences. Their own sense of what was due to Ireland led them to scorn the execrable function of baffling and distracting the British realm. Without hesitation and following a Magyar example, the Sinn Fein members renounced all representation in the House of Commons. Not for a moment did they weigh or value the immense influence and leverage they could exert, for ill or for good, upon the decisive affairs of the British Empire. "Sinn Fein," "Ourselves Alone," that was the cry, and by an act of self-abnegation, remarkable even when born of hatred, they cut themselves off forever from an inheritance in the House of Commons, which though invidious, was in a worldly sense inestimable. The two supreme services which Ireland has rendered Britain are her accession to the Allied cause on the outbreak of the Great War, and her withdrawal from the House of Commons at its close.

On January 15th, 1919, the Sinn Fein Congress met in Dublin and read a Declaration of Independence. On the 22nd a Republican Parliament met at the Dublin Mansion House and elected a Cabinet. When on February 4th, the new House of Commons assembled at Westminster, scarcely any representatives of Ireland, except from Ulster, were present. So much was going on all over the world and our own affairs pressed upon us so importunately, that the significance of these demonstrations was hardly noticed. . . .

During the whole of 1920 the murder campaign grew and spread in Ireland. The scale of the outrages increased. In one ambush fifteen out of seventeen auxiliary police were killed. On a November morning fourteen officers, believed by the rebels to be engaged in Intelligence work, were shot, unarmed, several in the presence of their wives, in their billets

Dublin. The faithful recital of these deeds would fill a chapter. They must not further darken these pages.

In the same period considerable measures were taken by the British Government. Large numbers of additional troops were sent to Ireland. Armoured cars and motor-cars, forces of police and military were organized upon an important scale, and a special police force was formed entirely of ex-officers and from the war-time armies. These special police, who ultimately amounted to 7,000 men, were nicknamed on account of their dark cap and khaki uniform the "Black and Tans." It has become customary to lavish abuse upon the Black and Tans and to treat them as a mob of bravoes and terrorists suddenly let loose upon the fair pastures of Ireland. In fact, however, they were selected from a great press of applicants on account of their intelligence, their characters and their records in the war. Originally they were intended to supplement the hard-pressed

Royal Irish Constabulary; but in grappling with murder they developed within themselves a very strong counter-terrorist activity. They acted with much the same freedom as the Chicago or New York police permit themselves in dealing with armed gangs. When any of their own men or police or military comrades were murdered they "beat up" the haunts of well-known malignants, or those whom they conceived to be malignants, and sharply challenged suspected persons at the pistol's point. Obviously there can be no defence for such conduct except the kind of attack to which it was a reply. . . .

From another angle the military authorities contributed unhelpful counsel. Headed by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Henry Wilson, they demanded incessantly universal martial law throughout Southern Ireland. How this would have solved the problem was never explained. . . .

## TERMS OF THE TRUCE.

### OFFICIAL STATEMENT BY THE IRISH OFFICE.

#### ALL ATTACKS TO CEASE.

#### "Curfew" to Go; Military and Police for Normal Duty Only.

The Irish Office announced this afternoon that the following message has been received from G.H.Q., Dublin:

Mr. de Valera, having decided to accept the Prime Minister's invitation to confer with him in London, has issued instructions to his supporters:

- (a) To cease all attacks on Crown forces and civilians;
  - (b) To prohibit the use of arms;
  - (c) To cease military manoeuvres of all kinds;
  - (d) To abstain from interference with public or private property;
  - (e) To discountenance and prevent action likely to cause disturbance of the peace, or which might necessitate military interference.
- In order to co-operate in providing an atmosphere in which peaceful discussions may be possible, the Government has directed:

- (a) All raids and searches by military or police shall cease;
  - (b) Military activity shall be restricted to the support of the police in their normal civil duties;
  - (c) Curfew restrictions shall be removed;
  - (d) The despatch of reinforcements shall be suspended;
  - (e) The police functions in Dublin to be carried on by the Dublin Metropolitan Police.
- In order to give the necessary time for these instructions to reach all concerned the date from which they shall come into force has been fixed at 12 noon, July 11.



MICHAEL COLLINS

No British Government in modern times has ever appeared to make so complete and sudden a reversal of policy as that which ensued. In May the whole power of the State and all the influence of the Coalition were used to "hunt down the murder gang"; in June the goal was "a lasting reconciliation with the Irish people." The vivid contrast between these two extremes might well furnish a theme of mockery to superficial judgment. Actually, however, there were only two courses: war with the utmost violence or peace with the utmost patience. Vast argument could be deployed for either course, but nothing in sense or mercy could excuse weak compromises between the two. In ordinary domestic politics these sharp dichotomies are usually inapplicable . . .

By April, 1921, the Irish problem had become the main preoccupation of the Government. The Prime Minister showed himself markedly disposed to fight the matter out at all costs, and to rely for this purpose upon "the age-long loyalties of the Conservative Party." The Cabinet were at one with him in this. Upon the method, however, there were two distinct opinions. It was evident to all Ministers that efforts to restore order in Ireland must be made during the rest of the year upon an extraordinary scale. A hundred thousand new special troops and police must be raised; thousands of motor-cars must be armoured and equipped; the three Southern Provinces of Ireland must be closely laced with cordons of blockhouses and barbed wire; a systematic rummaging and questioning of every individual must be put in force. In order to paralyse the activities of a few thousand persons the entire population must when required be made to account for every hour of their time. There was no physical bar to accomplishing all this. It was a matter of men and money, and both would have been supplied in ample measure by a Parliament which still had three years of constitutional life. These were the kind of projects which now came bluntly into view.

Some Ministers, of whom I was one, while ready to undertake the responsibilities and to share the exertions which such a policy involved held that these drastic processes should be accompanied by the offer of the widest possible measure of self-government to Southern Ireland. "Let us," they said, "lay aside every impediment; let us make it clear that the Irish people are being forced by Sinn Féin to fight not for Home Rule, but for separation; not for an Irish Parliament under the Crown, but for a revolutionary Republic." An impressive debate in Cabinet took place upon this issue. Personally I wished to see the Irish confronted on the one hand with the realization of all that they had asked for, and of all that Gladstone had striven for, and upon the other with the most unlimited exercise of rough-handed force. I was, therefore, on the side of those who wished to couple a tremendous onslaught with the fairest offer. It will be sufficient to say that the division of opinion was almost evenly balanced, but that weight, apart from numbers, inclined to those who preferred the dual policy. The Prime Minister was astonished and indeed startled to find how many Conservatives adhered to this more complicated course. I could see that he was profoundly impressed both by the argument and by the authority behind it. On the question being put "Would you then



allow a Dublin Parliament like any other Dominion to levy a tariff against British goods?" the answer was fiercely made, "How can this petty matter be weighed against the grievous action we are preparing?" As usual when there is a deep and honest division in a Cabinet united on main issues, nothing was settled at the moment and everyone went home to chew the cud. I must record my opinion that Mr. Lloyd George reached the conclusion that a policy of unmitigated repression in Ireland would not command whole-hearted support even among the Conservatives.

The Prime Minister had on several occasions in the name of the Cabinet offered to negotiate for a settlement, provided the Irish rebels were prepared to accept the Crown and the Imperial connection. Renewed efforts were now made to establish contact. In May of 1921, Lord FitzAlan, one of the leaders of the English Catholics, succeeded Lord French as Viceroy. Devotion to public duty alone inspired him to undertake so melancholy a task. Three days later, Sir James Craig, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, at the request of Mr. Lloyd George, met Mr. de Valera in his hiding-place. This meeting, which had been the subject of considerable previous negotiation, was certainly a remarkable episode. The Ulster leader, representative of all that had stood against Home Rule, was conducted by the Sinn Fein gunmen through long devious and secret routes to the headquarters of the leader of the Irish rebellion. His robust outlook and single-minded sense of duty to the well-being of the Empire, joined to disdain of personal risks, capital or political, led Sir James Craig to undertake this mission. His conversations with the Sinn Fein leader were abortive. . . . Sir James Craig placed himself again in the hands of his guides and was motored circuitously and erratically back to Dublin. There were three in the little car rattling and bumping over the ill-kept roads—two Sinn Feiners whose lives were probably forfeit, and the Prime Minister of Orange Ulster. Suddenly behind them arrived an armoured lorry filled with Black and Tans. Although Sir James Craig's conductors were not particularly anxious to be scrutinized at close quarters, they judged it prudent to let it pass them. The heavy vehicle ran by within a foot of the little car. When, after inquisitively continuing level for some time, it finally drew ahead and rumbled on, the three Irishmen so differently circumstanced exchanged glances of perfect comprehension.

Although the actual Craig-de Valera conversations were barren, a rope had been flung across the chasm. From that moment British Government agents in Ireland were upon occasion, through one channel or another, in touch with the Sinn Fein Headquarters.

At the end of May Sir Nevil Macready presented a pessimistic report upon the state of Ireland. "While," he said, "I am of opinion that the troops at present in Ireland may be depended upon to continue to do their best under present circumstances through this summer, I am convinced that by October, unless a peaceful solution has been reached, it will not be safe to ask the troops to continue there another winter under the conditions which obtained there during the last. Not only the men for the sake of their morale and training should be removed out of the 'Irish atmos-

phere, but by that time there will be many officers who, although they may not confess it, will in my opinion be quite unfit to continue to serve in Ireland without a release for a very considerable period. . . . Unless I am entirely mistaken, the present state of affairs in Ireland, so far as regards the troops serving there, must be brought to a conclusion by October, or steps must be taken to relieve practically the whole of the troops together with the great majority of the Commanders and their staff." This report was endorsed by Sir Henry Wilson. There could, of course, be no question of giving effect to it. These despairing counsels were not justified by the facts; nor in any case was there any possibility of relief. Not relief, but reinforcement on a large scale—all the old forces with new forces added—was the obvious step; and this, though costly and troublesome, was quite practicable. Still, while the Cabinet did not accept, they were bound to weigh these sweeping and alarmist assertions of the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, endorsed, as they were, by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

All these pressures and tendencies might have remained subliminal but for the spark of an event. On June 22nd, the first Parliament of Northern Ireland was to be inaugurated by the King in person. It would not have been right for Ministers to put in the mouth of the Sovereign words which could only appeal to the people of Northern Ireland. It is well known that the King, acting in harmony not only with the letter but with the spirit of the Constitution, earnestly expressed the wish that language should be used which would appeal to the whole of his Irish subjects, South as well as North, Green as well as Orange. The outlook of the Sovereign, lifted high above the strife of Party, above the clash of races and religions, and sectional divergencies of view, necessarily and naturally comprised the general interest of the Empire as a whole—and nothing narrower. The Prime Minister and leading Members of the Government therefore took the responsibility which rested with them, and with them alone, of inserting in the Royal Speech what was in effect a sincere appeal for a common effort to end the odious and disastrous conflict.

"The eyes of the whole Empire," said the King with evident emotion, "are on Ireland to-day—that Empire in which so many nations and races have come together in spite of ancient feuds, and in which new nations have come to birth within the lifetime of the youngest in this Hall. I am emboldened by that thought to look beyond the sorrow and the anxiety which have clouded of late My vision of Irish affairs. I speak from a full heart when I pray that My coming to Ireland to-day may prove to be the first step towards an end of strife amongst her people, whatever their race or creed.

"In that hope I appeal to all Irishmen to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and to forget, and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace, contentment, and good will. It is My earnest desire that in Southern Ireland too there may ere long take place a parallel to what is now passing in this Hall; that there a similar occasion may present itself and a similar ceremony be performed.

"For this the Parliament of the United Kingdom has in the fullest

measure provided the powers; for this the Parliament of Ulster is pointing the way. The future lies in the hands of My Irish people themselves. May this historic gathering be the prelude of a day in which the Irish people, North and South, under one Parliament or two, as those Parliaments may themselves decide, shall work together in common love for Ireland upon the sure foundation of mutual justice and respect."

No one responsible for the King's Speech had contemplated immediate results in action. But in such declarations everything depends upon the sounding-board. The King-Emperor, the embodiment of the common inheritance, discharging his constitutional duty at the peril of his life, had struck a note which rang and reverberated, and which all ears were attuned to hear. The response of public opinion in both islands to that appeal was instant, deep, and widespread, and from that moment events moved forward in unbroken progression to the establishment of the Irish Free State. On June 24th, Mr. Lloyd George invited Sir James Craig and Mr. de Valera to a conference in London. On July 11th, the invitations were accepted, and a truce, the terms of which had been settled on the 9th, was proclaimed.

No act of British state policy in which I have been concerned aroused more violently conflicting emotions than the Irish Settlement. For a system of human government so vast and so variously composed as the British Empire to compact with open rebellion in the peculiar form in which it was developed in Ireland, was an event which might well have shaken to its foundations that authority upon which the peace and order of hundreds of millions of people of many races and communities were erected. . . .

However, the die was now cast. A Truce had been proclaimed. The gunmen emerged from their hiding places and strode the streets of Dublin as the leaders of a nation as old and as proud as our own. The troops and police and Black and Tans, but yesterday urged on to extirpate the murder gang, now stood relaxed and embarrassed while parleys on equal terms were in full swing. Impossible thereafter to refill or heat up again those cauldrons of hatred and contempt on which such quarrels are fed! Other courses remained at our disposal as a last resort. Ports and cities could be held; Dublin could be held; Ulster could be defended: all communication between Sinn Féin Ireland and the outer world could be severed; all trade between the two islands, that is to say the whole of Irish trade except from Ulster, could be stopped—at a price. But from the moment of the Truce, the attempt to govern Southern Ireland upon the authority of the Imperial Parliament had come to an end.—*The World Crisis: The Aftermath.*

In "*The Aftermath*," last volume of his history of the World Crisis, Mr. Churchill deals with the four years which followed the Armistice (1918). As a member of the Lloyd George Coalition Government, he was closely associated with Irish policy—at first (1918-1921) with the period of resistance and strife, and then, as Secretary for Dominions (1921-1922), with the negotiations for a settlement and the establishment of the Irish Free State. The above extracts are from his Chapter, "*The Irish Spectre*," which deals with the first period.

FRANCIS, LORD PAKENHAM (1935)

ENGLAND has seldom been so rich in political personality as she was just at that time. Anyone of her leading quartet could have played Prime Minister with distinction. In 1921 they were well adapted to represent before their untried adversaries everything most overwhelming in the power and resources of England.

Lloyd George\* was actually suited for the twin tasks of hardening his heart against the Irish and of bending them to his will. A radical, brought up by a village cobbler, a friend of small nations if his speeches about the war and the peace were to be believed, a Welsh-speaking Celt, he could talk to perfection the jargon of Nationalist aspiration yet could remain far more unsympathetic than an Englishman would have been to the demand that such aspirations should find expression in political freedom. And he had a power of magnetism, of getting people to like and trust him personally, against which a De Valera had so far been proof. Nothing in their previous experience had prepared the Irish delegates to cope with it.

After a certain point his own ideals would become irrelevant, and the sole question—what would Parliament stand? His own reputation was endangered anyway by negotiations. It would be blackened inevitably by the consequences of a further recourse to war.

Austen Chamberlain was the perfect British Parliamentarian; a phenomenon inspiring awe. In a Conference where all would strive to express themselves in solemn yet graceful parliamentary language, to combine candour and force with taste and courtesy, he of all men was likely to suffer less restraint. And his father had abandoned Liberalism rather than yield Ireland a subordinate legislature. "In sharing in the offer of Dominion Status and coming into the conference at all, he was taking a course fundamentally divergent from the whole tradition and character of his party" (Winston Churchill).

At this time Lord Birkenhead still loomed in Irish Nationalists' imagination as a sinister, even satanic power. Carson's galloper in 1914, he had more recently been foremost in the public reiteration that the rebels must be crushed by force. The South thought of him as a materialist, with what political altruism he possessed used up in fierce allegiance to the British Crown; full of contempt for what was small, and callousness for what was suffering; as one likely to pay scant attention to the plea for special treatment of what he probably regarded as a disloyal and treacherous sect. . . .

The events proved that his opponents had underestimated not indeed his gifts, but his humanity. He was nothing if not a British patriot throughout. But he gave them credit for being patriotic, too, and as such he always treated them. "It was not the least of Birkenhead's services," as Sir Austen Chamberlain has written, "that he did enter into Michael Collins' mind, won his sympathy and secured his confidence. The very fact that to him life was a gallant adventure created a link between him and Michael Collins without which we might never have reached agreement." Even

\* "The Treaty remains Lloyd George's individual creation. His the major credit for such settlement as it provided, his all the responsibility for the artifices by which it was achieved" (Pakenham, p. 321).

those Irishmen who afterwards had only mournful memories of the Conference were glad that Birkenhead had been present.

What a team it must have been that could relegate to fourth place in its councils Winston Churchill; a national figure since his twenties, an orator on a scale as grand as Birkenhead, a historian destined to surpass all others over the period to describe this very Conference. For all his Home Rule past and his pre-War experiences of an Ulster mob, he least of them all was likely to entertain kindly feelings towards Sinn Féin.

Like the others he was fired by dreams of the sweep and glory of Britain, but unlike them he had been reared in an aristocratic atmosphere which precluded the least fellow-feeling for the uprising of a race suppressed. Unlike them again he was not only thoroughly familiar with the technical requirements of defence but prepared if necessary to give them precedence over those of politics.

The remaining three members were little more than inevitable supplements. There was the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir Hamar Greenwood, to-day, Lord Greenwood. There was the Conservative Secretary for War, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, formerly a financial solicitor and at that time a helpful party politician. To sit with them on constitutional topics was the Attorney-General, Sir Gordon Hewart, the present Lord Chief Justice.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Irish Delegation was weakened by the absence of De Valera,\* the living symbol of the Republic, and the least impressionable man on earth. But Griffith and Collins were splendid representatives, far out of the common run of men. Different in most things, they were united, as Austen Chamberlain instantly perceived, by their passionate love of Ireland. And they had also two characteristics in common. They were both men of enormous physical strength and vitality, and they were both extremely quick and shrewd in a deal. Of Collins, still only thirty-one, tall of stature, deep of chest, loose-limbed, and with buoyant gait, in every way a magnificent specimen of manhood just matured, it could readily be believed that he had been the leader not long before in every Gaelic sport. Griffith eighteen years older, "small, quiet, drab" (Austen Chamberlain), with the air of a "tired scholar" (Churchill), did not strike one as an athlete, yet he was a powerful swimmer, a long-distance cyclist, an astonishing rope-climber.

In sub-committees on details, the younger, the more assimilative intellect, proved a mainstay. Sub-committees were set up on financial relations, naval and air defence, and observance of the Truce. Collins was a member of them all, and on the first two the only Irish representative. British experts were amazed at the rapidity of his technical grasp. They forgot that this former clerk from the Post-Office and Guaranty Trust, this

\* The inner Republican Cabinet of the Second Dáil, which first met in August, 1921, consisted of De Valera (President), Griffith, Collins, Barton, Cosgrave, Stack and Brugha. Of these, Griffith, Collins, Barton and Cosgrave afterwards voted for the Treaty, De Valera, Stack and Brugha against.

present "gunman," had raised a year before a loan of three hundred and eighty thousand pounds in face of furious proscription, and that he had for several years been doing work almost unaided that in England would have occupied handsome staffs in a variety of Government departments.

Winston Churchill dismisses the other Delegates as "over-shadowed by the two leaders." This, however, is to do far less than justice to the men or to the part they played. They had been elected we know as "likely to work in well" with Griffith and Collins, and they had ample credentials for the task.

Duggan was a solicitor, and Gavan Duffy had been one before he was called to the Bar, but there the likeness ended. Duggan, "a sober, resolute man," the son of a peasant, had sacrificed hardly-won opportunities in the cause of Irish freedom. He had played his part in the Post-Office in 1916 and had been duly imprisoned. He had been imprisoned again in 1920 and only released at the Truce. General Macready, while hardly fair to the cause for which he was working, gives a vivid illustration of his efficiency as I.R.A. Director of Intelligence.

Gavan Duffy's father had begun life as one of the organisers of the Young Ireland movement in the 1840's. He had ended it as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G., ex-Prime Minister of Victoria. Gavan Duffy himself, after an education at Stonyhurst and in France, had acquired a considerable practice in London which he had jeopardised in 1916 by coming forward as Casement's solicitor. When the Dáil was established in January, 1919, he played the chief part in drawing up the Declaration of Independence, and acted for a time as Secretary of the Executive Council. Compact and trim, with rimless eye-glasses and close-cut beard, Gavan Duffy looked, what he was, an Irishman of refinement and cosmopolitan culture. With his neat appearance and formal manner went a mind acute and logical, but prone to concentrate its emphasis on precision and legality.

Barton's story was more curious, and yet so natural that the wonder is that he did not find more comrades on his road. He was the only man in either Delegation of the country gentleman type. A Protestant, a large land owner in Wicklow, educated at Christ Church, he had already passed from Unionism to Nationalism by the time he left Oxford. Like his cousin, Childers, however, he accepted a commission in the War, and it was as a British officer in charge of prisoners after the 1916 Rising that he underwent the experiences which decided him to join Sinn Féin. Profoundly moved by the faith and stoicism of the prisoners, he came to see them as the representatives of the new spirit in the country and to reckon it as crime to resist their movement further. From 1918 he was a convinced Republican.

With the establishment of the Dáil Cabinet in January, 1919, he had been appointed Director of Agriculture, in which capacity he had won golden opinions by his organisation of a most successful Land Bank. Arrested for a speech containing threats of unspecified retribution if his own completely innocent election agent were not released, he escaped from Mountjoy Goal—an unprecedented feat—and for ten months was "on the run" in the closest intimacy with Collins. Re-arrested in the



[National Museum

Dáil Éireann (The Second Dáil, elected in May, 1921) meeting in the Mansion House, Dublin August, 1921, to consider Lloyd George's first settlement offer, which it rejected

spring of 1920, he was removed to Portland Convict Prison, where his hardships did not stop at those laid down in the regulations.

Released at the Truce, for which he himself and Duggan made the final arrangements with Macready, Barton resumed his position in the Cabinet as Director of Agriculture and in the new Cabinet became Minister for Economic Affairs. But, liked and respected by all, he had been inevitably set by differences of circumstances. His imprisonment had snapped even the thread of his intimacy with Collins, though the mutual affection remained.

—Peace by Ordeal (VI. The Chosen Representatives).

"Peace by Ordeal, An Account from first-hand sources of the Negotiation and Signature of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, 1921" was published in 1935. Above is a selection from Lord Pakenham's vivid character studies of the Irish and British representatives at the memorable Conference in 10 Downing Street. "I have been exceptionally fortunate in my material," he says, "having had access through a private source to a large mass of documents never before published or made the basis of published work. They include copies of the correspondence that passed between President de Valera and Arthur Griffith, Chairman of the Irish Delegation, during the Treaty negotiations of October to December, 1921. Also copies of the official Irish records of all the Downing Street Plenary Sessions. . . . The access I have had to recollections on the British side has tended but to confirm my belief in the above-mentioned Irish documents as reliable."

Francis, 1st Baron Pakenham, of Cowley, brother and heir-presumptive of the 6th Earl of Longford, has been Minister for Civil Aviation in the British Government since 1948.

## Articles of Agreement for a Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland

1. Ireland shall have the same constitutional status in the Community of Nations known as the British Empire as the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa, with a Parliament having powers to make laws for the peace, order and good government of Ireland and an Executive responsible to that Parliament, and shall be styled and known as the Irish Free State.

2. Subject to the provisions hereinafter set out the position of the Irish Free State in relation to the Imperial Parliament and Government and otherwise shall be that of the Dominion of Canada, and the law, practice and constitutional usage governing the relationship of the Crown or the representative of the Crown and of the Imperial Parliament to the Dominion of Canada shall govern their relationship to the Irish Free State.

3. The representative of the Crown in Ireland shall be appointed in like manner as the Governor-General of Canada and in accordance with the practice observed in the making of such appointments.

4. The oath to be taken by Members of the Parliament of the Irish Free State shall be in the following form:—

I.....do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established and that I will be faithful to H.M. King George V., his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations.

5. The Irish Free State shall assume liability for the service of the Public Debt of the United Kingdom as existing at the date hereof and towards the payment of war pensions as existing at that date in such proportion as may be fair and equitable, having regard to any just claims on the part of Ireland by way of set-off or counter-claim, the amount of such sums being determined in default of agreement by the arbitration of one or more independent persons being citizens of the British Empire.

6. Until an arrangement has been made between the British and Irish Governments whereby the Irish Free State undertakes her own coastal defence, the defence by sea of Great Britain and Ireland shall be undertaken by His Majesty's Imperial Forces. But this shall not prevent the construction or maintenance by the Government of the Irish Free State of such vessels as are necessary for the protection of the Revenue or the Fisheries.



The foregoing provisions of this Article shall be reviewed at a Conference of Representatives of the British and Irish Governments to be held at the expiration of five years from the date hereof with a view to the undertaking by Ireland of a share in her own coastal defence.

7. The Government of the Irish Free State shall afford to His Majesty's Imperial Forces :—

- (a) In time of peace such harbour and other facilities as are indicated in the Annex hereto, or such other facilities as may from time to time be agreed between the British Government and the Government of the Irish Free State; and
- (b) In time of war or of strained relations with a Foreign Power such harbour and other facilities as the British Government may require for the purposes of such defence as aforesaid.

8. With a view to securing the observance of the principle of international limitation of armaments, if the Government of the Irish Free State establishes and maintains a military defence force, the establishments thereof shall not exceed in size such proportion of the military establishments maintained in Great Britain as that which the population of Ireland bears to the population of Great Britain.

9. The ports of Great Britain and the Irish Free State shall be freely open to the ships of the other country on payment of the customary port and other dues.

10. The Government of the Irish Free State agrees to pay fair compensation on terms not less favourable than those accorded by the Act of 1920 to judges, officials, members of Police Forces and other Public Servants who are discharged by it or who retire in consequence of the change of government effected in pursuance hereof.

Provided that this agreement shall not apply to members of the Auxiliary Police Force or to persons recruited in Great Britain for the Royal Irish Constabulary during the two years next preceding the date hereof. The British Government will assume responsibility for or pensions as may be payable to any of these excepted persons.

11. Until the expiration of one month from the passing of the Act of Parliament for the ratification of this instrument, the powers of the Parliament and the government of the Irish Free State shall not be exercisable as respects Northern Ireland and the provisions of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, shall, so far as they relate to Northern Ireland remain of full force and effect, and no election shall be held for the return of members to serve in the Parliament of the Irish Free State for constituencies in Northern Ireland, unless a resolution is passed by both Houses of the Parliament of Northern Ireland in favour of the holding of such elections before the end of the said month.

12. If before the expiration of the said month, an address is presented to His Majesty by both Houses of the Parliament of Northern Ireland to that effect, the powers of the Parliament and Government of the Irish Free State shall no longer extend to Northern Ireland, and the provisions of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, (including those relating to the

Council of Ireland) shall so far as they relate to Northern Ireland, continue to be of full force and effect, and this instrument shall have effect subject to the necessary modifications.

Provided that if such an address is so presented a Commission consisting of three persons, one to be appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland and one who shall be Chairman to be appointed by the British Government shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland, and for the purposes of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and of this instrument, the boundary of Northern Ireland shall be such as may be determined by such Commission.

13. For the purpose of the last foregoing article, the powers of the Parliament of Southern Ireland under the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, to elect members of the Council of Ireland shall after the Parliament of the Irish Free State is constituted be exercised by that Parliament.

14. After the expiration of the said month, if no such address as is mentioned in Article 12 hereof is presented, the Parliament and Government of Northern Ireland shall continue to exercise as respects Northern Ireland the powers conferred on them by the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, but the Parliament and Government of the Irish Free State shall in Northern Ireland have in relation to matters in respect of which the Parliament of Northern Ireland has not power to make laws under that Act (including matters which under the said Act are within the jurisdiction of the Council of Ireland) the same powers as the rest of Ireland, subject to such other provisions as may be agreed in manner hereinafter appearing.

15. At any time after the date hereof the Government of Northern Ireland and the provisional Government of Southern Ireland hereinafter constituted may meet for the purpose of discussing the provisions subject to which the last foregoing article is to operate in the event of no such address as is therein mentioned being presented and those provisions may include :—

- (a) Safeguards with regard to patronage in Northern Ireland :
- (b) Safeguards with regard to the collection of revenue in Northern Ireland :
- (c) Safeguards with regard to import and export duties affecting the trade or industry of Northern Ireland :
- (d) Safeguards for minorities in Northern Ireland :
- (e) The settlement of the financial relations between Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State :
- (f) The establishment and powers of a local militia in Northern Ireland and the relation of the Defence Forces of the Irish Free State and of Northern Ireland respectively :

and if at any such meeting provisions are agreed to, the same shall have effect as if they were included amongst the provisions subject to which the

powers of the Parliament and Government of the Irish Free State are to be exercisable in Northern Ireland under Article 14 hereof.

16. Neither the Parliament of the Irish Free State nor the Parliament of Northern Ireland shall make any law so as either directly or indirectly to endow any religion or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof or give any preference or impose any disability on account of religious belief or religious status or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at the school or make any discrimination as respects State aid between schools under the management of different religious denominations or divert from any religious denomination or any educational institution any of its property except for public utility purposes and on payment of compensation.

17. By way of provisional arrangement for the administration of Southern Ireland during the interval which must elapse between the date hereof and the constitution of a Parliament and Government of the Irish Free State in accordance therewith, steps shall be taken forthwith for summoning a meeting of members of Parliament elected for constituencies in Southern Ireland since the passing of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and for constituting a provisional Government, and the British Government shall take the steps necessary to transfer to such provisional Government the powers and machinery requisite for the discharge of its duties, provided that every member of such provisional Government shall have signified in writing his or her acceptance of this instrument. But this arrangement shall not continue in force beyond the expiration of twelve months from the date hereof.

18. This instrument shall be submitted forthwith by His Majesty's Government for the approval of Parliament and by the Irish signatories to a meeting summoned for the purpose of the members elected to sit in the House of Commons of Southern Ireland, and if approved shall be ratified by the necessary legislation.

On behalf of the British  
Delegation.  
(Signed)

D. LLOYD GEORGE.  
AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.  
BIRKENHEAD.  
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.  
L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS.  
HAMMAR GREENWOOD  
GORDON HEWART.

On behalf of the Irish  
Delegation.  
(Signed)

ART GRÍOBHTHA  
(Arthur Griffith).  
MÍCHEÁL O COILEÁIN.  
RÍOBÁRD BARTÚN.  
EUDHMÓN S. O. DUGAIN.  
SEORSA GHABHÁIN  
UÍ DHUBHTHAIGH.

December 6, 1921.

## Annex

1. The following are the specific facilities required :—

### DOCKYARD PORT AT BEREHAVEN.

- (a) Admiralty property and rights to be retained as at the date hereof. Harbour defences to remain in charge of British care and maintenance parties.

### QUEENSTOWN.

- (b) Harbour defences to remain in charge of British care and maintenance parties. Certain mooring buoys to be retained for use of His Majesty's ships.

### BELFAST LOUGH.

- (c) Harbour defences to remain in charge of British care and maintenance parties.

### LOUGH SWILLY.

- (d) Harbour defences to remain in charge of British care and maintenance parties.

### AVIATION.

- (e) Facilities in the neighbourhood of the above Ports for coastal defence by air.

### OIL FUEL STORAGE.

- (f) Haulbowline } To be offered for sale to commercial companies  
Rathmullen } under guarantee that purchasers shall maintain a certain minimum stock for Admiralty purposes.

2. A Convention shall be made between the British Government and the Government of the Irish Free State to give effect to the following conditions :—

- (a) That submarine cables shall not be landed or wireless stations for communication with places outside Ireland be established except by agreement with the British Government; that the existing cable landing rights and wireless concessions shall

# ANNEX

not be withdrawn except by agreement with the British Government; and that the British Government shall be entitled to land additional submarine cables or establish additional wireless stations for communication with places outside Ireland.

- (b) That lighthouses, buoys, beacons, and any navigational marks or navigational aids shall be maintained by the Government of the Irish Free State as at the date hereof, and shall not be removed or added to except by agreement with the British Government.
- (c) That war signal stations shall be closed down and left in charge of care and maintenance parties, the Government of the Irish Free State being offered the option of taking them over and working them for commercial purposes subject to Admiralty inspection, and guaranteeing the upkeep of existing telegraphic communication therewith.

3. A Convention shall be made between the same Governments for the regulation of Civil Communication by air.

A. G.

D L I G.

B.

W S C M O'C.

A C

E. S. O'D. R. B.

S. G. D.

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James Carty is on the staff of the National Library of Ireland. He is a founder and a member of the Consultative Committee of the Irish Historical Society, and a member of the Advisory Committee of the Bureau of Military History, set up by the Irish Government.

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